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THE LONDON OF DICKENS

The London of Dickens

BY
WALTER DEXTER



LONDON
CECIL PALMER
49 CHANDOS STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

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TO
MY WIFE

PREFACE

THIS is a book for the fireside, or the deck-chair ; the main road or the side street.

In its company the reader can review in fancy or in reality the London sites and scenes made famous by Dickens in the pages of his immortal stories. Dickens himself has left on record a list of books, " the glorious host," that kept him company in the dull sad days of his childhood. " They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time " he tells us. " Every barn in the neighbourhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own, in my mind, connected with the books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Pipes go climbing up the church steeple ; I have watched Strap, with knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself upon the wicket-gate ; and I *know* that Commodore Trunnion held that club with Mr. Pickle, in the parlour of our little village ale-house."

Thus did the books he read appeal to Dickens ; and Dickens in his turn has so kept alive our fancy by his own books that rambles and pilgrimages to places associated with him and his stories are a regular feature with the various branches of the Dickens Fellowship, with literary societies and rambling clubs and with overseas visitors who desire to see the site of Garraway's Coffee House, from which Mr. Pickwick indited his famous Chops and Tomata Sauce epistle to Mrs. Bardell ; to see the remains of the Marshalsea Prison, and the church

I am both a town traveller and a country traveller, and am always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent Garden, London—now about the city streets, now about the country by-roads—seeing many little things, and some great things, which, because they interest me, I think may interest others.

(The Uncommercial Traveller.)

Mr. Jonas enquired in the first instance if they were good walkers, and being answered "Yes," submitted their pedestrian powers to a pretty severe test ; for he showed them as many sights in the way of bridges, churches, streets, outsides of theatres, and other free spectacles, in that one forenoon, as most people see in a twelvemonth. It was observable in this gentleman that he had an insurmountable distaste to the insides of buildings ; and that he was perfectly acquainted with the merits of all shows, in respect of which there was any charge for admission, which it seemed were every one detestable, and of the very lowest grade of merit.

(Martin Chuzzlewit.)

CONTENTS

ROUTE	PAGE
1. LEGAL LAND - - - - - Doughty Street to The Temple.	13
2. BLOOMSBURY TO THE BANK - - - -	36
3. UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD - - - The Bank to Islington.	59
4. THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS - - - - Islington to Hampstead.	73
5. COVENT GARDEN TO EUSTON - - -	81
6. YOUTHFUL HAUNTS - - - - - Euston to Camden Town.	98
7. THE DICKENS WAY HOME - - - - Blackfriars to the Monument.	110
8. THE DOVER ROAD - - - - - Westminster to Greenwich.	131
9. ROUND THE SQUARES. I. - - - - Doughty Street to Oxford Circus.	147
10. ROUND THE SQUARES. II. - - - - Leicester Square to Hyde Park Corner.	158
11. PICCADILLY TO PARLIAMENT - - - - Hyde Park Corner to Westminster.	171
12. WESTWARD - - - - - Hyde Park Corner to Twickenham.	186
13. DOWN THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET - Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's.	198
14. A CITY ROUNDABOUT - - - - - The Bank to the Tower and return.	217
15. EASTWARD UNCOMMERCIAL - - - - Aldgate to Limehouse.	236
INDEX TO PLACES - - - - -	257

THESE fifteen rambles cover the whole of Dickens's London.

The most important quotations from the works of Dickens are given in the text, but at the end of each route will be found a full list of references, with book and chapter quoted, to which the reader can refer.

With the exception of Routes 4, 8, 12 and 15, each ramble is so arranged as to be accomplished comfortably in about two hours. Routes 4, 8 and 12 make somewhat longer afternoon trips in conjunction with tram-car or omnibus.

The following routes can be linked together if so desired :

Routes 1 and 13. Doughty Street to the Temple, Strand, Fleet Street.

Routes 2 and 14. Bloomsbury to the Bank and City.

Routes 3 and 4. Bank to Islington, Highgate and Hampstead.

Routes 5 and 6. Covent Garden to Camden Town.

Routes 7 and 14. Blackfriars, Borough and the City.

Routes 9 and 10. The Squares of the West End.

Routes 11 and 8. Hyde Park to Westminster and Greenwich.

Routes 13 and 14. Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's and the City.

The London of Dickens

ROUTE ONE

LEGAL LAND

(DOUGHTY STREET TO THE TEMPLE)

DICKENS'S gallery of lawyers is not by any means the least engrossing of the many types he has created for us ; and, strangely enough, there is hardly a lawyer in that extensive list who had not his location in the legal district that runs from Doughty Street to the Thames Embankment. Dodson & Fogg, Sampson Brass and Mr. Jaggers are almost the only exceptions, and, outside London, we can but call to mind the case of Wickfield & Heep.

The undoubted reason for the predominance of description given by Dickens to his legal characters is that from his very earliest days the power of the law had a really great meaning to him ; his first occupation as a lad on leaving school was as office boy to a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, where his fancy must have been given free flight in the grass-centred squares, in the trim gardens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, in the subdued grey and red buildings, in the quaint Halls, the quainter and more secluded nooks and corners, in the narrow winding staircases, the little small-paned windows, and the deep and silent recesses. As a young man he occu-

pied chambers in one of the old inns, Furnival's, and at the age of twenty-seven actually entered his name as a student of Middle Temple—but he was never "called."

To commence our exploration of the London of Dickens and his works, there is no finer way imaginable than to take a stroll through the Inns of Court to the Temple; its secluded ways are unknown to many Londoners and are a side-light on the many beauties the great city possesses that are as foreign climes even to those people who pass and repass its very portals day after day; the great thoroughfares of Holborn, Fleet Street and the Strand run through its centre; Theobald's Road and the Thames Embankment flank its farthest sides. Truly, as we shall see, entering these regions of repose is akin to putting cotton wool in our ears, as Dickens has likened it, so contrasting is the bustle of the street without with the silence reigning within.

Doughty Street, the Dickens Mecca, on the outskirts of Dickens's legal land, is an excellent starting point. It was the first house rented by Dickens after his marriage, and here he lived from 1837 to 1839. Here *Pickwick Papers* was finished, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Barnaby Rudge* written.

Doughty Street leads into John Street, at the end of which Theobald's Road runs right and left.

On our left lies Gray's Inn Road, the place of residence of Mr. Mortimer (otherwise Wilkins Micawber), and in *Little Dorrit* we are told that

Mr. Casby lived in a street in the Gray's Inn Road, which had set off from that thoroughfare with the intention of running at one heat down into the valley and up again to the top of Pentonville Hill: but which had run itself out of breath in twenty yards, and had stood still ever since. There is no such place in that part now.

The continuation of Gray's Inn Road on the right, leading into Holborn, was formerly called Gray's Inn Lane, and is briefly mentioned in *Pickwick* and one or two of the other books.

Before turning into Gray's Inn there is a little detour worth making: strictly speaking it is only partly legal, but it is necessary nevertheless, although it can be omitted from this ramble or included in Route Two. By the side of Holborn Hall at right angles to Gray's Inn Road runs Clerkenwell Road. Leather Lane on the right figures in the account of the riots in *Barnaby Rudge*.

The second turning to the right is Hatton Garden (see also Route Two), where at No. 54 was the "very notorious Metropolitan Police Office," presided over by Mr. Fang: in reality it was the Hatton Garden Police Court, and a Mr. A. S. Laing was one of the magistrates there between 1836 and 1838. Oliver was brought here, "down a place called Mutton Hill, where he was led beneath a low archway and up a dirty court into this dispensary of summary justice, by the back way. It was a small paved yard into which they turned."

If we turn in at Hatton Wall we shall find the archway mentioned above, next a tavern, leading to a narrow passage called Hatton Yard parallel with the backs of the houses in Hatton Garden. This way, too, came Nancy, at the request of Fagin, tapping at the cell doors with her keys in the endeavour to trace Oliver. The backs of the houses have now been built over. No. 54 itself is the original building, although newly faced.

The Jellybys, in *Bleak House*, once lived in lodgings in Hatton Garden:

When Mr. Jellyby came home, he usually groaned and went down into the kitchen. There he got something to eat, if the servant would give him anything; and then, feeling that he was in

the way, went out and walked about Hatton Garden in the wet.

Mutton Hill is now known as Vine Street. Here is Field Lane Ragged School, in which Dickens took a great interest.

Further along Clerkenwell Road we reach Clerkenwell Green. It was near here that Mr. Brownlow was considered by Master Charley Bates to be "a prime plant" as he was attentively reading a book at a stall outside a shop. In Chapter X of *Oliver Twist* we are told :

They were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is yet called, by some strange perversion of terms, "The Green."

The court in question is said to be Pear Tree Court.

It was to the Clerkenwell Sessions House that Bumble was bound when he announced to Mrs. Mann he was going up to London. "And I very much question whether the Clerkenwell Sessions will not find themselves in the wrong box before they have done with me," said Mr. Bumble, drawing himself up proudly.

As in the days of *Barnaby Rudge* so it is now : there are "busy trades in Clerkenwell and working jewellers by scores." Then, Dickens tells us "it was a poorer place with farm-houses nearer to it than many modern Londoners would readily believe, and lovers' walks at no great distance, which turned into squalid courts long before the lovers of this age were born."

In the 'venerable suburb—it was a suburb once—of Clerkenwell, towards that part of its confines which is nearest to the Charterhouse, and in one of those cool, shady streets of which a few . . . yet remain,
lived that honest locksmith, Gabriel Varden, at

a house not over-newly fashioned, not very straight, not large, not tall, not bold faced with great staring windows, but a shy, blinking house, with a conical roof going up into a peak over its garret window of four small panes of glass, liked a cocked hat on the head of an elderly gentleman with an eye. . . . A great wooden emblem of a key, painted in vivid yellow to resemble gold, dangled from the house front, and swung to and fro with a mournful creaking noise, as if complaining that it had nothing to unlock.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, "walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell, where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor" (Dr. Manette, who lived near Soho Square); and Mr. Venus, so we are told in *Our Mutual Friend*, lived in "a narrow and a dirty street" in Clerkenwell, at a little dark, greasy shop with a dark window with one tallow candle dimly burning in it, where he was visited by Silas Wegg, who "being on his road to the Roman Empire approaches it by way of Clerkenwell."

We now return to Theobald's Road, pass Gray's Inn Road, and find on our left the spacious gardens of Gray's Inn, where Flora, in her second wooing of Arthur Clennam, "considered nothing so improbable as that he ever walked on the north-west side of Gray's Inn Gardens at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon."

We pass along the gardens and turn in at the gateway on the left, by the side of Raymond Buildings, where at No. 1 Dickens was a clerk to a firm of solicitors in 1827.

Beyond is Gray's Inn Square, where Mr. Perker had his chambers up "two pairs of steep and dirty stairs."

The "old 'ooman" who opened the door to Mr. Pickwick and Sam called herself "Mr. Perker's

laundress," which gave rise to the following amusing conversation :

" Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, half-aside to Sam, " it's a curious circumstance, Sam, that they call the old women in these inns laundresses. I wonder what's that for ? "

" 'Cos they has a mortal awersion to washing anythin', I suppose, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

" I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Pickwick, looking at the old woman, whose appearance, as well as the condition of the office, which she had by this time opened, indicated a rooted antipathy to the application of soap and water. " Gray's Inn, gentlemen. Curious little nooks in a great place like London these old inns are." So said Mr. Pickwick. Of a later visit of Mr. Pickwick we read :

Ten o'clock had not struck when he reached Gray's Inn.

It still wanted ten minutes to the hour when he had ascended the staircase on which Perker's chambers were. The clerks had not arrived yet, and he beguiled the time by looking out of the staircase window.

The healthy light of a fine October morning made even the dingy old houses brighten up a little, some of the dusty windows actually looking almost cheerful as the sun's rays gleamed upon them. Clerk after clerk hastened into the square by one or other of the entrances, and, looking up at the Hall clock, accelerated or decreased his rate of walking according to the time at which his office hours nominally commenced.

Gray's Inn has a great attraction, and belies the later description given of it in the *Uncommercial Traveller* as

the most depressing institution in brick and

mortar known to the children of men. Can anything be more dreary than its arid square Sahara Desert of the law, with the ugly old tiled-topped tenements, the dirty windows, the bills To Let, To Let, the door-posts inscribed like gravestones.

There has evidently been a change for the better since that day.

Passing through the archway of Gray's Inn Hall, we reach South Square, where Mr. Phunky had chambers. "Phunky's—Holborn Court, Gray's Inn." Holborn Court, by the by, is South Square now.

Traddles' address was "Holborn Court, sir, number two," where he "occupied a set of chambers on the top storey," and when David visited him he had to ascend "a crazy old staircase . . . feebly lighted on each landing by a club-headed little oil wick, dying away in a little dungeon of dirty glass. In the course of my stumbling upstairs," he tells us, "I put my foot in a hole where the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn had left a plank deficient."

His subsequent reception by his old friend Traddles, by Sophy and all the Devonshire beauties (who had been playing Puss in the Corner), was, however, a sufficient recompense.

Gray's Inn Gateway, referred to in *Pickwick*, leads into Holborn, where we turn left, passing the site of Gray's Inn Coffee House, at which David Copperfield stayed when visiting Traddles at his chambers.

His bedroom, he tells us, was "an old wainscoted apartment, over the archway leading to the inn," and here he dwelt on the pleasure his visit had given him. "If I had beheld a thousand roses in a top set of chambers in that withered Gray's Inn, they could not have brightened it half so much," he adds.

With Holborn and the site of Furnival's Inn (now

the Prudential Assurance Company's Offices on the left) we deal in Route Two.

Opposite the southern end of Gray's Inn Road we see on the right a little group of picturesque houses, behind which lies Staple Inn, thus described in *Edwin Drood* :

Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots.

Entering the gateway we find ourselves in a veritable oasis :

It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in the smoky trees, as though they called to one another, "Let us play at country," and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover, it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks ; and it contains a little hall, with a little lantern in its roof : to what obstructive purposes devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not.

It was Mr. Snagsby, we remember, who, "being in his way rather a meditative and poetical man," delighted to walk in Staple Inn "to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are."

Beyond the first courtyard is another, containing the Hall of the Inn, and the house on the left

presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription :

P.

J. T.

1747

In which set of chambers, never having troubled his head about the inscription, unless to bethink himself at odd times on glancing up at it that haply it might mean Perhaps John Thomas, or Perhaps Joe Tyler, sat Mr. Grewgious writing by his fire.

Here, too, was the scene of the " Magic Beanstalk Country " at Mr. Tartar's chambers :

" The top set in the house next the top set in the corner, the neatest, cleanest and best-ordered chambers ever seen under the sun, moon and stars. No man-of-war was ever kept more spick and span from careless touch."

And there was a neat awning " rigged over Mr. Tartar's flower garden, as only a sailor could rig it."

The other side of the Inn leads into Chancery Lane, where we turn to the left.

Chancery Lane figures largely in the novels. Mr. Pickwick went there on his way to the Fleet : John Rokesmith first saw Mr. Boffin there. " Old Tom Jarndyce in despair blew his brains out at a coffee house in Chancery Lane," and Mrs. Snagsby was " the high standard of comparison among the neighbouring wives a long way down Chancery Lane on both sides." Young Smallweed had " a passion for a lady at a cigar shop " here, and Mr. Bucket remarked to Esther that, " It looks like Chancery Lane and was christened so." Indeed *Bleak House* is the novel of Chancery Lane.

In Cursitor Street on the left is Took's Court, the original of Cook's Court.

On the eastern borders of Chancery Lane,

that is to say more particularly in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby, law stationer, pursues his lawful calling. In the shade of Cook's Court, at most times a shady place, Mr. Snagsby has dealt in all sorts of blank forms of legal process; in skins and rolls of parchment; in paper—foolscap, brief, draft, brown, white, whity-brown, and blotting; in stamps, in office quills, pens, ink, India-rubber, pounce, pins, pencils, sealing-wax and wafers; in red tape and green ferret; in pocket-books, almanacks, diaries and law lists; in string boxes, rulers, ink-stands—glass and leaden penknives, scissors, bodkins and other small office cutlery. Of Mrs. Snagsby's own domain, the drawing-room, we are told:

The view it commands of Cook's Court at one end (not to mention a squint into Cursitor Street) and of Coavinses', the sheriff's officer's back yard at the other, she regards as a prospect of unequalled beauty. The portraits it displays in oil—and plenty of it too—of Mr. Snagsby looking at Mrs. Snagsby and of Mrs. Snagsby looking at Mr. Snagsby, are in her eyes as achievements of Raphael or Titian.

Cursitor Street itself sheltered Coavinses and his Castle.

Symond's Inn stood a little lower down on the site of Bream's Buildings

Symond's Inn, Chancery Lane: a little, pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter. It looks as if Symond were a sparing man in his way, and constructed his Inn of old building materials, which took kindly to the dry rot and to dirt and all things decaying and dismal, and perpetuated Symond's memory with congenial shabbiness. Quartered in this dingy hatchment com-

memorative of Symond, are the legal bearings of Mr. Vholes.

Behind was Rolls Yard and Chapel, where also Mr. Snagsby loved "to lounge about of a Saturday afternoon, and to remark (if in good spirits) that there were old times once."

Opposite Rolls Passage is Chichester Rents, at the corner of which stood the Old Ship Tavern, the original of Sol's Arms—famous for its Harmonic Meetings—and its inquests. Krook's Rag and Bottle Warehouse stood in Chichester Rents; "blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn," and the "little side gate" and "narrow back street" (Star Yard), mentioned in Chapter V of *Bleak House*, are easily identified. One of the lodgers at Krook's shop was Miss Flite, who "lived at the top of the house in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall."

Returning to Chancery Lane and retracing our steps, we reach Lincoln's Inn Gateway, thus described by Esther :

We passed into sudden quietude under an old gateway and drove on through a silent square until we came to an odd nook in a corner, where there was an entrance up a steep, broad, flight of stairs like an entrance to a church. And there really was a churchyard, outside, under some cloisters, for I saw the gravestones from the staircase windows.

Lincoln's Inn Hall opposite us was the scene of the memorable trial of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*.

In Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

The Chapel, with gravestones underneath, is on the right, and a passage by the side leads to Old Square, in which Kenge & Carboy had their offices, where Mr. Guppy used to take a breath of

air at the window and look out "into the shade of Old Square, surveying the intolerable brick and mortar." Here Serjeant Snubbin had chambers and was "impossible to be seen—such a thing was never heard of, without a consultation fee being previously paid."

At No. 8 New Square, Dickens was employed by Mr. Molloy as a clerk for a short time in 1827.

Lincoln's Inn Fields lie beyond us; somewhere hereabouts David Copperfield's aunt, being in mortal dread of fire, took lodgings for a week "at a kind of private hotel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there was a stone staircase and a convenient door in the roof." On the far side of the Fields is No. 58, the house of Dickens's friend and biographer, John Forster. This was the original of Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in *Bleak House*.

Here, in a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and, in those shrunken fragments of its greatness, lawyers lie like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages and ante-chambers, still remain; and even its painted ceilings, where Allegory, in Roman helmet and celestial linen, sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache—as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less. Here, among his many boxes labelled with transcendent names, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn, when not speechlessly at home in country-houses where the great ones of the earth are bored to death. Here he is to-day quiet at his table. An oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.

Here it was that Dickens was a frequent visitor, and here he read *The Chimes* in 1844 to a select circle of friends, before its publication, coming from Italy specially for the purpose.

Turning to the left from No. 58, and proceeding along the northern side of the Fields, we reach Portsmouth Street, and on the left a quaint and picturesque piece of Old London, inaccurately described as "The Old Curiosity Shop, immortalised by Charles Dickens."

At the corner of Portugal Street is the George IV Tavern, on the site of the original "Magpie and Stump" of *Pickwick*. The Insolvent Court and the "Horse and Groom" public-house, were both in Portugal Street; the latter is no longer in existence; it was the scene of the meeting of the two Wellers with Mr. Solomon Pell.

Through Carey Street we reach Bell Yard, altered out of all knowledge since the day when it was a narrow alley where the Neckett children lived over the chandler's shop. At the end of Bell Yard is Temple Bar, dividing Fleet Street from the Strand (see Route Thirteen).

Crossing Fleet Street we reach Middle Temple Gate, mindful that it was Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge* who likewise crossed the road here for the purpose of visiting Sir John Chester, and "plied the knocker of Middle Temple Gate," only to be regarded suspiciously and told, "We don't sell beer here."

It was also at Middle Temple Gate that Mr. Fips arranged the meeting with Tom Pinch which led to his engagement at the mysterious chambers, of which we make mention later.

What is probably the best description of the charm of the Temple is to be found in *Barnaby Rudge*:

There are still worse places than the Temple on a sultry day, for basking in the sun or resting idly in the shade. There is yet a drowsiness in its courts and a dreamy dullness in its trees and gardens. Those who pace its lanes and squares may yet hear the echoes of their footsteps on the sounding stones and read upon its gates

in passing from the tumult of the Strand or Fleet Street, "Who enters here leaves noise behind." There is yet in the Temple something of a clerkly monkish atmosphere, which public offices of law have not disturbed and even legal firms have failed to scare away. In summer time, its pumps suggest to thirsty idlers springs cooler and more sparkling and deeper than other wells . . . and, sighing, they cast sad looks towards the Thames and think of baths and boats, and saunter on, despondent.

In *Pickwick* we have the following description of the chambers of the Temple :

Scattered about, in various holes and corners of the Temple, are certain dark and dirty chambers. . . . These sequestered nooks are the public offices of the legal profession, where writs are issued, judgments signed, declarations filed, and numerous other ingenious machines put in motion for the torture and torment of His Majesty's liege subjects, and the comfort and emolument of the practitioners of the law. They are, for the most part, low-roofed, mouldy rooms, where innumerable rolls of parchment, which have been perspiring in secret for the last century, send forth an agreeable odour, which is mingled by day with the scent of the dry rot, and by night with the various exhalations which arise from damp cloaks, festering umbrellas, and the coarsest tallow candles.

The same chapter gives an interesting account of lawyers' clerks, which is worth repeating here :

There are several grades of lawyers' clerks. There is the articled clerk, who has paid a premium, and is an attorney in prospective, who runs a tailor's bill, receives invitations to parties, knows a family in Gower Street, and another in Tavistock Square ; who goes out of town every

Long Vacation to see his father, who keeps live horses innumerable ; and who is, in short, the very aristocrat of clerks. There is the salaried clerk—out of door, or in door, as the case may be—who devotes the major part of his thirty shillings a week to his personal pleasure and adornment, repairs half-price to the Adelphi Theatre at least three times a week, dissipates majestically at the cider cellars afterwards, and is a dirty caricature of the fashion which expired six months ago. There is the middle-aged copying clerk, with a large family, who is always shabby, and often drunk. And there are the office lads in their first surtouts, who feel a befitting contempt for boys at day-schools : club as they go home at night, for saveloys and porter : and think there's nothing like " life."

Passing through Brick Court and Essex Court we reach Fountain Court, where, as is said in *Barnaby Rudge*, " There is still the plash of falling water in fair Fountain Court " ; but it is in *Martin Chuzzlewit* that Dickens has made a romance for us round Fountain Court and its association with Ruth Pinch, her brother Tom, and John Westlock.

There was a little plot between them that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way ; and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him ; and, if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her ; not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing. . . .

Either she was a little too soon, or Tom was a little too late—she was so precise in general that she timed it to half a minute—but no Tom

was there. Well ! But was anybody else there, that she blushed so deeply, after looking round, and tripped off down the steps with such unusual expedition ?

Why, the fact is that Mr. Westlock was passing at that moment. The Temple is a public thoroughfare ; they may write up on the gates that it is not, but so long as the gates are left open it is, and will be ; and Mr. Westlock had as good a right to be there as anybody else. . . .

Merrily the tiny fountain played, and merrily the dimples sparkled on its sunny face. John Westlock hurried after her. Softly the whispering water broke and fell ; and roguishly the dimples twinkled, as he stole upon her footsteps. . . .

" I felt sure it was you," said John, when he overtook her, in the sanctuary of Garden Court. " I knew I couldn't be mistaken."

She was *so* surprised.

" You are waiting for your brother," said John.

" Let me bear you company." . . .

Merrily the fountain plashed and plashed, until the dimples, merging into one another, swelled into a general smile that covered the whole surface of the basin. . . .

On a later occasion we are again introduced to Fountain Court :

Brilliantly the Temple Fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and, peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it.

And why they came towards the Fountain at all is a mystery ; for they had no business there. It was not in their way. It was quite

out of their way. They had no more to do with the Fountain, bless you, than they had with— with Love, or any out-of-the-way thing of that sort.

It was all very well for Tom and his sister to make appointments by the Fountain, but that was quite another affair. Because, of course, when she had to wait a minute or two, it would have been very awkward for her to have had to wait in any but a tolerably quiet spot ; but that was as quiet a spot, everything considered, as they could choose. But when she had John Westlock to take care of her, and was going home with her arm in his (home being in a different direction altogether), their coming anywhere near that Fountain was quite extraordinary.

However, there they found themselves. And another extraordinary part of the matter was, that they seemed to have come there by a silent understanding. Yet, when they got there, they were a little confused by being there, which was the strangest part of all ; because there is nothing naturally confusing in a Fountain. We all know that.

What a good old place it was ! John said with quite an earnest affection for it.

“ A pleasant place indeed,” said little Ruth. “ So shady ! ”

O wicked little Ruth !

They came to a stop when John began to praise it. The day was exquisite ; and, stopping at all, it was quite natural—nothing could be more so—that they should glance down Garden Court ; because Garden Court ends in the Garden, and the Garden ends in the River, and that glimpse is very bright and fresh and shining on a summer's day. Then, oh, little Ruth, why not look boldly at it ! Why fit that tiny, precious,

blessed little foot into the cracked corner of an insensible old flagstone in the pavement ; and be so very anxious to adjust it to a nicety !

Pip in *Great Expectations* had his chambers at "the top of the last house in Garden Court down by the river. . . . Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river."

Here it was that Magwitch revealed himself one stormy night, as the source of the great expectations.

Facing the river, we turn left to Middle Temple Lane and cross it, passing through Elm Court, and Pump Court, the court "more quiet and more gloomy than the rest," where Tom Pinch was employed so mysteriously by Mr. Fips.

There was a ghostly air about these uninhabited chambers in the Temple, and attending every circumstance of Tom's employment there, which had a strange charm in it. . . . It seemed to Tom, every morning, that he approached this ghostly mist, and became enveloped in it, by the easiest succession of degrees imaginable. Passing from the roar and rattle of the streets into the quiet court-yards of the Temple was the first preparation. Every echo of his footsteps sounded to him like a sound from the old walls and pavements, wanting language to relate the histories of the dim, dismal rooms ; to tell him what lost documents were decaying in forgotten corners of the shut-up cellars . . . to whisper of dark bins of rare old wine, bricked up in vaults among the old foundations of the Halls ; or mutter in a lower tone yet darker legends of the cross-legged knights whose marble effigies were in the church. With the first planting of his foot upon the staircase of his dusty office, all these mysteries increased ; until, ascending step

by step, as Tom ascended, they attained their full growth in the solitary labours of the day.

Descending the steps on the right beneath the Dining Hall of the Inner Temple, we reach Paper Buildings, where Sir John Chester had his chambers.

Paper Buildings—a row of goodly tenements, shaded in front by ancient trees, and looking at the back upon the Temple Gardens. . . .

Through the half-opened window the Temple Garden looks green and pleasant; the placid river, gay with boat and barge and dimpled with the splash of many an oar, sparkles in the distance.

The original Paper Buildings were destroyed by fire in 1838.

Opposite is King's Bench Walk, dedicated to the memory of Sydney Carton, who "turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavement of King's Bench Walk and Paper Buildings, turned into the Stryver Chambers."

The Walk leads down to the River, where once were Temple Stairs, where Mr. Tartar kept his boat and from which he rowed Rosa and Mr. Grewgious up the river. This landing-place also figures in *Great Expectations*, during the exploit of Pip and Herbert on the river as a prelude to getting Magwitch out of the country.

Returning along King's Bench Walk we find Whitefriars Gate on the right, through which Pip came one eventful evening.

"My readiest access to the Temple was close by the riverside, through Whitefriars. . . .

It seldom happened that I came in at that Whitefriars Gate after the Temple was closed."

Here, by the light of the night-porter's lantern, he read Wemmick's message, superscribed "Please read this here," containing the laconic instructions, "Don't go home."

This way came Mr. George in *Bleak House*, "by

the cloisterly Temple and by Whitefriars " to the Bagnets in Blackfriars ; and this way, too, went Rogue Riderhood, after seeing " Governors Both " in the Temple.

The waterside character pulled his drowned cap over his ears with both hands, and . . . went down the stairs round by Temple Church, across the Temple, into Whitefriars and so on by the waterside streets.

Reversing the steps of Rogue Riderhood we pass Paper Buildings and under the Inner Temple Dining Hall and so reach Temple Church. Beyond are the churchyard and Goldsmith Buildings, the latter built on the site of the old chambers occupied by Mortimer Lightwood in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Whosoever had gone out of Fleet Street into the Temple . . . until he stumbled on a dismal churchyard and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that churchyard, until at the most dismal window of them all he saw a dismal boy, would in him have beheld . . . the managing clerk, junior clerk, common law clerk, conveyancing clerk, chancery clerk . . . of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood

Through Inner Temple Gate, where Mr. Dolls, in one of his usual maudlin conditions, was conducted by Eugene Wrayburn, we reach Fleet Street, opposite Chancery Lane. Here it was that Bradley Headstone used to rest " in a doorway with his eyes upon the Temple Gate," waiting and watching for Eugene Wrayburn. " For anything I know he watches at the Temple Gate all night," said Eugene.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE ONE

DOUGHTY STREET TO THE TEMPLE

Doughty Street
No. 48, Dickens lived 1837-9

Gray's Inn Road
Dorrit, I, 13
Copperfield, 36

Gray's Inn Lane
Pickwick, 47
Uncommercial, 14
Twist, 42
Sketches, Dancing, Theatres
Reprinted, Inspector

Verulam Buildings
Uncommercial, 14

Leather Lane
Barnaby, 68

Hatton Garden
Bleak House, 30, 26
Reprinted, Bill-sticking
Twist, 11
Sketches, Christening

Hatton Yard
Twist, 11

Vine Street (formerly Mutton Hill)
Twist, 11
Life

Clerkenwell Square
Twist, 10

Clerkenwell Sessions House
Twist, 17

Clerkenwell
Twist, 10

Two Cities, II, 6
Mutual, I, 7
Bleak House, 26
Barnaby, 66, 4

Charterhouse
Barnaby, 4

Gray's Inn Gardens
Dorrit, I, 13

Bedford Row
Uncommercial, 14
Sketches, Scenes, 16

Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn
Life

Field Court
Uncommercial 14

Gray's Inn Square
Uncommercial, 14
Pickwick, 53
Sketches, Steam Ex.

Gray's Inn
Pickwick, 20, 53
Uncommercial, 14

South Square (formerly Holborn Court)
Pickwick, 31
Copperfield, 59

Gray's Inn Hall
Pickwick, 53
Copperfield, 59

Gray's Inn Gateway
Pickwick, 47

Gray's Inn Coffee House

Copperfield, 59

Curiosity, 37

Holborn

See Route 2

Staple Inn

Drood, 11

Bleak House, 10

Uncommercial, 14

Chancery Lane

Sketches, Streets

Pickwick, 40

Mutual, I, 8

Bleak House, I, 10, 32, 20, 51,
59

Reprinted, Bill-sticking

Quality Court

Bleak House, 8

Cursitor Street

Sketches, Dounce

" Tootle

Bleak, 10, 15, 25

Reprinted, Bill-sticking

Took's Court

Bleak House, 10

Symond's Inn (site)

Bleak House, 39, 51

Rolls Yard

Bleak House, 10

Chichester Rents

Bleak House, 5, 20, 33

Sol's Arms (site of)

Bleak House, 11, 33, 20

Lincoln's Inn Gateway

Bleak House, 3

Lincoln's Inn Chapel

Bleak House, 3

Lincoln's Inn Hall

Bleak House, 1, 19

Old Square

Bleak House, 20, 3

Pickwick, 31

Lincoln's Inn

Bleak House, 19, 20, 3, 1

Uncommercial, 14

New Square

Life

Lincoln's Inn Gardens

Bleak House, 10

Lincoln's Inn Fields

Copperfield, 23

Bleak House, 10

Barnaby, 50, 63

Life

Sketches, Scenes, 16

College of Surgeons

Bleak House, 13

Barnaby, 75

Sardinia Street (site of)

Barnaby, 50, 63

Portsmouth Street

Curiosity, 1

**George IV Tavern (Magpie and
Stump), rebuilt**

Pickwick, 20

Clare Market (site)

Barnaby, 56

Sketches, Gin Shops

Reprinted, Lying awake

Pickwick, 20

New Inn

Pickwick, 20

Uncommercial, 14

Portugal Street

Pickwick, 43, 55

Insolvent Court

Pickwick, 43, 55

Bell Yard

Bleak House, 15

Fleet Street

See Route 13

Middle Temple Gate

Barnaby, 40

Chuzzlewit, 39

The Temple

Pickwick, 31, 43

Barnaby, 15, 67

Chuzzlewit, 40, 48

Two Cities, II, 5, 13

Uncommercial, 14

Mutual, IV, 9, 10, I, 8, 12

Reprinted, Ghost Art.

Bleak House, 27, 19

Hunted Down, 5

Holly Tree

Clock, 1

Expectations, 39

Sketches, Tales, 4

Fountain Court

Barnaby, 15

Chuzzlewit, 45, 53

Garden Court

Expectations, 39, 46

Chuzzlewit 45, 53

Pump Court

Chuzzlewit 39, 40

Paper Buildings

Barnaby, 15, 75

Two Cities, II, 5

King's Bench Walk

Two Cities, II, 5

Middle Temple

Clock, 1

Hunted Down, 3

Temple Gardens

Barnaby, 15, 75

Holly Tree

Temple Stairs

Drood, 22

Expectations, 46

Whitefriars Gate

Expectations, 44

Bleak House, 27

Mutual, I, 12

Goldsmiths' Buildings

Mutual, I, 8

Temple Church

Mutual, I, 8, 12

Inner Temple Gate

Mutual, III, 10, 11

ROUTE TWO

BLOOMSBURY TO THE BANK

NEXT to the Strand and Fleet Street, Holborn may justly claim to be the thoroughfare that is most replete with Dickens memories. But a greater change has come over the face of Holborn than over the other two great arteries ; not only at the beginning and the end, Kingsway and Newgate, but also in the centre, and indeed almost all the way along.

And in writing of the district of Bloomsbury and of the great historic thoroughfare called Holborn, memories at once surround us of that part of Bloomsbury which housed the immortal Mrs. Gamp, and which was cleared away in 1905 when Kingsway was planned ; of the "Black Bull" in Holborn, where she and Betsey Prig nursed "turn and turn about," swallowed up by Gamage's premises in about 1904 ; of Furnival's Inn, the birthplace of *Pickwick*, now covered by the offices of the Prudential Assurance Company ; of Snow Hill—a name only—of the Saracen's Head—whose memory is recorded—of Field Lane, happily gone, of Holborn Hill, now spanned by a viaduct, and of Newgate Prison on the site of the present Sessions House at the corner of Newgate Street and Old Bailey.

But however dear memories may be there are fortunately preserved to us some few relics of the buildings that Dickens knew, on which we can feast our eyes in this journey of about one mile ; and a few detours into the Inns—Gray's Inn and Staple

Inn (Route One), and perhaps some other place or two a little off the route, will enable us to pass a short morning in this enchanted land of dreams and realities.

The junction of Hart Street with High Holborn is our starting point, on the edge of the Bloomsbury district, which figured in the early sketch by Boz entitled *The Bloomsbury Christening*, the Kitterbells living in Great Russell Street, and the christening taking place at St. George's Church in Hart Street.

Bloomsbury Square, which we pass on the left of Hart Street, is dealt with in Route Nine. Opposite is Southampton Street, whither came Mr. Grewgious to look for a lodging for Rosa Bud.

Mr. Grewgious's idea of looking at a furnished lodging was to get on the opposite side of the street to a house with a suitable bill in the window, and stare at it ; and then work his way tortuously to the back of the house, and stare at that ; and then not go in, but make similar trials of another house, with the same result.

Their progress in this direction was naturally slow, but :

At length he bethought himself of a widowed cousin, divers times removed, of Mr. Bazzard's, who had once solicited his influence in the lodger world, and who lived in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square. This lady's name, stated in uncompromising capitals of considerable size on a brass door-plate, and yet not lucidly as to sex or condition, was Billickin.

As to the Billickin's terms, they are put on record in this inimitable fashion :

"Five-and-forty shillings per week by the month certain at the time of year," said Mrs. Billickin, "is only reasonable to both parties. It is not Bond Street nor yet St. James's Palace ; but it is not pretended that it is. Neither is it

attempted to be denied—for why should it?—that the Arching leads to a mews. Mewses must exist. Respecting attendance: two is kep', at liberal wages. Words *has* arisen as to tradesmen, but dirty shoes on fresh hearth-stoning was attributable, and no wish for a commission on your orders. Coals is either *by* the fire, or *per* the scuttle." She emphasized the prepositions as marking a subtle but immense difference. "Dogs is not viewed with favour. Besides litter, they gets stole, and sharing suspicions is apt to creep in, and unpleasantness takes place."

The house in question was probably No. 20, next to the "Arching" leading to what was once a mews.

The School of Arts and Crafts at the corner of Southampton Row and Theobald's Road covers the site of Kingsgate Street, where Mrs. Gamp lived over Poll Sweedlepipe's shaving establishment.

Her name . . . was Gamp; her residence in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. . . . This lady lodged at a bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's meat warehouse; the renown of which establishments was duly heralded on their respective fronts. It was a little house, and this was the more convenient; for Mrs. Gamp being, in her highest walk of art, a monthly nurse, or, as her sign-board boldly had it, "Midwife," and lodging in the first-floor front, was easily assailable at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco pipe; all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease, and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed.

Behind the School of Arts and Crafts is Red Lion Square, mentioned in *Gone Astray*.

Entering High Holborn from Southampton Row, we turn to the left, and in a short distance notice a narrow turning on the right called Great Turnstile, and a Little Turnstile further along. Both lead into Lincoln's Inn Fields (see Route One) and remind us, as Mr. Snagsby in *Bleak House* used to tell his two apprentices, that "a brook once ran down Holborn, when Turnstile really was a turnstile leading slap away into the meadows." Further along on the right we reach Chancery Lane and nearly opposite is the archway leading to Gray's Inn. Both these places are visited by Route One. Just beyond Gray's Inn Road is "the ancient part of Holborn" behind which is Staple Inn (Route One). Next to it is Furnival Street, formerly Castle Street, where Traddles lodged "up behind the parapet of a house."

Next we reach—on the same side—Mercers' School in the old Barnard's Inn, brought very much up to date. Here Pip had chambers on first coming to London in preparation for his great expectations. Not knowing what sort of a place Barnard's Inn was, he was not a little surprised.

I supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit or a fiction, and his Inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats. . . .

I was content to take a foggy view of the Inn through the windows' encrusting dirt, and to stand dolefully looking out, saying to myself that London was decidedly overrated.

Adjoining Barnard's Inn were the premises of Thomas Langdale, a distiller, the destruction of

whose premises by the rioters is graphically described in Chapter 68 of *Barnaby Rudge*. The side entrance by which the distiller and Mr. Hare dale entered and left the premises was in Fetter Lane.

On the opposite side of Holborn is a pile of red brick buildings occupied by the Prudential Assurance Company. This covers the site of Furnival's Inn, where Dickens had chambers from 1834 until 1837, when he went to live at No. 48 Doughty Street.

A tablet in the court-yard marks the site of the chambers he occupied, and a bust of Dickens by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald adorns the wall on the left as we enter.

This is how Dickens describes the origin of *Pickwick* in the preface to that book :

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—a paper in the "Sketches," called Mr. Minns and his Cousin—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print ; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen ; and so fell to business.

John Westlock, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, also lived in Furnival's Inn, and we are told :

There are snug chambers in those Inns where the bachelors live, and, for the desolate fellows

they pretend to be, it is quite surprising how well they get on. . . . There is little enough to see in Furnival's Inn. It is a shady, quiet place, echoing to the footsteps of the stragglers who have business there; and rather monotonous and gloomy on summer evenings.

The hotel that stood within the Inn (Wood's Hotel) was patronised by Mr. Grewgious for his meals, and from here to Staple Inn came that amusing creation, the "flying waiter."

Here, too, did Mr. Grewgious find accommodation for Rosa.

Mr. Grewgious . . . led her by the hand . . . across Holborn, and into Furnival's Inn. At the hotel door he confided her to the Unlimited head chambermaid. . . . Rosa's room was airy, clean, comfortable, almost gay . . . and Rosa tripped down the great many stairs again, to thank her guardian for his thoughtful and affectionate care of her. . . . "You may be sure that the stairs are fireproof," said Mr. Grewgious, "and that any outbreak of the devouring element would be perceived and suppressed by the watchmen."

Rosa replied she did not mean that, but referred to Jasper.

"There is a stout gate of iron bars to keep him out," said Mr. Grewgious, "and Furnival's is fire-proof, and specially watched and lighted, and I live over the way."

Beyond the Prudential buildings is Gamage's, the lower end of whose premises covers the site of the "Black Bull" in Holborn, where Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig nursed Mr. Lewsome, as described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

A little further on and we are in Holborn Circus, where five important roads converge.

Ahead is Holborn Viaduct, completed in 1869,

across the hills which made this road so notorious in the coaching days.

We can, in our imagination, see Job Trotter, "abating nothing of his speed," running up Holborn Hill to Mr. Perker's at Gray's Inn; we can see Wemmick, with his "such a post-office of a mouth," walking here with Pip, who, we are told, had got to the top of Holborn Hill before he "knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all." We can see Oliver Twist trudging along here in company with Sikes *en route* for "the Chertsey crib," looking up at the clock of St. Andrew's Church, now half-hidden by the Viaduct, and being told it was "hard upon seven! You must step out." This same church and clock are referred to in *David Copperfield*, when the hero of that story was a full quarter of an hour late by that clock in mustering up sufficient courage "to pull the private bell handle let into the left-hand door-post of Mr. Waterbrook's house" to see Agnes, after his night of dissipation. Mr. Waterbrook's house was in Ely Place, Holborn, a turning on the left of Charterhouse Street, which branches half-left from the Circus.

St. Andrew's Street is on the right of Holborn Circus and the first turning on the right is Thavies' Inn, renowned for its association with Mrs. Jellyby. It was "no distance" from Kenge & Carboy's, said Mr. Guppy, "round in Thavies' Inn, you know." Esther did not know, so Guppy explained:

Only round the corner. We just twist up Chancery Lane, and cut along Holborn, and there we are in four minutes' time as near as a toucher. So they went out into the "London particular" of a fog and soon—

We all . . . turned up under an archway to our destination, a narrow street of high houses, like an oblong cistern to hold the fog.

There was a confused little crowd of people, principally children, gathered about the house at which we stopped, which had a tarnished brass plate on the door, with the inscription, Jellyby. "Don't be frightened!" said Mr. Guppy, looking in at the coach window. "One of the young Jellyby's been and got his head through the area railings!"

There sure enough we can see the houses with the area railings—an uncommon sight in this part of London. Esther went to the rescue of the poor child, who was one of the dirtiest little unfortunates she ever saw.

I . . . found him very hot and frightened, and crying loudly, fixed by the neck between two iron railings, while a milkman and a beadle, with the kindest intentions possible, were endeavouring to drag him back by the legs, under a general impression that his skull was compressible by those means.

Returning again to Holborn Circus we cross it and proceed along Hatton Garden. At the far end is Clerkenwell (see Route One).

Turning into Charles Street on the right, we find on the right all that is left of the Bleeding Heart Yard of *Little Dorrit*, where the Plornish family lived.

As if the aspiring city had become puffed up in the very ground on which it stood, the ground had so risen about Bleeding Heart Yard that you got into it down a flight of steps . . . and got out of it by a low gate-way into a maze of shabby streets. . . . At this end of the yard and over the gate-way was the factory of Daniel Doyce.

The position of the yard is certainly changed to-day, but the above description is interesting.

The next turning on the left is Little Saffron Hill.

This continues on the right of Charles Street as Great Saffron Hill, along which our way lies into Charterhouse Street.

Along Saffron Hill from Clerkenwell came Oliver Twist with the Artful Dodger, on his first visit to London.

From the Angel into St. John's Road . . . through Exmouth Street . . . thence into Little Saffron Hill and so into Saffron Hill the great. . . . When they reached the bottom of the hill his conductor . . . pushed open the door of a house near Field Lane.

Field Lane, and with it Fagin's house, was swept away when Holborn Viaduct was built. Charterhouse Street at the end of Saffron Hill cut through it, and it extended right into Holborn. The block of buildings to the left of Shoe Lane marks the site.

Near to that spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn Hill meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill. . . . Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself—the emporium of petty larceny; visited at early morning, and setting-in of dusk, by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and who go as strangely as they come.

In Little Saffron Hill was "The Three Cripples," the house of call of Bill Sikes and Fagin, "a low public-house situate in the filthiest part of Little Saffron Hill; a dark and gloomy den, where a flaring gas-light burnt all day."

Phil Squod in *Bleak House* tell us how he took on a travelling tinker's beat in this district :

It wasn't much of a beat, round Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, Clerkenwell, Smiffield and

there—poor neighbourhood, where they uses up the kettles till they're past mending.

Reaching Charterhouse Street we turn left into Smithfield, crossing Farringdon Road. The old market, with its open pens, was discontinued in 1855, and the new building covering the site opened in 1868. It was quite a different place when Oliver Twist crossed it with Bill Sikes after he had been captured for the second time. "It was Smithfield they were crossing," we read, "although it might have been Grosvenor Square for anything Oliver knew to the contrary," and when he again crossed it *en route* for the Chertsey burglary it was market morning, and "the ground was covered nearly ankle deep with filth and mire." They crossed the market and went "through Hosier Lane into Holborn."

Smithfield Market is also referred to in *Barnaby Rudge* :

While Newgate was burning . . . Barnaby and his father having passed among the crowd from hand to hand, stood in Smithfield, on the outskirts of the mob, gazing at the flames like men who had been suddenly aroused from sleep. . . .

In a corner of the market, among the pens for cattle, Barnaby knelt down, and, pausing every now and then to pass his hand over his father's face, or look up to him with a smile, knocked off his irons.

In *Little Dorrit* we read of Clennam and Doyce crossing Smithfield together—but there is no description of the market. These two parted at Barbican and Clennam walked on alone down Aldersgate to St. Paul's, when he met John Baptist, who had been knocked down by a mail-coach and was being conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Later, in *Great Expectations*, it still kept its old

traditions, for Pip discovered it as a "shameful place being all asmeared with filth and fat and blood and foam."

Regaining Farringdon Street, we turn to the left ; the first on the left is Snow Hill, which leads to Holborn, on reaching which we turn to the left.

The Saracen's Head Inn, where Squeers had his head-quarters, was three doors from St. Sepulchre's Church, and was demolished in 1868. A new inn was erected at the foot of the hill and is now occupied by a warehouse and factory. The following is a description of the old inn from *Nicholas Nickleby* :

Near to the jail, and by consequence near to Smithfield also, and the Compter, and the bustle and noise of the city ; and just on that particular part of Snow Hill where omnibus horses going eastward seriously think of falling down on purpose ; and where horses in hackney cabriolets going westward not unfrequently fall by accident, is the coach-yard of the Saracen's Head Inn ; its portals guarded by two Saracens' heads and shoulders, which it was once the pride and glory of the choice spirits of this metropolis to pull down at night. . . . The inn itself, garnished with another Saracen's head, frowns upon you from the top of the yard.

As the building is to-day, a bust of Dickens adorns the door-way with plaques of scenes from *Nicholas Nickleby* connected with the older building, on either side.

Close by are Cock Lane and Hosier Lane, both mentioned in the novels.

Between Snow Hill and Giltspur Street is St. Sepulchre's Church, the clock of which heralded the death of many a prisoner awaiting his end at Newgate opposite. In *Barnaby Rudge* we read, "The concourse waited with an impatience which

increased with every chime of St. Sepulchre's Church."

The Sessions House now occupies the site of Newgate Prison. Writing of it in *Barnaby Rudge*, Dickens refers to it as "then a new building, recently completed at a vast expense, and considered to be of enormous strength." To him it had a peculiar fascination, and several times he wrote of it in the *Sketches by Boz*, in one of which we read :

We shall never forget the mingled feelings of awe and respect with which we used to gaze at the exterior of Newgate in our schoolboy days. How dreadful its rough heavy walls, and low massive doors, appeared to us . . . then the fetters over the debtors' doors, which we used to think were a *bona fide* set of irons, just hung up there, for convenience' sake, ready to be taken down at a moment's notice. . . . Often have we strayed here, in sessions time, to catch a glimpse of the whipping place, and that dark building on one side of the yard in which is kept the gibbet with all its dreadful apparatus.

Although Newgate has its principal associations in *Barnaby Rudge*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Great Expectations*, one of the best descriptions of it is given in *Nicholas Nickleby* :

There, at the very core of London, in the heart of its business and animation, in the midst of a whirl of noise and motion, stemming as it were the giant currents of life that flow unceasingly on from different quarters and meet beneath its walls, stands Newgate ; and, in that crowded street on which it frowns so darkly, scores of human beings, amidst a roar of sounds to which even the tumult of a great city is as nothing, four, six, or eight strong men at a time have been hurried violently and swiftly from the world, when the scene has been rendered

frightful with excess of human life ; when curious eyes have glared from casement and house-top, and wall and pillar ; and when, in the mass of white and upturned faces, the dying wretch, in his all-comprehensive look of agony, has met not one—not one—that bore the impress of pity or compassion.

The account of the burning of Newgate by the Gordon Rioters in *Barnaby Rudge* is a remarkable piece of writing. Lord George Gordon died in a cell in Newgate Prison some years after the famous riots—but not on account of them.

The Central Criminal Court in the Old Bailey—adjoining Newgate Prison—was the scene of some stirring events in the novels of Dickens : Fagin's trial in *Oliver Twist*, the trial of the returned convict, Magwitch, in *Great Expectations*, and the very memorable trial in *A Tale of Two Cities*, when Sydney Carton rendered such yeoman service to Charles Darnay. Of the street which gave the Court its name, Dickens writes in this book :

The Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn-yard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage into the other world.

Kit, too, "honest Kit," in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, suffered trial at the Old Bailey, and was confined in the cells there until released by the assistance of Dick Swiveller.

Newgate Street itself is often mentioned by Dickens, the most memorable occasion being in *Pickwick*, when in walking along this thoroughfare Sam Weller remarked to Mr. Pickwick on the date fixed for the trial being the 14th of February, "Remarkable coincidence. . . . Valentine's day, sir, reg'lar good day for a breach o' promise trial that." He then drew Mr. Pickwick's attention to a "wery nice pork-pie shop . . . celebrated sas-

sage factory," he explained, and told the diverting history of the man owning the shop, who was made into sausages in his own "patent never leavin' off sassage steam-ingin."

Our way now lies along Giltspur Street, in which the Compter—mentioned on page 46—used to stand, close to St. Sepulchre's Church. It was a debtors' prison and was demolished in 1855.

This leads to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, referred to above, where Jack Hopkins (in *Pickwick*) was a student and Slasher the wonderful operator, and where the boy who swallowed the necklace was "wrapped in a watchman's jacket for fear of waking the patients."

Mrs. Betsey Prig was described as "of Barthemy's; or as some said Barklemy's, or as some said Baralemy's; for by all these endearing and familiar appellations had the hospital become a household word."

Keeping the hospital on our right we presently find St. Bartholomew's Church facing us, when we turn to the right, passing Bartholomew Close on our left, and so into Little Britain, which bears round to the left into Aldersgate Street.

Mr. Jaggers had written on his card that his address was Little Britain, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach office," and, while waiting for the lawyer, Pip had been advised to go round the corner and take a turn in the air at Smithfield, but, finding it a shameful place and seeing "the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging" at him from "behind a grim stone building, which a bystander said was Newgate Prison," went into the prison yard and saw the gallows and whipping post and the "Debtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged."

Returning, he "made the tour of Little Britain and turned into Bartholomew Close," and at length

as he was "looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close" he saw Mr. Jaggers coming towards him. Little Britain was described by Pip as "a gloomy street," and Mr. Jaggers's room as "lighted by a skylight only and a most dismal place; the skylight eccentrically patched like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it."

On reaching Aldersgate Street we find across the road to the right the site of the Albion Hotel, where Dickens entertained his friends in 1839 to celebrate the completion of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

In "a hybrid hotel in a little square behind Aldersgate Street, near the General Post Office," John Jasper stayed when in London. It is said to have been the Falcon Hotel, formerly in Falcon Square, on the right.

Hereabouts, too, the firm of Chuzzlewit must have been situated :

The old-established firm of Anthony Chuzzlewit & Son, Manchester Warehousemen, and so forth, had its place of business in a very narrow street somewhere behind the Post Office; where every house was in the brightest summer morning very gloomy; and where light porters watered the pavement, each before his own employer's premises, in fantastic patterns, in the dog-days; and where spruce gentlemen, with their hands in the pockets of symmetrical trousers, were always to be seen in warm weather, contemplating their undeniable boots in dusty warehouse door-ways; which appeared to be the hardest work they did, except now and then carrying pens behind their ears. A dim, dirty, smoky, tumble-down, rotten old house it was as anybody would desire to see; but there the firm of Anthony Chuzzlewit & Son transacted

all their business, and their pleasure too, such as it was ; for neither the young man nor the old had any other residence, or any care or thought beyond its narrow limits.

Turning towards St. Paul's Cathedral (Route Thirteen), we have the site of the old Post Office buildings on the left, and the new buildings on the right occupying the site of the Bull and Mouth Inn, which must have been the halting place of the " North country mail-coach . . . hard by the Post Office," which brought John Browdie to London with his bride. " A Poast Office ! " he exclaimed. " Wa'at dost thee think o' that ? Ecod, if that's on'y a Poast Office, I'd loike to see where the Lord Mayor o' Lunnon lives ! "

This portion of the street being called St. Martin's-le-Grand recalls that from the coach-stand here Mr. Pickwick took the " bob's vorth " to the Golden Cross at Charing Cross.

From the General Post Office we turn to the left into Cheapside.

Along Cheapside rode Lord George Gordon, and, later, Mr. Carker on his bay horse.

Mr. Mould, the undertaker, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, lived hereabouts :

Deep in the city and within the ward of Cheap stood Mr. Mould's establishment . . . abutting on a churchyard small and shady. . . .

His premises were in a quiet corner, we are told, " where the city strife became a drowsy hum . . . suggesting to the thoughtful mind a stoppage in Cheapside."

In Wood Street on the left formerly stood the Cross Keys Inn, at which Dickens himself arrived as a boy from Chatham on the family coming to London.

Through all the years that have passed since, have I ever lost the smell of the damp straw in

which I was packed—like game—and forwarded carriage paid to the Cross Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London?

Here naturally, coming also from Rochester, Pip arrived, and later he met Estella here when the waiter on being asked for a private sitting-room led them “to the black hole of the establishment.”

On the left of Wood Street we find Huggin Lane; there is another Huggin Lane off Queen Victoria Street, and either one might have stood for what was probably the birthplace of *The Pickwick Papers*; for in the advertisement, undoubtedly drawn up by Dickens himself, we are referred to “The Pickwick Club, so renowned in the annals of Huggin Lane.”

The continuation of Cheapside to the Bank, past King Street (on the left is the Guildhall—see Route Three) is called Poultry; a description of the firing on the rioters here is given in *Barnaby Rudge*.

Grocers’ Hall Court on the left is said to be the place to which Sam Weller, whose “knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar,” directed Mr. Pickwick for “a glass of brandy and water warm.” Mr. Pickwick had crossed opposite the Mansion House and was proceeding up Cheapside when Sam replied, “Second court on the right-hand side—last house but vun on the same side the vay—take the box as stands in the first fire-place, ’cos there ain’t no leg in the middle o’ the table, vich all the others has, and it’s verry inconwenient.”

Authorities differ as to the exact court; some say Honey Court, others Freeman’s Court, both in Cheap-side. It all depends, of course, where Mr. Pickwick was when Sam gave the direction!

We now arrive at the famous centre named the Bank. On the left is the Bank of England, on the right the Mansion House, and opposite us the Royal Exchange.

"If you please, is this the city?" enquired little Florence Dombey.

"We . . . men of business. We (who) belong to the city," to quote old Sol Gills in the same book, say "yes" most emphatically, as anything west of St. Paul's is not quite of the city from a real business point of view, the city proper having its centre in the Bank, and being bounded on the west by St. Paul's and on the east by Aldgate Pump.

"Something in the city" must have had a peculiar fascination for Dickens, seeing the continual reference he made to city life. It was Bob Sawyer who explained to Mrs. Raddle how it was he was unable to pay her little bill. "I'm very sorry . . . but the fact is that I have been disappointed in the city to-day"—"Extra-ordinary place that city. An astonishing number of men always *are* getting disappointed there."

"Every morning, with an air ever new," Herbert Pocket, in *Great Expectations*, "went into the city to look about him. . . . I asked him in the course of conversation what he was? He replied, 'A capitalist—an insurer of ships . . . in the city.'"

Mr. Tibbs—whose wife kept the boarding-house described in *Sketches by Boz*—"always went out at ten o'clock in the morning and returned at five in the afternoon, with an exceedingly dirty face, and smelling mouldy. Nobody knew what he was or where he went, but Mrs. Tibbs used to say, with an air of great importance, that he was engaged in the city."

Nadgett, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "was always keeping appointments in the city, and the other man never seemed to come."

On the right is the Mansion House, where, to quote from *A Christmas Carol*, "the Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as

a Lord Mayor's household should." In *Gone Astray* we read, "There was dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at the grated kitchen window . . . my heart began to beat with hope that the Lord Mayor . . . would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in."

The Bank of England recalls the visit of the elder Weller with Sam to cash the money the former received under Mrs. Weller's will, when some amusing references were made to "reduced counsels."

That Dickens was familiar with this portion of the city, the following from *The Uncommercial Traveller* will show :

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be an easy next step, so I would take it, and would make my houseless circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within ; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing the night there, and nodding over the fire.

Bella Wilfer, too, we read, "thought, as she glanced at the mighty Bank, how agreeable it would be to have an hour's gardening there, with a bright copper shovel."

The Royal Exchange finds frequent reference in Dickens. In *Sketches by Boz* we read, "We never went on 'Change, by any chance, without seeing some shabby genteel men, and we have wondered what earthly business they can have there." A similar experience was that of Pip, who said : "I went on 'Change and I saw fluey men sitting there . . . whom I took to be great merchants, though I couldn't understand why they should all be out of spirits." Herbert, too, in the same book, *Great Expectations*, "when he felt his case unusually serious . . . would go on 'Change at a busy time

and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country dance figure, among the assembled magnates."

Quilp "made appointments on 'Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day" and Scrooge, Flintwinch and Mr. Dombey were regular frequenters there.

In *Gone Astray* Dickens as a child describes finding himself on 'Change and seeing "the shabby people sitting under the placards about ships" and coming to the conclusion that "they were misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold dust or something of that sort and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail."

Mr. Toots, we are told, not bearing to contemplate the bliss of Walter Gay and Florence Dombey, explained to Captain Cuttle that he might possibly be under the necessity of leaving the company assembled at The Little Wooden Midshipman, "to see what o'clock it is by the Royal Exchange."

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE TWO

BLOOMSBURY TO THE BANK

Southampton Street

Drood, 22

Red Lion Square

Gone Astray

Kingsgate Street (site)

Chuzzlewit, 19, 38

Turnstile

Bleak House, 10

Chancery Lane

See Route 1

Holborn

Bleak House, 4, 10

Dorrit, 1, 14, 13

Chuzzlewit, 13, 19.

Barnaby, 66, 67

Drood, 11

Twist, 21

Sketches, Scenes, 7

Furnival Street (late Castle Street)

Copperfield, 36

Furnival's Inn (site)

Life

Pickwick Preface

Chuzzlewit, 36, 37, 45, 53

Drood, 11, 20

Sketches, Christening

Barnard's Inn

Expectations, 20

Uncommercial, 14

Langdale's Distillery (site)

Barnaby, 61, 66-8

Fetter Lane

Barnaby, 66

Sketches, Characters, 9

Twist, 26

Bull Inn (site)

Chuzzlewit, 25

Holborn Viaduct (crossing Holborn Hill)

Pickwick, 47

Expectations, 21

Chuzzlewit, 26

Sketches, Dancing

Barnaby, 67, 61, 66

Bleak House, 1

St. Andrew's Church

Twist, 21

Copperfield, 25

Bleak House, 10

Reprinted, Bill-sticking

Ely Place

Copperfield, 25

Thavies' Inn

Bleak House, 4, 5, 9

Bleeding Heart Yard

Dorrit, 1, 9, 10, 12

Saffron Hill

Twist, 8, 15, 26

Bleak House, 26

Field Lane (site)

Twist, 8, 26

Smithfield

Barnaby, 37, 68

Uncommercial, 34

Expectations, 20, 51

- Nickleby, 5, 4
Twist, 16, 21, 42
Dorrit, I, 13
- Snow Hill**
Barnaby, 67
Nickleby, 3, 4, 42
Dorrit, I, 13
Twist, 26
- Saracen's Head (rebuilt)**
Nickleby, 3, 4, 39, 42
- Cock Lane**
Nickleby, 49
Two Cities, I, 1
- Hosier Lane**
Twist, 21
- St. Sepulchre's Church**
Twist, 15, 52
Nickleby, 4
Uncommercial, 13
Barnaby, 64
- Giltspur Street**
Expectations, 51
- The Compter (site)**
Nickleby, 4
- Newgate (site)**
Twist, 52, 11
Barnaby, 61, 63, 64, 66, 67, 58
Curiosity, 63
Nickleby, 4, 38
Expectations, 20, 32, 33
Two Cities, II, 2
Sketches, Newgate
" Criminal Courts
Bleak House, 26
Uncommercial, 34, 13
- Old Bailey**
Pickwick, 33
Twist, 52
Barnaby, 39
Chuzzlewit, 9
Curiosity, 63
Uncommercial, 34
- Two Cities, II, 2
Nickleby, 26
Expectations, 56
- Newgate Market (site)**
Bleak House, 5
- Newgate Street**
Pickwick, 31
Barnaby, 64, 67
Nickleby, 26
Expectations, 33
- St. Bartholomew's Hospital**
Pickwick, 32
Chuzzlewit, 49, 25
Dorrit, I, 13
Reprinted, Detective
- Little Britain**
Expectations, 20
- Bartholomew Close**
Expectations, 20
- Albion, Aldersgate Street (site)**
Life
- Aldersgate Street**
Miscel. : Lively Turtle
Dorrit, I, 13
Drood, 23
Chuzzlewit, 11
- St. Martin's-le-Grand**
Pickwick, 2
- General Post Office**
Nickleby, 39
Drood, 23
Chuzzlewit, 11
Twist, 26
Dorrit II, 8
- Bull and Mouth (site)**
Pickwick, 10
Nickleby, 39
- St. Paul's Cathedral**
See Route 13
- Cheapside**
Pickwick, 20, 31

Nickleby, 26, 37
 Mutual, I, 4, III, 1
 Barnaby, 37, 67
 Expectations, 48, 20
 Chuzzlewit, 25
 Dombey, 13, 22
 Sketches : Christening
 Dorrit, I, 3
 Uncommercial, 12

Wood Street. Site of The Cross

Keys Inn

Expectations, 20, 22, 33
 Sketches, Scenes, 16
 Uncommercial, 12
 Dorrit, I, 13
 Life

Huggin Lane

Pickwick Advt.

Lad Lane

Dorrit, I, 13

Bow Church

Dombey, 4

Bucklersbury

Sketches, Thoughts

Poultry

Barnaby, 67

Grocers' Hall Court

Pickwick, 20

Mansion House

Pickwick, 20, 33
 Carol
 Barnaby, 61
 Gone Astray
 Clock
 Sketches : Scenes, 17

Bank of England

Pickwick, 55
 Nickleby, 35
 Uncommercial, 13, 9
 Sketches, Bloomsbury
 Barnaby, 67
 Chuzzlewit, 37
 Mutual, III, 1
 Dombey, 4, 13
 Dorrit, I, 26
 Dr. Marigold

Royal Exchange

Sketches, Shabby Genteel
 " Sparkins
 Carol
 Nickleby, 41
 Dombey, 5, 56
 Expectations, 22
 Chuzzlewit, 36, 27, 8
 Dorrit, I, 29
 Gone Astray
 Barnaby, 67
 Golden Mary

ROUTE THREE

UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD.

(THE BANK TO ISLINGTON)

TRUE to the popular song of his time, Dickens in his books takes us "up and down the City Road" in company with Mr. Micawber and young David Copperfield, with Polly Toodles, the Charitable Grinder and little Florence Dombey; also "in and out the Eagle" with Miss Jemima Evans and her friends. We will go in company with this glorious assemblage.

The road from the Bank to Islington is a straight one; or as straight a one as can be expected to be met with in London, and, although we shall make an occasional diversion off the main road, we shall not complete the journey by such a roundabout route as that made by Tom Pinch when he first came to London and was living in Islington :

Now Tom, in his guileless distrust of London, thought himself very knowing in coming to the determination that he would not ask to be directed to Furnival's Inn if he could help it; unless, indeed, he should happen to find himself near the Mint, or the Bank of England; in which case he would step in, and ask a civil question or two, confiding in the perfect respectability of the concern. So on he went, looking up all the streets he came near, and going up half of them; and thus, by dint of not being true to Goswell Street, and filing off into Aldermanbury, and

bewildering himself in Barbican, and being constant to the wrong point of the compass in London Wall, and then getting himself crosswise into Thames Street, by an instinct that would have been marvellous if he had had the least desire or reason to go there, he found himself at last hard by the Monument.

From the Bank we proceed northward along Princes Street, with the Bank of England on the right. Lothbury mentioned below is on the right; on the left is that end of Gresham Street, formerly known as Cateaton Street, and is thus referred to in the original advertisement of *Pickwick*, undoubtedly drawn up by Dickens himself:

The Pickwick Club, so renowned in the annals of Huggin Lane, so closely entwined with a thousand interesting associations connected with Lothbury and Cateaton Street, was founded in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two by Mr. Samuel Pickwick.

The third turning on the right of Gresham Street leads to the Guildhall, whither the four Pickwickians drove for the famous trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick. The Guildhall Court has been rebuilt since those days.

Of the Guildhall itself we read in *Gone Astray*:

I made up my little mind to seek my fortune.
. . . My plans . . . were first to go and see
the Giants in Guildhall. . . . I found it a long
journey to the giants and a slow one. . . .
Being very tired I got into the corner under
Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell
asleep.

The following description of the City Giants, as seen by John Toddyhigh, is taken from *Master Humphrey's Clock*:

The statues of the two giants, Gog and Magog, each above fourteen feet in height, those which

succeeded to still older and more barbarous figures after the Great Fire of London, and which stand in the Guildhall to this day, were endowed with life and motion. These guardian genii of the City had quitted their pedestals, and reclined in easy attitudes, in the great stained glass window. Between them was an ancient cask, which seemed to be full of wine ; for the younger Giant, clapping his huge hand upon it, and throwing up his mighty leg, burst into an exulting laugh, which reverberated through the hall like thunder.

Lothbury leads into Throgmorton Street, on the left of which is Austin Friars, which Tom Pinch said sounded ghostly. Here was the office of Mr. Fips.

They got to Austin Friars, where, in a very dark passage on the first floor, oddly situated at the back of a house, across some leads, they found a little blar-eyed glass door up in one corner, with Mr. Fips painted on it in characters which were meant to be transparent.

On the opposite side of Throgmorton Street is the Stock Exchange, where, according to *Dombey and Son* " a sporting taste (originating generally in bets of new hats) is much in vogue."

In *Pickwick* we read :

They proceeded from the Bank to the gate of the Stock Exchange, to which Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, after a short absence, returned with a cheque on Smith, Payne & Smith, for five hundred and thirty pounds ; that being the sum of money to which Mr. Weller, at the market price of the day, was entitled, in consideration of the balance of the second Mrs. Weller's funded savings.

Returning to Lothbury, we turn to the right into Moorgate Street. The second court on the left is

Great Bell Alley, formerly Bell Alley, which leads into Coleman Street.

It is entirely rebuilt, but, in its continuation the other side of Coleman Street, one can get a fair idea of what the Alley was some eighty years ago. "Namby, Bell Alley, Coleman Street," was the Sheriff's Officer, and to his house Mr. Pickwick was taken prior to being put into the Fleet Prison.

Continuing along Moorgate Street we pass on the left the street called London Wall—marking the course of the old wall of the city—and enter into the district of Finsbury. Arthur Clennam and Daniel Doyce "shared a portion of a roomy house in one of the grave old-fashioned city streets, lying not far from the Bank of England, by London Wall."

To the right, between London Wall and as far to the north as Old Street, were once Moorfields, which was the scene of one of the exploits of the rioters in *Barnaby Rudge*.

From about this point we can take a motor-bus or tram-car to the Angel at Islington, and so save what would be a rather tiring walk of nearly two miles. Finsbury Square is passed on the right. This square was built on part of Moorfields.

In the expedition of Oliver Twist and Bill Sikes to Chertsey we read that, from the Bethnal Green Road, "turning down Sun Street and Crown Street and crossing Finsbury Square, Mr. Sikes struck, by the way of Chiswell Street, into Barbican, thence into Long Lane and so into Smithfield."

Sun Street is a continuation of the south side of Finsbury Square. Chiswell Street is directly on the left and leads into Barbican, in which neighbourhood was the meeting place of the Prentice Knights of *Barnaby Rudge*, in an "ill-favoured pit . . . profoundly dark and reeking with stagnant odours."

Long Lane is a continuation of Barbican, the further side of Aldersgate Street.

For Smithfield, see Route Two.

Continuing past Finsbury Square, we arrive in City Road. When writing *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Dickens apparently got lost in this district, for he wrote to Forster :

I intended calling on you this morning on my way back from Bevis Marks, whither I went to look at a house for Sampson Brass. But I got mingled up in a kind of social paste with the Jews of Houndsditch and roamed about among them till I came out in Moorfields, quite unexpectedly. So I got into a cab, and came home again, very tired, by way of the City Road.

Little Paul Dombey, in charge of Polly Toodles and Susan Nipper, wandered here from Camden Town to meet the newly made "Charitable Grinder"—little Biler—in his full charity dress; and about here Florence was stolen by "good Mrs. Brown."

The portion of Old Street on the right running eastward was formerly known as Old Street Road. Here Mrs. Guppy lived at No. 302. Said Mr. Guppy to Esther in "*Bleak House* :

My mother has a little property, which takes the form of a small life annuity; upon which she lives in an independent though unassuming manner in the Old Street Road. She is eminently calculated for a mother-in-law.

Further along City Road on the right, after passing No. 221, is Shepherdess Walk, on the right of which, almost at the corner stands a modern public-house, the Eagle, on the site of the famous gardens of that name. In *Sketches by Boz* is a story dealing with the Eagle, entitled "Miss Evans and the Eagle."

On the opposite side formerly stood St. Luke's Workhouse.

When David came to live with the Micawbers in Windsor Terrace, he tells us that the servant there was "a dark-complexioned young woman, with a

habit of snorting; and informed me, before half an hour had expired, that she was 'a Orfling,' and came from St. Luke's Workhouse, in the neighbourhood."

The next street but one on the right is Windsor Terrace.

"My address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short," said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence—"I live there."

And sure enough here are houses, any one of which might have been the house of Mr. Micawber, that was "shabby like himself, but also, like himself, making all the show it could."

"Under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and instal you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

Here David had a room "at the top of the house, at the back . . . and very scantily furnished." Here poor Mrs. Micawber, like the Mrs. Dickens in real life, had tried to exert herself, and had covered the centre of the street door with "a great brass-plate, on which was engraved, 'Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies': but," as David Copperfield continues to inform us, "I never found that any young lady had ever been to school there; or that any young lady ever came, or proposed to come; or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady. The only visitors I ever saw or heard of were creditors." This was a sad household for the young boy of fiction,

a replica of the household Dickens had known at Camden Town when a boy himself.

Mr. Micawber had a few books on a little chiffonier, which he called the library ; and those went first. I carried them, one after another, to a bookstall in the City Road—one part of which, near our house, was almost all book-stalls and bird-shops then—and sold them for whatever they would bring.

A row of shops similar to Dickens's description stood in the City Road, opposite Windsor Terrace, until a few years ago, when the present warehouses were erected.

City Road now leads us straight to the Angel at Islington. Those who are walking can turn to the left at Sidney Street and then to the right along Mr. Pickwick's portion of Goswell Road (Goswell Street it was then called), and so up to the Angel, where it joins City Road.

Mr. Samuel Pickwick . . . threw open his chamber window, and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand—as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left ; and the opposite side of Goswell Street was over the way. "Such," thought Mr. Pickwick, "are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell Street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it."

At the end of Goswell Road, just after its junction with City Road, we arrive in Islington. The High Street runs to the right, and St. John's Street to the left. Straight ahead is Pentonville Road, leading to King's Cross (Routes Four and Six).

Islington was a pleasant suburb in Dickens's day, for we read in *Sketches by Boz* that "the early clerk population of . . . Islington and Pentonville are fast directing their steps towards Chancery Lane and the Inns of Court." It was the gate of London for all the coaches coming from the north. The coach conveying John Browdie and his bride in their honeymoon trip to London is described as traversing "with cheerful noise the yet silent streets of Islington." And in *Bleak House* we read of Inspector Bucket and Esther on their return from their search for Lady Dedlock coming "at between three and four o'clock in the morning into Islington. . . . We stopped in a High Street where there was a coach-stand."

When Joe Willet left London, "he went out by Islington," and, in the same book, Barnaby and his father, after escaping from Newgate, "made towards Clerkenwell, and, passing thence to Islington as the nearest point of egress, were quickly in the fields." Bill Sikes, in his flight to Hatfield, also "went through Islington."

Mr. Morfin, "a great musical amateur in his way—after business—lived in Islington, and the first lodgings let by Mrs. Lirriper were also in this district; which brings us to that delightful couple, Tom Pinch and his sister Ruth, who were on the look-out for lodgings.

"It ought to be a cheap neighbourhood," said Tom, "and not too far from London. Let me see. Should you think Islington a good place?" "I should think it was an excellent place, Tom." "It used to be called Merry Islington once upon a time," said Tom. "Perhaps it's merry now; if so, it's all the better." . . .

After roaming up and down for hours, looking at some scores of lodgings, they began to find it rather fatiguing, especially as they saw none

which were at all adapted to their purpose. At length, however, in a singular little old-fashioned house, up a blind street, they discovered two small bedrooms and a triangular parlour, which promised to suit them well enough.

What a regret it is that we have not yet been able to discover that house with the triangular parlour—the hallowed spot where the famous pudding was made!

The Peacock at Islington (a modern public-house of that name is to be seen a few doors past the Angel) was the first stopping place of the coach that bore Nicholas away to the Yorkshire school, and again we find it mentioned in *The Holly Tree* as the inn from which the teller of the story started off on his Christmas coach ride to the North. It was a bitterly cold night, and, when he got to the Peacock, he tells us, "I found everybody drinking hot purl in self-preservation."

The modern building at the corner of Pentonville Road and High Street replaces the older Angel Tavern; but the entrance of *Oliver Twist* into London at this point loses nothing of its interest.

As Jack Dawkins objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached the turnpike at Islington. They crossed from the Angel into St. John's Road.

Mr. Brownlow lived in Pentonville, close by, and when he rescued Oliver from the clutches of Fagin, and likewise of Mr. Fang, the Hatton Garden Magistrate, we read:

The coach rattled away . . . over nearly the same ground as that which Oliver had traversed when he first entered London . . . turning a different way when it reached the Angel at Islington.

Another set of *Oliver Twist* characters arrived at the Angel at a still later date, Noah Claypole and Charlotte, and their advent is described as follows :

Mr. Claypole went on, without halting, until he arrived at the Angel, Islington, where he wisely judged, from the crowd of passengers and numbers of vehicles, that London began in earnest. . . . He crossed into St. John's Road, and was soon deep in the obscurity of the intricate and dirty ways which, lying between Gray's Inn Lane and Smithfield, render that part of the town one of the lowest and worst that improvement has left in the midst of London.

The arrival of *Oliver Twist* in London, referred to above, presents an interesting itinerary. He met the Artful Dodger at Barnet, and the next we hear of the pair is in Islington.

They crossed from the Angel into St. John's Road, struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre ; through Exmouth Street and Coppice Row ; down the little court by the side of the workhouse ; across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole ; thence into Little Saffron Hill, and so into Saffron Hill the great.

As this is a link with the Saffron Hill district referred to in Route One, it is interesting to trace out here the above route, which, with the construction of Rosebery Avenue (running from St. John's Street to the corner of Gray's Inn Road and Clerkenwell Road—see Route One), has been greatly altered. St. John's Street was formerly St. John's Street Road. The first turning on the right is Arlington Street, "the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre." This leads us to the back of Sadler's Wells Theatre, an ancient building shorn of all its former glory, and by turning round to the left we get into Rosebery Avenue, by the side of the

reservoirs known as the New River Head, which has an association with Uriah Heep.

"The 'ouse that I am stopping at—a sort of a private hotel and boarding-house, Master Copperfield, near the New River 'Ed—will have gone to bed these two hours."

From Sadler's Wells, the Artful Dodger's route would lie across the road, down Garnault Place by the side of the Town Hall, and then to the right along Exmouth Street to Farringdon Road, formerly Coppice Row. When Oliver was taken home to Mr. Brownlow's at Pentonville, "the coach rattled away, down Mount Pleasant and up Exmouth Street."

On the left of Exmouth Street is Spa Fields, of which we read in *The Old Curiosity Shop*: "I remember the time when old Maunders had in his cottage in Spa Fields . . . eight male and female dwarfs setting down to dinner every day, who was waited on by eight old giants in green coats, red smalls, blue cotton stockings and high-lows."

Reaching Farringdon Road, the Parcels Post Office, on the right, at the corner of King's Cross Road, is on the site of the old Clerkenwell Gaol. Here runs off to the left Mount Pleasant, mentioned above, and also in *Bleak House*, as the district in which the Smallweed family resided.

In a rather ill-favoured and ill-savoured neighbourhood, though one of its rising grounds bears the name of Mount Pleasant, the elfin Smallweed, christened Bartholomew, and known on the domestic hearth as Bart, passes that limited portion of his time on which the office and its contingencies have no claim. He dwells in a little narrow street, always solitary, shady, and sad, closely bricked in on all sides like a tomb, but where there yet lingers the stump of an old forest tree, whose flavour is about as fresh and natural as the Smallweed smack of youth.

Coppice Row was cleared away in 1860 by the making of Farringdon Road. "The little court by the side of the workhouse" is Crawford Passage in Farringdon Road on the right, opposite Bowling Green Lane. Hockley-in-the-Hole has disappeared, but Back Hill and Ray Street mark the site of this once muddy bull-baiting ground.

Thence we could get straight into Little Saffron Hill (Route One), but there is little of the Dickens period left in these streets to-day.

Returning along Rosebery Avenue, and passing the New River Head, and the front of Sadler's Wells Theatre, we bear to the left and again reach the Angel at Islington.

To the left is Pentonville Road, leading to King's Cross (see Routes Four and Six).

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE THREE

THE BANK TO ISLINGTON

Lothbury

Advt. to Pickwick

Gresham Street (formerly

Cateaton Street)

Ditto

Aldermanbury

Chuzzlewit, 37

Guildhall

Pickwick, 34

Gone Astray

Clock

King Street

Pickwick, 34

Austin Friars

Chuzzlewit, 39

Gone Astray

Broad Street

Curiosity, 58

Nickleby, 31

Stock Exchange

Pickwick, 55

Dombey, 13

Nickleby, 41

Bell Alley, Coleman Street

Pickwick, 40

London Wall

Chuzzlewit, 37

Dorrit, I, 26

Moorfields

Barnaby, 52, 66

Dorrit, I, 7

Finsbury

Nickleby, 16

Finsbury Square

Twist, 21

Sun Street

Twist, 21

Chiswell Street

Twist, 21

Barbican

Twist, 21

Dorrit, 13

Chuzzlewit, 37

Barnaby, 8

Long Lane

Twist, 21

Whitecross Street

Pickwick, 40

City Road

Life

Copperfield, 11

Dombey, 6

Sketches, Orator

Old Street (Road)

Bleak House, 9

Uncommercial, 4

The Eagle, City Road

Sketches, Miss Evans

St. Luke's Workhouse

Copperfield, 11

Windsor Terrace

Copperfield, 11

Goswell Road (Street)

Pickwick, 2, 12, 34

Chuzzlewit, 37

Islington

Sketches, Bloomsbury, Streets

Chuzzlewit, 36, 37

Bleak House, 54

Nickleby, 39

Lirriper

Barnaby, 68, 31

Dombey, 13

Twist, 8, 12, 42, 48

The Angel

Twist, 8, 12, 42

Clock

The Peacock

Nickleby, 5

Holly Tree

St. John's Street (Road)

Twist, 8

Arlington Street

Twist, 8

Sadler's Wells Theatre

Twist, 8

Sketches, Theatres

New River Head

Copperfield, 25

Barnaby, 67

Exmouth Street

Twist, 12

Spa Fields

Curiosity, 19

Clerkenwell Gaol

Twist, 13

Mount Pleasant

Bleak House, 21

Twist, 12

Coppice Row**Crawford Passage****Hockley-in-the-Hole****Saffron Hill**

Twist, 8

ROUTE FOUR

THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS

(ISLINGTON TO HIGHGATE AND HAMPSTEAD)

THE Angel at Islington, no longer a tavern of the old style, but an up-to-date tea shop, is one of the best-known landmarks in London. We have already described its Dickens associations in the last ramble.

To the north of the Angel runs Pentonville Road, leading to King's Cross. Pentonville was quite a fashionable suburb when Dickens wrote of it. Mr. Brownlow lived in "a neat house in a quiet shady street near Pentonville," and so did Mr. Panks, "the fairy" of *Little Dorrit*. Mr. Micawber indited at least two of his epistles from his "residence, Pentonville, London," and Mr. Nicodemus Dumps, in *The Bloomsbury Christening*, "rented a first-floor furnished at Pentonville," which "commanded a dismal prospect of an adjacent churchyard." Perhaps this was the churchyard on the right in which Grimaldi the clown (whose memoirs Dickens edited) lies buried. He lived at No. 37 Penton Street, a turning on the right. In Penton Street formerly stood White Conduit House, to which Dickens makes one or two references.

In Penton Place, on the left of Pentonville Road, at No. 87, lived Mr. Guppy. "It is lowly," he explained, in declaring his love to Esther, in *Bleak House*, "but airy; open at the back, and considered one of the 'ealthiest outlets.'"

In Amwell Street George Cruikshank lived at the time he illustrated *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*.

Returning to the Angel, a tram or bus should be taken to Highgate. To the east of our road lies Ball's Pond, the home of Mr. Perch in *Dombey and Son*. In his youth, Dickens had some friends who lived in this direction, which probably accounts for Ball's Pond being mentioned also in the *Sketches*, whilst Poplar Walk at Stamford Hill was the very first bit of Dickensian topography.

In Holloway the Wilfers lived ; it must have been to the left between the Holloway Road and the dust mounds at Battle Bridge (King's Cross), referred to in Route Six.

At the Archway Tavern, Highgate, we alight. To the right Archway Road leads to Barnet. This was the road by which *Oliver Twist*, accompanied by the Dodger, arrived in London ; this was the road Mr. Jarndyce used to and from Bleak House, which was near St. Albans. Through Highgate Archway, the one that was replaced by the present bridge, Noah Claypole and Charlotte came, and in the *Holly Tree Inn* we are told of the coach " rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on." And it was " at the Archway toll over at Highgate " Bucket first picked up the trail of Lady Dedlock.

The road to Highgate runs to the left of the Archway Tavern, and leads up Highgate Hill ; Bill Sikes " went through Islington " when endeavouring to escape after the murder of Nancy, and " strode up the hill at Highgate, on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington." The stone referred to is to be seen on the left, incorporated in a lamp-post. When Swiveller was taunted by Quilp, he threatened to run away " towards Highgate, I suppose." He said to himself, " Perhaps the bells might strike up ' Turn again, Swiveller.' " Joe Willet came this

way when he ran away from home and Dolly : " He went out by Islington and so on to Highgate, and sat on many stones, and gates, but there were no voices in the bells to bid him turn," says Dickens.

Highgate is mentioned in *Pickwick* as the scene of some of " the unwearied researches " of that worthy.

Dickens knew Highgate fairly well, as in 1832 he was lodging there at " Mrs. Goodman's, next door to the Red Lion." The Red Lion was in North Road, and was demolished in 1900, but the post on which the sign used to swing is still to be seen in the roadway opposite the modern house on its site.

In South Grove, Highgate, is Church House, said to be the house of Mrs. Steerforth ; " an old brick house . . . on the summit of the hill. . . . A genteel, old-fashioned house, very quiet and orderly. From the windows of my room I saw all London lying in the distance like a great vapour, with here and there some lights twinkling through it."

The Steerforths were not alone of the *David Copperfield* party at Highgate. Doctor Strong, after leaving Canterbury, took a cottage here, and David, on his way to visit his old schoolmaster, went into a cottage that he saw was to let, and examined it narrowly :

It would do for me and Dora admirably ; with a little front garden for Jip to run about in, and bark at the tradespeople through the railings, and a capital room upstairs for my aunt. I came out again, hotter and faster than ever, and dashed up to Highgate, at such a rate that I was there an hour too early ; and, though I had not been, should have been obliged to stroll about to cool myself, before I was at all presentable. My first care was to find the Doctor's house. It was not in that part of Highgate where Mrs. Steerforth lived, but quite on the opposite side of the little town.

Of St. Nicholas' Church, in South Grove, Dickens writes in the same book :

The church with the slender spire, that stands on the top of the hill now, was not there then to tell me the time. An old red-brick mansion, used as a school, was in its place ; and a fine old house it must. have been to go to school at, as I recollect it.

Dickens's father and mother are both buried in Highgate Cemetery, where also lies his little daughter, Dora Annie ; two names very reminiscent of two characters in *David Copperfield*.

Hampstead Lane leads past Caen Wood into Spaniards Lane and Hampstead. Caen Wood—or Ken Wood—now preserved as an open space—was Lord Mansfield's country house, which the Gordon Rioters endeavoured to destroy.

They . . . marched away to Lord Mansfield's country seat at Caen Wood, between Hampstead and Highgate, bent upon destroying that house likewise, and lighting up a great fire there, which from that height should be seen all over London. But in this they were disappointed, for, a party of horse having arrived before them, they retreated faster than they went, and came straight back to town.

The Spaniards Inn, which we pass on the right, is introduced into *Pickwick*, when Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Raddle and other friends spent an afternoon here.

They all arrived safely in the Spaniards tea gardens, where the luckless Mr. Raddle's very first act nearly occasioned his good lady a relapse ; it being neither more nor less than to order tea for seven, whereas (as the ladies one and all remarked) what could have been easier than for Tommy to have drunk out of anybody's cup—or everybody's, if that was all—when the

waiter wasn't looking ; which would have saved one head of tea, and the tea just as good !

To the Spaniards she was traced by Mr. Jackson, clerk to Dodson & Fogg, and conveyed to the Fleet Prison for the costs in the action which Mr. Pickwick had so steadfastly refused to pay.

Hampstead Heath opens out just beyond the Spaniards. Walter Gay "knew of no better fields than those near Hampstead" for reflecting on the unknown life before him when he was ordered by the house of Dombey to sail for the Barbadoes. Bill Sikes, in his flight from London,

skirted Caen Wood, and so came out on Hampstead Heath. Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Health, he mounted the opposite bank, and, crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge, and slept.

A walk to Hampstead and Highgate, after a dip in the Roman Bath in the Strand, was often indulged in by David Copperfield.

Dick Swiveller, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, when he married, lived in "a little cottage at Hampstead, . . . which had in its garden a smoking-box, the envy of the civilised world," and here he was visited regularly every Sunday by Mr. Chuckster, who became "the great purveyor of general news and fashionable intelligence."

On the left may be seen the Hampstead Ponds—the speculations on the source of which formed one of the papers communicated to the Club by Mr. Pickwick, "the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead." Whether or not the tittlebats on which Mr. Pickwick had agitated the scientific world with his theory were found in these selfsame ponds, that history is silent.

Jack Straw's Castle was a very popular rendezvous with Dickens. Forster quotes the following typical letter from Dickens suggestive of a walk and dinner at this hostelry: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? . . . I know a good 'ous there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner, and a glass of good wine." This, Forster adds, "led to our first experience of Jack Straw's Castle, memorable for many happy meetings in coming years."

During the writing of *Pickwick*, after the death of his sister-in-law Mary, Dickens went for a few months to live at Hampstead; in later years, whilst writing *Bleak House*, he spent a summer at Wylde's Farm, near North End.

At Finchley, Barnaby Rudge and his father, after escaping from Newgate, "found in a pasture . . . a poor shed with walls of mud, and roof of grass and brambles, built for some cowherd, but now deserted. Here they lay down for the rest of the night."

Abel Cottage, the home of Mr. Garland, where Kit and Barbara were employed, was at Finchley.

To be sure, it was a beautiful little cottage with a thatched roof, and little spires at the gable ends, and pieces of stained glass in some of the windows, almost as large as pocket-books.

In *Dombey and Son*, Mr. Toots refers to going "as far as Finchley to get some uncommonly fine chickweed that grows there," for Miss Dombey: and it was no doubt at Finchley that Mr. Carker, the junior, lived with his sister, "near to where the busy great north road of bygone days is silent and almost deserted, except by wayfarers, who toil along on foot. . . . It is neither of the town nor country."

At Cobley's Farm, Finchley, Dickens took lodgings in 1843, whilst writing a part of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and to Finchley we owe Mrs. Gamp, as the follow-

ing extract from Forster's Life of Dickens will show :

I soon after joined him at a cottage he rented in Finchley, and here, walking and talking in the green lanes as the midsummer months were coming on, his introduction of Mrs. Gamp, and the uses to which he should apply that remarkable personage, first occurred to him.

In Hornsey Churchyard, Betsey Trotwood's husband was laid to rest.

Hornsey, too, is noted as one of the places in which Mr. Samuel Pickwick, G.C.M.P.C., had made "unwearied researches."

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE FOUR

ISLINGTON TO HAMPSTEAD

Pentonville

Twist, 12

Sketches, Bloomsbury, Miss

Evans

Pickwick, 2

Dorrit, I, 13, 25

Copperfield, 17

Uncommercial, 14

Penton Street

Grimaldi

White Conduit House (site)

Sketches : Dinners, 1st May

Penton Place

Bleak House, 9

Ball's Pond

Dombey, 31, 18

Sketches : Sentiment

Highbury Barn

Miscel. P. : Extraordinary

Traveller

Stoke Newington

Uncommercial, 12

Stamford Hill

Sketches : Mr. Minns

Holloway

Mutual, I, 4

Nickleby, 36

Highgate Archway

Bleak House, 57

Twist, 42

Holly Tree

Highgate Hill

Twist, 48

Barnaby, 31

Curiosity, 50

Highgate

Pickwick, I

Copperfield, 20, 35, 36, 51

Barnaby, 4

Life

South Grove

Copperfield, 20, 35, 51

Highgate Church

Copperfield, 36

Highgate Cemetery

Life

Caen Wood

Barnaby, 66

Twist, 48

Spaniards

Pickwick, 46

Hampstead

Sunday

Dombey, 15

Copperfield, 35

Sketches : Tottle

Pickwick, 1

Curiosity, 73

Haunted House

Barnaby, 16, 66

Twist, 48

Jack Straw's Castle

Life

Finchley

Barnaby, 68

Curiosity, 22

Dombey, 32, 33

Life

Hornsey

Copperfield, 54

Pickwick, 1

ROUTE FIVE

COVENT GARDEN TO EUSTON

“ To be taken out for a walk . . . especially if it were anywhere about Covent Garden or the Strand, perfectly entranced him with pleasure.”

Forster's Life of Dickens.

COVENT Garden had a great fascination for Dickens. Of his earliest researches into its deep mysteries Forster tells us that while he lived at Bayham Street he had borrowed a copy of George Colman's "Broad Grins," which "seized his fancy very much; and he was so impressed by its description of Covent Garden in the piece called the "Elder Brother" that he stole down to the market by himself to compare it with the book. He remembered, as he said in telling me this, snuffing up the flavour of the faded cabbage leaves, as if it were the very breath of comic fiction. Nor was he far wrong, as comic fiction then and for some time after was. It was reserved for himself to give sweeter and fresher breath to it."

As an *Uncommercial Traveller* in the fancy goods line, as he described himself, he always started from his rooms in Covent Garden (he actually did have furnished rooms in Wellington Street, at the office of *All the Year Round*—see Route Thirteen).

Here is Little Dorrit's view of Covent Garden, when she visited Arthur Clennam at his lodgings there :

Little Dorrit looked into a dim room, which seemed a spacious one to her, and grandly

furnished. Courtly ideas of Covent Garden, as a place with famous coffee-houses, where gentlemen wearing gold-laced coats and swords had quarrelled and fought duels; costly ideas of Covent Garden, as a place where there were flowers in winter at guineas apiece, pineapples at guineas a pound, and peas at guineas a pint; picturesque ideas of Covent Garden, as a place where there was a mighty theatre, showing wonderful and beautiful sights to richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and which was for ever far beyond the reach of poor Fanny or poor Uncle; desolate ideas of Covent Garden, as having all those arches in it, where the miserable children in rags among whom she had just now passed, like young rats, slunk and hid, fed on offal, huddled together for warmth, and were hunted about; teeming ideas of Covent Garden, as a place of past and present mystery, romance, abundance, want, beauty, ugliness, fair country gardens, and foul street gutters, all confused together, made the room dimmer than it was, in Little Dorrit's eyes, as they timidly saw it from the door.

South of St. Paul's Church is Henrietta Street, where at No. 11 are the publishing offices of Chapman & Hall, the firm so closely associated with Dickens's books.

Turning out of Southampton Street is Tavistock Street:

Mr. Minns occupied a first floor in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, where he had resided for twenty years, having been in the habit of quarrelling with his landlord the whole time: regularly giving notice of his intention to quit on the first day of every quarter, and as regularly countermanding it on the second.

The Tavistock Hotel occupies the site of the

Piazza Hotel (formerly known as Cuttris's), where Dickens stayed in 1844 on coming to London from Italy specially to read *The Chimes* to a select circle of his friends. That he was familiar with the place is shown from a letter he wrote to Forster at the time saying, "I shall look for you at the further table by the fire, where we generally go." In *David Copperfield*, Steerforth announced to David that he was "going to breakfast with one of those fellows who is at the Piazza Hotel in Covent Garden."

In an article in *Miscellaneous Papers*, entitled *When we stopped Growing*, we read :

There is a fine secrecy and mystery about the Piazza—how you get up to those rooms above it, and what reckless deeds are done there. (We know some of those apartments very well, but that does not signify in the least.)

The other hotel in the Market is the Hummums Hotel at the corner of Russell Street. The present hotel was built in 1892 on the site of the older hotel of that name, at which "the Finches of the Grove" used to meet in *Great Expectations*. When Pip received at the Temple Gate Wemmick's warning, "Don't go home," he "got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden."

In those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night, and the chamberlain, letting me in at his ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on his shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom next in order on his list. It was a sort of vault on the ground floor at the back, with a despotic monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of his arbitrary legs into the fire-place, and another into the doorway, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a Divinely Righteous manner.

Being so much to the fore in his own mind, it is

hardly to be wondered at that Covent Garden Market should appear, one way or another, in nearly all his books. In *Sketches by Boz* there is an account of it at early morning in the article entitled *The Streets*; in *Pickwick* we read of Job Trotter sleeping here "in a vegetable basket." In *Oliver Twist*, Sikes refers to it as Common Garden, where fifty boys could be found any night to pick from, so why "take so much pains about one chalk-faced kid!"

In *The Old Curiosity Shop* there is a description of Covent Garden Market at sunrise "in the spring or summer, when the fragrance of sweet flowers is in the air." David Copperfield, when he had no money, used to stroll as far as Covent Garden Market and stare at the pineapples; and, when he did come into some money and gave his party, he bought his dessert there; and when making love, he tells us, "at six in the morning I was in Covent Garden Market buying a bouquet for Dora." Still later he and his aunt "had a temporary lodging in Covent Garden" after vacating the two cottages at Highgate. Like David, Herbert Pocket, in *Great Expectations*, also went to Covent Garden Market for "a little fruit for after dinner, so as to get it good," as he thought Pip might thereby be pleased, having only just come up from the country.

In *Our Mutual Friend*, referring to the drunken father of Jenny Wren, we read:

The degraded creature staggered into Covent Garden Market and there bivouacked, to have an attack of the trembles, succeeded by an attack of the horrors, in a doorway.

This market of Covent Garden was quite out of the creature's line of road, but it had the attraction for him which it has for the worst of the solitary members of the drunken tribe. It may be the companionship of the nightly

stir, or it may be the companionship of the gin and beer that slop about among carters and hucksters, or it may be the companionship of the trodden vegetable refuse, which is so like their own dress that perhaps they take the Market for a great wardrobe ; but, be it what it may, you shall see no such individual drunkards on doorsteps anywhere as there.

Passing through Russell Street we reach on the right Wellington Street, running down to the Strand (Route Thirteen) and Bow Street on the left. The Police Court of Dickens's day was on the left side, between Russell Street and Covent Garden Theatre.

The Artful Dodger was brought up at Bow Street Police Station, and hither Noah Claypole was conducted by Charley Bates, in order to hear the result of the court proceedings.

Opposite the present Police Court is Covent Garden Theatre, at which, in the days before *Pickwick*, Dickens aspired for an engagement ; he actually had an appointment with the stage manager which—perhaps fortunately for us—was never kept. In his own words he has told the story in a letter to Forster :

A letter came, with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's I pleased, before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up when the day came with a terrible bad cold and an inflammation of the face ; the beginning, by the by, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject to this day. I wrote to say so, and added that I would resume my application next season. I made a great splash in the Gallery soon afterwards ; the *Chronicle* opened to me ; I had a distinction in the little world of the

newspaper, which made one like it ; began to write ; didn't want money ; had never thought of the stage but as a means of getting it ; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way, and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I ? See how near I may have been to another sort of life !

On two occasions in *David Copperfield* did the hero go to the theatre ; on the first, it was Covent Garden Theatre that he chose, " and there from the back of the centre box " he tells us he " saw Julius Cæsar and the new pantomime." The second occasion was after his bachelors' party ; he does not name the theatre, not being in a condition to know, we suppose, but we can give a guess at its being Covent Garden :

We are very high up in a very hot theatre, looking down into a large pit, that seemed to me to smoke ; the people with whom it was crammed were so indistinct. There was a great stage, too, looking very clean and smooth after the streets ; and there were people upon it, talking about something or other, but not at all intelligibly. There was an abundance of bright lights, and there was music, and there were ladies down in the boxes, and I don't know what more. The whole building looked to me as if it were learning to swim, it conducted itself in such an unaccountable manner, when I tried to steady it.

The present building dates from 1858, it having been destroyed by fire two years previously.

Opposite the Theatre and by the side of the Police Court is Broad Court. Said Mr. Snellicci, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, " I am not ashamed of myself. Snellicci is my name. I'm to be found in Broad Court, Bow Street, when I'm in town. If I'm not at home, let any man ask for me at the stage door."

At the end of Bow Street, Long Acre runs right and left. Dick Swiveller was accustomed to get his meals and articles of attire on credit. "I enter in this little book," he explained, "the names of the streets that I can't go down while the shops are open."

This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction that, in about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way.

On the site now occupied by No. 92 Long Acre formerly stood St. Martin's Hall, where Dickens gave his first series of paid readings in 1858. It was burnt down in 1860, rebuilt, and later reconstructed as the Queen's Theatre. It was converted into a warehouse in about 1880.

Returning along Bow Street to Russell Street, we turn to the left and find Drury Lane Theatre on the right at the corner of Catherine Street and Russell Street.

Miss Petowker, of the Vincent Crummies Company, was described as "of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," and in *Pickwick* we read Smangle's description of Mr. Mivens as a man with "comic powers that would do honour to Drury Lane Theatre."

Dickens himself tells us that one of his companions at the Blacking Warehouse had a connection with the theatre, as follows:

Poll Green's father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane Theatre, where another relation of

Poll's, I think his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

To Drury Lane itself there are several references in *Sketches by Boz*, "and in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane," we read in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, were the apartments of Dick Swiveller, which, "in addition to this conveniency of situation, had the advantage of being over a tobacconist's shop, so that he was enabled to procure a refreshing sneeze at any time by merely stepping out on the staircase, and was saved the trouble and expense of maintaining a snuff-box."

Both David Copperfield and the young Dickens knew this district intimately. In *David Copperfield* we read :

Once, I remember, carrying my own bread (which I had brought from home in the morning) under my arm, wrapped in a piece of paper, like a book, and going to a famous alamode beef house near Drury Lane, and ordering a "small plate" of that delicacy to eat with it. What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition coming in all alone, I don't know; but I can see him now, staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a halfpenny for himself, and I wish he hadn't taken it.

In the fragment of autobiography published in Forster's Life of Dickens, which Dickens used almost word for word in the early chapters of *David Copperfield*, the exact site of the "alamode beef house" is given as Clare Court. Clare Court was cleared away in 1905 for the Aldwych improvement, but its site was on the new street, called Kean Street, Drury Lane.

It is thought probable that Dickens had in mind the neighbourhood of Drury Lane when he described Tom-all-alone in *Bleak House*, although Field Lane,

off Holborn (Route Two), may have stood for it, as Phiz's drawing shows a church like St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the background.

Jo lives—that is to say, Jo has not yet died—in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-alone's. It is a black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people ; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings.

York Street, behind the Theatre and running between Drury Lane and Catherine Street, is approximately on the site of Russell Court, in which was the burial ground of St. Mary-le-Strand, generally accepted as the original of the churchyard where Captain Hawdon was buried. It was described as—

a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant diseases are communicated to the bodies of our dear brothers and sisters who have not departed ; while our dear brothers and sisters who hang about official backstairs—would to Heaven they *had* departed !—are very complacent and agreeable.

To the gate with the lamp over it came Lady Dedlock to be shown by poor Jo the last resting-place of " Nemo," and here, later, Esther found her mother dead upon the step.

At last we stood under a dark and miserable covered way, where one lamp was burning over an iron gate, and where the morning faintly struggled in. The gate was closed. Beyond it was a burial-ground—a dreadful spot in which the night was very slowly stirring ; but where I could dimly see heaps of dishonoured graves and stones, hemmed in by filthy houses, with a few dull lights in their windows, and on whose

walls a thick humidity broke out like a disease. On the step at the gate, drenched in the fearful wet of such a place, which oozed and splashed down everywhere, I saw, with a cry of pity and horror, a woman lying. . . . It was my mother, cold and dead.

The burial-ground was closed in 1853, when *Bleak House* was completed, and thirty years later was turned into a recreation ground, and later still changed out of all recognition by the alterations made in Catherine Street and Drury Lane.

There was a great outcry at the time the book was written concerning the state of these churchyards in the heart of the city, and many were then closed.

Russell Street leads past the theatre into Drury Lane, where we turn to the left, passing the end of Long Acre, and then reach Great Queen Street on the right. On the right of Great Queen Street is the Freemasons' Tavern, referred to in *Sketches by Boz*, and later the scene of the farewell dinner given to Dickens in 1867, on the eve of his departure to America, when Lord Lytton was in the chair.

A little way further along Drury Lane, Short's Gardens on the left takes us across Endell Street and Neal Street to the spot known as Seven Dials, where seven roads converge. The place is entirely altered since the days of Dickens, when even as a boy he was so much attracted to it. Forster tells us "he had a profound attraction of repulsion to St. Giles's. If he could only induce whosoever took him out to take him through Seven Dials, he was supremely happy. 'Good Heaven!' he would exclaim, 'what wild visions of prodigies of wickedness, want and beggary, arose in my mind out of that place!'"

A whole chapter in *Sketches by Boz* is devoted to this district: "Where is there such another maze of streets, courts, lanes and alleys?" he asks; and,

although Shaftesbury Avenue demolished many of these courts and lanes, the district is still an unsavoury one. In *Nicholas Nickleby*, too, we are introduced to "that labyrinth of streets which lies between Seven Dials and Soho," and to the cellar of a house where Nicholas and Kate discovered Mr. Mantalini goaded by his nagging companion to turn the mangle. "I am perpetually turning like a demn'd old horse in a demnition mill. My life is one demn'd horrid grind!"

Through St. Andrew's Street on the right we reach the top end of Shaftesbury Avenue, which demolished Monmouth Street, "the only true and real emporium of second-hand wearing apparel," which formed another subject in *Sketches by Boz*. High Street goes off to the left and takes us past St. Giles' Church, and into New Oxford Street, where we turn to the right; and at the fork we leave the main road running to Holborn (Route Two) and keep to the left along Hart Street, passing St. George's Church, where *The Bloomsbury Christening* took place (*Sketches by Boz*). Bury Street to the left leads into Great Russell Street and the British Museum, where Dickens as a young man was an assiduous attendant at its reading-room. At No. 14 Great Russell Street, Mr. Charles Kitterbell lived, as described in the above-mentioned story.

We turn to the right along Great Russell Street, and then left into Southampton Row. The first on the right leads into Great Ormond Street, where is situated the Hospital for Sick Children, where Little Johnny died with a kiss for the "boofer Lady." "At the Children's Hospital, the Gallant Steed, The Noah's Ark, the Yellow Bird and the Officer in the Guards, were made as welcome as their child owner."

Before writing *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens had taken a personal interest in this hospital, and in

1858 took the chair at a dinner held on its behalf, at which he made an eloquent appeal for funds. Forster in his *Life of Dickens* has recorded the following:

An enterprise had been set on foot for establishment of a hospital for sick children ; a large old-fashioned mansion in Great Ormond Street, with spacious garden, had been fitted up with more than thirty beds ; during the four or five years of its existence, outdoor and indoor relief had been afforded by it to nearly fifty thousand children, of whom thirty thousand were under five years of age ; but, want of funds having threatened to arrest the merciful work, it was resolved to try a public dinner by way of charitable appeal, and for president the happy choice was made of one who had enchanted everybody with the joys and sorrows of little children. Dickens threw himself into the service heart and soul. There was a simple pathos in his address from the chair quite startling in its effect at such a meeting, and he probably never moved any audience so much as by the strong personal feeling with which he referred to the sacrifices made for the Hospital by the very poor themselves : from whom a subscription of fifty pounds, contributed in single pennies, had come to the treasurer during almost every year it had been open.

The sum of three thousand pounds was raised that night as a result, and a short time afterwards Dickens gave a reading of the *Carol* on its behalf, the great success of which led him to commence the series of Public Readings he gave so successfully both in this country and in America until his death.

The next turning on the right in Southampton Row is Guilford Street, in which is situated the Foundling Hospital, to which we are first introduced

in the story *The Boarding House* in *Sketches by Boz*, where we are informed, "The clock of new St. Pancras' Church struck twelve; and the Foundling with laudable politeness did the same ten minutes afterwards." To the slowness of this clock Dickens makes another reference in *No Thoroughfare* :

What is this clock slower than most of the rest, and nearer to the ear, that lags so far behind to-night as to strike into the vibration alone? This is the clock of the Hospital for Foundling Children. Time was when the Foundlings were received without question in a cradle at the gate. Time is, when enquiries are made respecting them, and they are taken as by favour from the mothers who relinquish all natural knowledge of them and claim to them for evermore.

The story of *No Thoroughfare* opens in the Foundling Hospital and a very dramatic scene is pictured where the mother prevails upon one of the servants to point out her son.

Tattycoram in *Little Dorrit* came from the Foundling Hospital, to which Mr. Meagles refers as follows :

"You have heard of the Foundling Hospital in London? . . . Well, one day when we took Pet to church there to hear the music . . . mother began to cry so that it was necessary to take her out. . . . 'Oh dear, dear,' cried mother . . . 'when I saw all those children . . . I thought, does any wretched mother ever come here . . . and look among those young faces, wondering which is the poor child she brought into this forlorn world.'"

Returning to Southampton Row, we turn to the right at the Hotel Russell to Woburn Place, referred to in *Sketches of Young Gentlemen* : "We were to make for Chigwell . . . and to start from the residence of the projectors, Woburn Place, Russell Square."

Keeping along Woburn Place, we reach on the right Coram Street, down which we shall turn, but on the left, a little further on, it may be noted, is Tavistock Square, in which was once situated Tavistock House, where Dickens lived for nearly ten years, from 1851, leaving it for Gad's Hill Place.

Coram Street was formerly Great Coram Street, and is described in *The Boarding House* as "somewhere in that partially explored tract of country which lies between the British Museum and a remote village called Somers Town."

We are further informed :

The house of Mrs. Tibbs was, decidedly, the neatest in all Great Coram Street. The area and the area-steps, and the street-door and the street-door steps, and the brass handle, and the door-plate, and the knocker, and the fan-light, were all as clean and bright as indefatigable white-washing, and hearth-stoning, and scrubbing and rubbing, could make them. The wonder was, that the brass door-plate, with the interesting inscription "MRS. TIBBS," had never caught fire from constant friction, so perseveringly was it polished. There were meat-safe-looking blinds, in the parlour-windows, blue and gold curtains in the drawing-room, and spring-roller blinds, as Mrs. Tibbs was wont in the pride of her heart to boast, "all the way up."

From Coram Street we turn left along Hunter Street, which continues into Judd Street, and at No. 78 on the right is Cromer Street, where at No. 116 we find the Boot Tavern—on the site of the old "Boot" of *Barnaby Rudge*.

As they were thirsty by this time, Dennis proposed that they should repair together to the Boot, where there was good company and strong liquor. Hugh yielding a ready assent,

they bent their steps that way with no loss of time. This Boot was a lone house of public entertainment, situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital ; a very solitary spot at that period, and quite deserted after dark. The tavern stood at some distance from any high road, and was approachable only by a dark and narrow lane.

Returning to Judd Street we keep to the right and emerge in the Euston Road, where we turn left. At the corner of Woburn Place, on the left, stands New St. Pancras' Church, whose clock is referred to in the extract quoted in reference to the Foundling Hospital

Euston Station is almost opposite, and Route Six to Camden Town can be continued from this point.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE FIVE

COVENT GARDEN TO EUSTON

Covent Garden

Life
Uncommercial, 1, 3, 21
Dorrit, I, 13, 14
Barnaby, 28

Tavistock Street

Sketches : Minns

Tavistock Hotel (on site of Piazza Hotel)

Life
Copperfield, 24
Miscell. P. : Stopped Growing

Hummums Hotel (rebuilt)

Expectations, 34, 45
Sketches : Streets

King Street

Miscell. P. : Stopped Growing

Covent Garden Market

Expectations, 21
Chuzzlewit, 40
Twist, 43, 19
Copperfield, 11, 24, 33, 55
Curiosity, 1
Pickwick, 47
Mutual, IV, 9
Uncommercial, 13, 16
Sketches : Streets

Bow Street Police Court

Twist, 43
Barnaby, 58
Uncommercial, 4
Copperfield, 48
Expectations, 16
Sketches : Prisoners' Van

Covent Garden Theatre

Life
Lirriper
Copperfield, 19, 24

Broad Court

Nickleby, 30

Long Acre

Uncommercial, 10
Sketches : Brokers
Curiosity, 8

St. Martin's Hall.

Life

Drury Lane Theatre

Nickleby, 14, 25
Pickwick, 44
Sketches : Dounce
Uncommercial, 4
Sketches : Private Theatres

Drury Lane

Copperfield, 11
Curiosity, 7, 8
Sketches, Pawnbrokers ;
Brokers ; Gin Shops
Bloomsbury
Shabby Genteel

Catherine Street

Uncommercial, 4
Sketches : Theatres

Russell Court (site)

Bleak House, 11, 16, 39

Great Queen Street

Sketches : Dinners
Curiosity, 8

Freemasons' Tavern

Life

Sketches : Dinners

Seven Dials

Life

Sketches : Seven Dials

Nickleby, 64

Monmouth Street (site)

Sketches

St. Giles's Church.

Life

Reprinted, Field

Gone Astray

Uncommercial, 10

Barnaby, 44

Sketches

Hart Street

Sketches : Bloomsbury

St. George's Church*id.***British Museum**

Life

Sunday

Sketches, Shabby Genteel

,, Boarding House

Great Russell Street

Sketches : Bloomsbury

Children's Hospital

Life

Mutual, II, 9

Foundling Hospital

Sketches : Boarding

Barnaby, 38

No Thoroughfare

Dorrit, I, 2

Woburn Place

Young Gentlemen

Tavistock Square

Pickwick, 31

Tavistock House (site)

Dickens lived here 1851-60

Coram Street

Sketches : Boarding

**Cromer Street (site of Boot
Tavern)**

Barnaby, 38

New St. Pancras' Church

Sketches : Boarding

ROUTE SIX

YOUTHFUL HAUNTS AND RAILWAY DAYS

(EUSTON STATION TO CAMDEN TOWN)

EXCEPT to those who already know its personal Dickens interest, a route attaching to Euston and Camden Town may strike the reader as savouring too much of the railway and not enough of the coach, with which Dickens is usually associated. And the reader is right ; yet Dickens was of the railway era, and wrote of the iron horse, though never with the same charm as when writing of the horse of flesh and blood. Euston, King's Cross and Camden Town were the great termini that Dickens saw under construction, and in this ramble we shall briefly review some of his remarks on railways from *Dombey and Son* (in which Carker is killed on the railway) and *Miscellaneous Papers*, whilst traversing a district that was also very intimately associated with his boyhood.

Passing in front of Euston Station in a westerly direction we soon reach, on the left, Gower Street, where on the site of Maple's premises formerly stood No. 4 Gower Street North, where the Dickens family lived for a short time in 1824. They had been in the Bayham Street house just a year, and no school had been found for Charles ; the family were in difficulties and removed to Gower Street, where the mother tried to start a young ladies' school, just as Mrs. Micawber did years after. Forster describes the position for us very clearly :

A house was soon found at number four, Gower Street North; a large brass plate on the door announced Mrs. Dickens's establishment; and the result I can give in the exact words of the then small actor in the comedy whose hopes it had raised so high: "I left, at a great many other doors, a great many circulars calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to the school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested."

The interval between the sponging-house and the prison was passed by the sorrowful lad in running errands and carrying messages for the prisoner, delivered with swollen eyes and through shining tears; and the last words said to him by his father before he was finally carried to the Marshalsea were to the effect that the sun was set upon him for ever.

On the right of Euston Road, opposite Gower Street, is George Street, on the right of which and leading to Euston Station is Drummond Street, where, at No. 47, "the mistaken milliner," Miss Martin, lived. Keeping straight ahead along George Street we arrive in Hampstead Road; opposite is the Sol's Arms, reminiscent of a house of that name in Chancery Lane, mentioned in *Bleak House* (see Route One). As this is the only Sol's Arms in London, Dickens, no doubt, transferred the name from the Hampstead Road to Chancery Lane.

Turning to the right in Hampstead Road we pass on the left at the corner of Granby Street the house at which Dickens went to school after his father had come out of the Marshalsea Prison and brighter

days shone on the family. It was called Wellington House Academy, and, except that the railway has cut off a portion of the building, it is the same as it was a century ago. Dickens himself has left this record :

I went as day scholar to Mr. Jones's establishment, which was in Mornington Place, and had its schoolroom sliced away by the Birmingham Railway, when that change came about. The schoolroom, however, was not threatened by directors or civil engineers then, and there was a board over the door graced with the words, Wellington House Academy.

Writing later in *Reprinted Pieces*, he further tells us :

We went to look at the place only this last midsummer, and found that the railway had cut it up, root and branch. A great trunk line had swallowed the playground, sliced away the schoolroom, and pared off the corner of the house, which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself in a green stage of stucco, profile-wise towards the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end.

A little past Granby Street we take the turning on the right, which leads into Harrington Square, and keeping straight on reach Seymour Street on the right. Turning along here we find on the left Johnson Street. At No. 29, now 13, and marked with a tablet of the London County Council, Dickens lived in 1825, while at Wellington House Academy. It is now a Children's Library dedicated to David Copperfield.

The family left Johnson Street for the Polygon (see Clarendon Square, page 101).

Johnson Street is in the district of Somers Town, where Snawley, the accomplice of Squeers, lived in "a little house one storey high, with green shutters."

Mr. Squeers took lodgings here because the Saracen's Head at Snow Hill, where he usually stopped, "having experience of Master Wackford's appetite," had declined to receive him on any other terms than as a full-grown customer. At Seymour Street Chapel Dickens used to attend service, and in connection with Drummond Street, a turning out of Seymour Street, we have the following personal recollection of Dr. Dawson, one of his schoolfellows:

I quite remember Dickens on one occasion heading us in Drummond Street in pretending to be poor boys, and asking the passers-by for charity—especially old ladies; one of whom told us she "had no money for beggar boys." On these adventures, when the old ladies were quite staggered by the impudence of the demand, Dickens would explode with laughter and take to his heels.

Before reaching Drummond Street, we turn left along Charles Street to Clarendon Square, where formerly stood a little group of houses called the Polygon. Here the Dickens family lived in 1827-8, probably as lodgers. In the Polygon also lived Harold Skimpole, in *Bleak House*.

He lived in a place called the Polygon, in Somers Town, where there were at that time a number of poor Spanish refugees, walking about in cloaks, smoking little paper cigars. . . . It was in a state of dilapidation quite equal to our expectation. Two or three of the area railings were gone; the water-butt was broken; the knocker was loose; the bell-handle had been pulled off a long time, to judge from the rusty state of the wire; and dirty footprints on the steps were the only signs of its being inhabited.

If we continue along the side of the Square to Phoenix Street we reach Pancras Road, cross into Battle Bridge Road, and so come into York Road.

The railway cut up this district in Dickens's day, and even lately further changes have been made.

What we now know as King's Cross was prior to 1830 called Battle Bridge, and it is indelibly associated in our minds with the Harmon mounds, which are so prominent a feature of *Our Mutual Friend*. "I live over Maiden Lane way," Mr. Boffin explained to Silas Wegg, "out Holloway direction."

"Where I live," said Mr. Boffin, "is called the Bower. Boffin's Bower is the name Mrs. Boffin christened it when we come into it as a property. If you should meet with anybody that don't know it by that name (which hardly anybody does), when you've got nigh upon about a odd mile, or say and a quarter, if you like, up Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, ask for Harmony Jail, and you'll be put right."

Maiden Lane is now known as York Road. The dust-heaps were a reality and many such did exist to the south of King's Cross Station, where the Gray's Inn Road begins.

R. Wilfer, in the same book, also lived in this neighbourhood.

His home was in the Holloway region north of London, and then divided from it by fields and trees. Between Battle Bridge and that part of the Holloway district in which he dwelt was a tract of suburban Sahara, where tiles and bricks were burnt, bones were boiled, carpets were beat, rubbish was shot, dogs were fought, and dust was heaped by contractors. . . .

Mrs. Wilfer, like Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Micawber, had essayed fortune in a Ladies' School, and Mrs. Wilfer's was no more successful; for the man who had supplied the brass plate, seeing he had no expectation of ever being paid for it, "came himself with a pair of pincers, took it off and took it away."

The Cattle Market partly covers the tea gardens of Copenhagen House, mentioned in the *Sketches*.

Turning to the right at the end of York Road we pass in front of King's Cross Station and bear round along Pancras Road. On the right is Old St. Pancras' Church, where Roger Cly was buried, as described in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and where Jerry Cruncher and his son came later "fishing," as Jerry called it—but with a spade : in other words "body snatching."

Further along Pancras Road is Great College Street, where we find the Veterinary Hospital. This corner is a Pickwick landmark, being mentioned in the *Tale of the Queer Client*.

They met on the appointed night, and, hiring a hackney coach, directed the driver to stop at that corner of the Old Pancras Road at which stands the parish workhouse. By the time they alighted there it was quite dark ; and, proceeding by the dead wall in front of the Veterinary Hospital, they entered a small by-street, which is, or was at that time, called Little College Street, and which, whatever it may be now, was in those days a desolate place enough, surrounded by little else than fields and ditches.

Little College Street, mentioned above, is now College Place. To reach it we take the second turning on the left in Great College Street, Pratt Street, and College Place is the first on the left.

Here Dickens lodged for a while after the family left the Gower Street house and the father and mother were in the Marshalsea for debt. In his own words Dickens tells the story :

I was handed over as a lodger to a reduced old lady, long known to our family, in Little College Street, Camden Town, who took children in to board, and had once done so at Brighton ; and who, with a few alterations and embellish-

ments, unconsciously began to sit for Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey* when she took in me.

She had a little brother and sister under her care then ; somebody's natural children, who were very irregularly paid for ; and a widow's little son. The two boys and I slept in the same room. My own exclusive breakfast, of a penny cottage loaf and a pennyworth of milk, I provided for myself. I kept another small loaf, and a quarter of a pound of cheese on a particular shelf of a particular cupboard, to make my supper on when I came back at night. They made a hole in the six or seven shillings, I know well ; and I was out at the blacking-warehouse all day, and had to support myself upon that money all the week. I suppose my lodging was paid for by my father. I certainly did not pay it myself ; and I certainly had no other assistance whatever (the making of my clothes, I think, excepted) from Monday morning until Saturday night. No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from anyone that I can call to mind, so help me God.

Continuing along Pratt Street we reach Bayham Street and turn to the right, passing the almshouses mentioned below. The Dickens family lived for a year (1823) in Bayham Street on first coming to London, at No. 16 (renumbered 141) and demolished in 1910. The Bayham Street days had sad memories for Dickens, for he had left a kindly schoolmaster at Chatham ; and so far no school had been found for him in London. Forster thus writes of this time :

Nevertheless, as time went on, his own education still unconsciously went on as well, under the sternest and most potent of teachers ; and, neglected and miserable as he was, he managed gradually to transfer to London all the dreaminess and all the romance with which he had invested

Chatham. There were then at the top of Bayham Street some almshouses, and were still there when he revisited it with me nearly twenty-seven years ago ; and to go to this spot, he told me, and look from it over the dust-heaps and dock-leaves and fields (no longer there when we saw it together) at the cupola of St. Paul's looming through the smoke, was a treat that served him for hours of vague reflection afterwards.

Bob Cratchit lived in Camden Town, and it is thought probable that Dickens had in his mind his Bayham Street home when he wrote of the Cratchits' home in the *Carol*. It was undoubtedly in Bayham Street that Traddles lodged with Micawber, at a house that was "only a storey high above the ground floor."

Traddles . . . lived in a little street near the Veterinary College at Camden Town, which was principally tenanted, as one of our clerks who lived in that direction informed me, by gentlemen students, who bought live donkeys, and made experiments on those quadrupeds in their private apartments. Having obtained from this clerk a direction to the academic grove in question, I set out, the same afternoon, to visit my old schoolfellow.

I found that the street was not as desirable a one as I could have wished it to be for the sake of Traddles. The inhabitants appeared to have a propensity to throw any little trifles they were not in want of into the road ; which not only made it rank and sloppy, but untidy, too, on account of the cabbage-leaves. The refuse was not wholly vegetable either, for I myself saw a shoe, a doubled-up saucepan, a black bonnet, and an umbrella, in various stages of decomposition, as I was looking out for the number I wanted.

Here the Micawbers, like the Dickens's, had an execution put into their house for rent.

It is only natural that Camden Town should often find mention in the novels and writings of Dickens, and there are many scattered references—mostly uncomplimentary.

The building of the L. & N.W. Railway, Euston Station, and the goods yard at Camden, prompted Dickens to go into detail on the matter in *Dombey and Son*, where he introduces us to the Toodles family at Staggs's Gardens. "This euphonious locality was situated in a suburb known by the inhabitants of Staggs's Gardens by the name of Camberling Town; a designation which the stranger's map of London . . . condenses, with some show of reason, into Camden Town. . . . The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighbourhood to its centre. . . . Houses were knocked down; streets broken through and stopped; deep pits and trenches dug in the ground . . . in short, the yet unfinished and unopened railroad was in progress. . . . But as yet the neighbourhood was shy to own the railroad."

At a later date, when Walter Gay went to find Polly Toodles in Staggs's Gardens, to bring some consolation to the dying Paul, he found a great change in the place :

There was no such place as Staggs's Gardens. It had vanished from the earth. Where the old rotten summer-houses once had stood, palaces now reared their heads, and granite columns of gigantic girth opened a vista to the railway world beyond. The miserable waste ground, where the refuse matter had been heaped of yore, was swallowed up and gone; and in its frowsy stead were tiers of warehouses, crammed with rich goods and costly merchandise. The old by-streets now swarmed with passengers

and vehicles of every kind; the new streets that had stopped disheartened in the mud and waggon-ruts formed towns within themselves, originating wholesome comforts and conveniences belonging to themselves, and never tried nor thought of until they sprang into existence. Bridges that had led to nothing led to villas, gardens, churches, healthy public walks. The carcasses of houses, and beginnings of new thoroughfares had started off upon the line at steam's own speed, and shot away into the country in a monster train.

A few years after the publication of *Dombey*, Dickens wrote an article entitled *An Unsettled Neighbourhood* (reprinted in *Miscellaneous Papers*) showing how "the railroad has done it all," and that since the railroad came "it has ever since been unable to settle down to any one thing, and will never settle down again." His reason for all the unrest in the district—which is plainly the Euston-Camden Town district—is the one word Luggage. "I have come to the conclusion," he says, "that the moment Luggage begins to be always shooting about a neighbourhood . . . everybody wants to be off somewhere . . . everybody has the strongest ideas of its being vaguely his or her business to 'go down the line.'"

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE SIX

EUSTON TO CAMDEN TOWN

Euston Square

Nickleby, 37
Sketches : Milliner

Gower Street

At No. 4 Dickens lived 1824
(site only)
Pickwick, 31
Sketches : Characters

Drummond Street

Life
Sketches : Mulliner

Hampstead Road

Sol's Arms

Wellington House Academy

Dickens's school 1825-6

Johnson Street

No. 13, Dickens lived 1825-7

Somers Town

Pickwick, 22, 20
Nickleby, 38
Bleak, 43
Uncommercial, 10
Sketches : Streets
Miscell. P. : Gaslight

Seymour Street Chapel

Life

Clarendon Square

Site of the Polygon where
Dickens lived in 1827
Bleak House, 43

Pancras Road

Sketches : Evans Eagle
Pickwick, 21

Battle Bridge (now King's Cross)

Dombey, 31
Mutual, I, 4
Twist, 31
Sketches : 1st May

Malden Lane (now York Road)

New York Road
Mutual Friend, I, 4, 5
Sketches : First May

Copenhagen House

Sketches : First May

Old St. Pancras' Church

Two Cities, II, 14

St. Pancras Workhouse

Pickwick, 21

Veterinary Hospital

Pickwick, 21
Copperfield, 27

Little College Street (now College Place)

Here Dickens lodged 1824
Pickwick, 21

Bayham Street

Site of No. 141 where Dickens
lived
Copperfield, 27, 34

Camden Town

Copperfield, 28

Sketches : Miss Evans

Streets

Shabby Genteel

1st May

Miscell, P. : Unsettled Neigh-
bourhood

Carol

Pickwick, 21

Dombey, 6

Staggs's Gardens

Dombey, 6, 15

Miscell. P. : Unsettled

Kentish Town

Copperfield, 44

Barnaby, 16

ROUTE SEVEN

THE DICKENS WAY HOME

(BLACKFRIARS TO THE MONUMENT)

IN the autobiographical fragment which Forster has preserved for us in the second chapter of his *Life of Dickens* we read :

My usual way home was over Blackfriars Bridge, and down that turning in the Blackfriars Road which has Rowland Hill's Chapel on one side and the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop-door on the other. . . .

My old way home by the Borough made me cry, after my eldest child could speak. In my walks at night I have walked there often since then.

At the time of which Dickens writes, he described himself as "such a little fellow with my poor white hat, little jacket and corduroy trousers," working at Warren's Blacking Factory, by Hungerford Bridge; his father was in the Marshalsea Prison for debt, and a back attic was found for the boy Charles "at the house of an Insolvent Court agent, who lived in Lant Street in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards."

And so we have this most interesting account of his daily walks to guide us in a pilgrimage replete with interest, not only with Dickens's life itself, but with the places mentioned in his books.

We start from the Embankment, at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge.

Although Murdstone & Grinby's warehouse, where David Copperfield washed the bottles in company with the same lads who had been young Charles's companions, is one and the same as Warren's Blacking Factory, yet Dickens made one great alteration—he described it as being “down in Blackfriars,” and in so doing uses almost the same words as in the autobiographical fragment. (See Route Thirteen.)

Arthur Clennam drove with Daniel Doyce over Blackfriars Bridge to the Marshalsea. Hugh broke open the Toll House here during the Gordon Riots; but the greatest of all the memories of Blackfriars Bridge is that of Poor Jo at Long Vacation time finding there “a baking stony corner wherein to settle to his repast. And there he sits munching and gnawing, and looking up to the great cross on the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral until . . . he is stirred up and told to ‘move on.’”

Unfortunately, the railway bridge across the river now blocks out the view of St. Paul's.

Crossing the bridge we find Union Street on our left, graced with the “golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop-door” on the right-hand corner. On the opposite corner of the road is Rowland Hill's Chapel, sadly fallen from its former high position; in turns it has been a metal warehouse, Cinema, and Boxing Ring!

“There are a great many little low-browed old shops in that street and some are unchanged now,” Dickens tells us. Even after a further lapse of close on seventy years, some—a few—are still “unchanged now.”

Dickens goes on to say, “I looked into one a few weeks ago, where I used to buy boot-laces on Saturday nights, and saw the corner where I once sat down on a stool to have a pair of ready-made half-boots fitted on.”

What an interesting mean street it is—although the Show Van at a corner is no longer a visitor ; but we can conjure up a vision of young Dickens going in “ with a very motley assemblage to see the Fat Pig, the Wild Indian, and the Little Lady.”

The far end of Union Street leads into Southwark Bridge Road, and we bear to the right. To the left takes us to the bridge itself, but gone is the old iron bridge upon which Little Dorrit loved to walk in solitude, because, as she explained, “ if you go by the Iron Bridge . . . there is an escape from the noise of the street ” ; gone is the toll gate, but not the memories of Young John Chivery laying down “ his penny on the toll plate of the Iron Bridge and . . . looking about him for the well-known and well-beloved figure ” . . . of Little Dorrit. He met her here “ towards the Middlesex side . . . standing still and looking at the water,” and here declared his hopeless passion.

It was on the river here that *Our Mutual Friend* opens, with Gaffer Hexam plying his nefarious trade “ between Southwark Bridge, which is of iron, and London Bridge, which is of stone.”

This portion of the road reminds us of another personal touch. One day young Charles was taken ill at the Blacking Factory, so ill indeed that it was decided he must go home. Thus he records the incident :

Bob (who was much bigger and older than I) did not like the idea of my going home alone, and took me under his protection. I was too proud to let him know about the prison ; and after making several efforts to get rid of him, to all of which Bob Fagin in his goodness was deaf, shook hands with him on the steps of a house near Southwark Bridge, on the Surrey side, making believe that I lived there. As a finishing piece of reality in case of him looking back, I

knocked at the door, I recollect, and asked, when the woman opened it, if that was Mr. Robert Fagin's house.

A short way further on, on the left, we turn into Marshalsea Road. Here, streets on the right and left are named Quilp Street, Dorrit Street, and Clenham Street. In Harrow Street, on the left, is all that remains of the Farm House—a notorious lodging-house visited by Dickens and Inspector Field, and close by is a children's playground named Little Dorrit's Playground, after the heroine of the book. Harrow Street on the right of Marshalsea Road leads into Lant Street.

"There's my lodgings," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, "Lant Street, Borough! It's near Guy's—and handy for me, you know. Little distance after you've passed Saint George's Church—turns out of the High Street on the right-hand side of the way."

There is a repose about Lant Street, in the Borough, which sheds a gentle melancholy upon the soul. There are always a good many houses to let in the street: it is a by-street, too, and its dullness is soothing. . . . If a man wished to abstract himself from the world—to remove himself from within the reach of temptation—to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window—he should by all means go to Lant Street. . . .

The majority of the inhabitants either direct their energies to the letting of furnished apartments, or devote themselves to the healthful and invigorating pursuit of mangling. The chief features in the still life of the street are green shutters, lodging-bills, brass door-plates, and bell-handles; the principal specimens of animated nature, the pot-boy, the muffin youth, and the baked-potato man. The population is migratory, usually disappearing on the verge

of quarter-day, and generally by night. His Majesty's revenues are seldom collected in this happy valley ; the rents are dubious ; and the water communication is very frequently cut off.

To Dickens's personal connection with Lant Street we have already referred. He further tells us :

A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber yard, and, when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was Paradise.

Almost the same description is given of David Copperfield's lodging when the Micawbers were in the King's Bench, so there is no doubt about its also being in Lant Street.

It was doubtless in Lant Street that Frederick Dorrit lodged at Mr. Cripples's Academy, a house not far from the Marshalsea, where there were so many lodgers " that the door-post seemed to be as full of bell-handles as a cathedral organ is of stops."

On reaching the main road we see St. George's Church on the left ; we shall return to the church presently ; meanwhile our way lies to the right. At the corner of the Borough Road, its site now occupied by dwellings called Queen's Buildings, stood the King's Bench Prison, where Micawber was incarcerated. " The outside of the south wall of that place of incarceration on civil process," at which Mr. Micawber fixed an appointment with David and Traddles on a later occasion, is now only a memory. All the incidents Dickens records in his autobiographical fragment as occurring to his own father in the Marshalsea are transferred by him to Mr. Micawber and the King's Bench Prison.

" The Rules " of King's Bench Prison, referred to in *Nicholas Nickleby*, was a district about three miles in circumference, which came as far south

as the Borough High Street. Here some of the more favoured debtors lived. Here came Nicholas in search of Madeleine Bray's father in "a row of mean and not over-cleanly houses . . . not many hundred yards from the Obelisk in Saint George's Fields." The obelisk—now outside Bethlehem Hospital—was replaced by an ornate clock tower some years ago; here, it will be remembered, little David Copperfield lost his luggage and his half-guinea in starting out for his walk to Dover in search of his aunt. (See Route Eight.)

Opposite Borough Road is Union Road, where young John Chivery "assisted his mother in the conduct of a snug tobacco business, round the corner of Horsemonger Lane." Since the notorious gaol has given place to a recreation ground the name of the lane has been altered to Union Road, but the little shop, the "rural establishment, one storey high, which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horsemonger Lane Gaol and the advantage of a retired walk under the wall of that pleasant establishment," is still to be seen at No. 5, although it is a shop no longer, and no life-size Highlander—or even a little one—is to be seen "on a bracket on the door-post," looking "like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt."

Dickens witnessed the last public hanging from the terrace opposite the prison, and wrote that impressive letter to the *Times* on the 13th November, 1849, concluding :

I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralization, as was enacted this morning outside Horsemonger Lane Gaol, is presented at the very doors of good citizens, and is passed by unknown or forgotten.

"The Church of Saint George in the Borough of Southwark" is a well-known Dickens landmark ;

chiefly is it endeared to us through its connection with *Little Dorrit*, who was born in the adjacent Marshalsea Prison, and "christened one Sunday afternoon, when the turnkey being relieved was off the lock . . . at the font of Saint George's Church," the said turnkey acting as sponsor. On the night of "Little Dorrit's Party" she and Maggie were locked out of the Marshalsea, and the sexton made up a bed for her in the vestry, where there was a fire "on account of the painters." Here, too, she was married; and walking out of the church with her husband, Arthur Clennam—

They paused for a moment on the steps of the portico looking at the fresh perspective of the street in the autumn morning sun's bright rays, and then went down. Went down into a modest life of usefulness and happiness . . . into the roaring streets, inseparable and blessed.

It was the sexton who said, at the signing of the register in the vestry :

This young lady is one of our curiosities. . . . Her birth is in what I call the first volume ; she lay asleep on this very floor, with her pretty head on what I call the second volume ; and she's now a-writing her little name as a bride in what I call the third volume.

There is another memory associated with St. George's Church ; it is also with "Little Dorrit," for we read that her lover, John Chivery, after drawing tears from his eyes in silent thoughts of a lifelong union with Little Dorrit, was accustomed to "finish the picture with a tombstone in the adjoining churchyard, close against the prison wall," on which, following his own name, would be inscribed, "Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife Amy . . . who breathed her last in the Marshalsea. . . . There she was born, there she lived, there she died."

After his momentous interview and declaration on Southwark Bridge, when he was delicately turned aside and asked never to refer to the matter again, we read of him "creeping along by the worst back-streets and composing as he went a new inscription for a tombstone in St. George's Churchyard, declaring how he died " of a broken heart, requesting with his last breath that the word Amy might be inscribed over his ashes."

On the wall of the churchyard are two interesting tablets connecting Dickens with the spot, inscribed :

This Site was originally the
Marshalsea Prison,
made famous by the late
Charles Dickens,
in his well-known work,
" Little Dorrit "

Appropriately enough, these tablets are on the outer wall of the old Debtors' Prison, and the old buildings to the left are a portion of the quarters of the debtors, and associated in our minds with the room in which "The Child of the Marshalsea" was born.

Thirty years ago there stood, a few doors short of the church of Saint George, in the borough of Southwark, on the left-hand side of the way going southward, the Marshalsea Prison. It had stood there many years before, and it remained there some years afterwards ; but it is gone now, and the world is none the worse without it.

It was an oblong pile of barrack building, partitioned into squalid houses standing back to back, so that there were no back rooms ; environed by a narrow paved yard, hemmed in by high walls duly spiked on top.

Turning into Borough High Street, we can find the other side of the wall by passing through Angel

Court, to which Dickens thus refers in the preface to *Little Dorrit* :

Wandering . . . down . . . Angel Court . . . I came to Marshalsea Place, the houses in which I recognised, not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose in my mind's eye when I became Little Dorrit's biographer. . . .

Whosoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea Gaol; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered, if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years.

So it was in 1857; there is very little change in the place to-day: the printing works on the right are actually in the rooms occupied by the debtors of old; except that the partitions have been removed, to make the place more suitable for business purposes.

The Marshalsea also formed the subject of one of the stories told in *Pickwick*, "The Old Man's Tale about the Queer Client."

In the Borough High Street, near St. George's Church, and on the same side of the way, stands, as most people know, the smallest of our debtors' prisons—the Marshalsea.

And then follows what is really a personal note, one of the first uttered by Dickens on his connection with the place :

It may be my fancy, or it may be that I cannot separate the place from the old recollections associated with it, but this part of London I cannot bear.

Forster tells us that, when Charles had his "little

paradise" in Lant Street, "he used to breakfast 'at home,' in other words, in the Marshalsea, going to it as early as the gates were open, and for the most part much earlier." The family were waited on by the same little waiting-maid as they had had at Camden Town; she was the original of the Marchioness. "She, too, had a lodging in the neighbourhood," continues Forster, "that she might be early on the scene of her duties; and when Charles met her, as he would do occasionally, in his lodging-place by London Bridge, he would occupy the time before the gates opened by telling her quite astonishing fictions about the wharves and the Tower. 'But I hope I believed them myself,' he would say. Besides breakfast, he had supper also in the Prison; and got to his lodging generally by nine o'clock. The gates closed always at ten."

Returning to the Borough and walking towards London Bridge, we are reminded how that:

Mr. F.'s aunt, publicly seated on the steps of the Marshal's official residence, had been for two or three hours a great boon to the younger inhabitants of the Borough, whose sallies of humour she had considerably flushed herself by resenting, at the point of her umbrella, from time to time.

We can picture, too, the pie-shop to which Flora took Little Dorrit and Mr. F.'s Aunt, as an excuse for conversation, as being one of these old shops on the left-hand side. Flora proposed to Little Dorrit—

an adjournment to any place . . . even if not a pie-shop . . . and a back parlour, though a civil man . . . your good nature might excuse under pretence of three kidney ones, the humble place of conversation. . . .

Flora accordingly led the way across the road to the pie-shop in question . . . when the three

kidney ones were set before them on three little tin platters, each kidney one ornamented with a hole at the top into which the civil man poured hot gravy out of a spouted can.

In the account of Bob Sawyer's party at his lodgings in Lant Street, we are informed that the ham "was from the German-sausage shop round the corner." (May it not have been the very same pie-shop associated with Little Dorrit?) And that

"Mr. Bob Sawyer had himself purchased the spirits at a wine vaults in High Street, and had returned home preceding the bearer thereof to preclude the possibility of their delivery to the wrong house."

We can picture, too, Mr. Ben Allen, returning after seeing Mr. Pickwick on his way home after the party at Lant Street:

Mr. Ben Allen . . . made the best of his way back, knocked double knocks at the door of the Borough Market Office, and took short naps on the steps alternately until daybreak, under the firm impression that he lived there and had forgotten the key.

Another link with the Borough is in the last chapter of *Barnaby Rudge*, where we are told that Gashford was found dead in his bed at an obscure inn in the Borough, where he was quite unknown.

But the glory of the Borough to-day is the quaint old George Inn, mentioned only once in Dickens (in *Little Dorrit*), but bringing back to us most vividly all the romance that is woven around the coaching inns of old; the gallery, the court-yard, the tap-room, the bar, the coffee-room, all so delightfully reminiscent of so many descriptions Dickens has left us of a phase of life that is no more—and consequently invested with a halo.

The introduction of Sam Weller in *Pickwick* is thus heralded:

In the Borough especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged. . . . Great, rambling, queer, old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side.

It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots.

The "White Hart" exists in name only, a few doors beyond the George, whilst remains of the other old inns Dickens referred to in the above quotation are still to be seen in the Borough High Street, mostly in the shape of the inn yard and the old name.

St. Thomas's Street close by leads to Guy's Hospital, where Bob Sawyer was a medical student, "a carver and cutter of live people's bodies," as Mrs. Raddle called him.

Passing under the railway arch, we arrive on London Bridge.

The River Thames about London Bridge is often described by Dickens. *Our Mutual Friend* opens on it "as an autumn evening was closing in." In *Barnaby Rudge* we read that Mr. Haredale, when in hiding at his lodging in Vauxhall, "usually came to London Bridge from Westminster by water, in order that he might avoid the busy streets."

Betsey Trotwood "was quite gracious on the subject of the Thames," which, we are told, "really

did look very well with the sun upon it, though not like the sea before the cottage." And in *Great Expectations* it figures in the exploit of Pip to get his benefactor safely aboard the Continental-bound steamer in the reaches below Gravesend.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick on one occasion, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge and you know the end of it."

In *Martin Chuzzlewit* we read in the disclosures of Nadgett that Jonas Chuzzlewit, after the murder, changed his clothes and came out of his house "with a bundle . . . and went down the steps at London Bridge and sank it in the river."

This no doubt occurred on the opposite side (the Middlesex side) to the well-remembered steps where Nancy made her disclosures to Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow.

The steps . . . were those which, on the Surrey bank, and on the same side of the bridge as Saint Saviour's Church, form a landing-stairs from the river. . . . These stairs are a part of the bridge; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pilaster facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen so that a person turning that angle of the wall is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step.

Here it was that Noah Claypole hid, heard Nancy's story, and disclosed it to Fagin, resulting in Nancy's murder at the brutal hands of Sikes.

London Bridge itself, a youthful haunt of young Charles Dickens, as we have shown, often figures in the adventures of his later heroes; and a crowd of characters cross this historic thoroughfare.

The elder Rudge crossed London Bridge for the City and Smithfield, after leaving the widow's house, which was "in a by-street in Southwark, not far from London Bridge."

Riah, the kind Jew, in *Our Mutual Friend*, "passed over London Bridge, and returned to the Middlesex shore by that of Westminster," recrossing it later the same evening with Jenny Wren. Pip crossed London Bridge in an agony after hearing that Estella was to be married to Bently Drummle, to receive at Whitefriars Gate in the Temple Wemmick's laconic message, "Don't go home."

It was while accompanying the Pickwickians to London Bridge on their way home from Bob Sawyer's party that Mr. Ben Allen confided to Mr. Winkle that "he was resolved to cut the throat of any gentleman, except Mr. Bob Sawyer, who should aspire to the affections of his sister Arabella."

David Copperfield made his first acquaintance with London Bridge in the company of Mr. Mell, who met him at the inn in Whitechapel where the Yarmouth coach stopped, and conveyed him to Salem House on Blackheath.

We went on through a great noise and uproar . . . and over a bridge which, no doubt, was London Bridge. (Indeed I think he told me so, but I was half asleep.)

The almshouses they visited, when Mr. Mell played his flute to his old mother and Mrs. Fibbitson, were probably in the neighbourhood of the Borough, where several almshouses once existed. We are told that "by an inscription on a stone over the gate . . . they were established for twenty-five poor women."

A year or two later, when Mr. and Mrs. Micawber were in the Marshalsea, and David was working at the Bottle Factory, we read :

My favourite lounging place was old London

Bridge, where I was wont to sit in one of the stone recesses, watching the people going by, or to look over the balustrades at the sun shining in the water and lighting up the golden flame on the top of the Monument.

. . . as I walked to and fro daily between Southwark and Blackfriars, and lounged about at meal-times in obscure streets, the stones of which may, for anything I know, be worn at this moment by my childish feet. I wonder how many of these people were wanting in the crowd that used to come filing before me in review again. . . . When my thoughts go back now . . . I wonder how much of the histories I invented for such people hangs like a mist of fancy over well-remembered facts. When I tread the old ground, I do not wonder that I seem to see and pity going on before me an innocent, romantic boy, making his imaginative world out of such strange experience and sordid things.

Looking down the river, one of the many wharves beyond Tower Bridge may well be associated with Quilp's Wharf, which, we are told, was opposite his house on Tower Hill, "on the Surrey side of the river . . . a small, rat-infested, dreary yard . . . in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust."

This must have been quite adjacent to Jacob's Island, where Bill Sikes met his terrible end. Here is Dickens's description from *Oliver Twist* :

"Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts . . . beyond Dockhead, in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch. It is a

creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled at high water by opening the sluices at the lead mills, from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows buckets, pails, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up."

The house was situated at the back of what is now No. 18 Eckell Street, off Mill Street, in a court called Metcalf Court, now the stables and yard of a firm of carmen.

On the City side of London Bridge we find, on the right, Fresh Wharf, undoubtedly the place where Mrs. Gamp was enquiring for "The Ankworks package," wishing it "was in Jonadge's belly."

The first turning on the right after the end of the bridge leads to Fish Street Hill, where David Copperfield on his return from abroad noticed an old house had been pulled down; he had "walked from the Custom House to the Monument before finding a coach."

Here is the Monument, which, as Mr. F.'s aunt sagely remarks, "was put up arter the great Fire of London . . . not the fire in which your Uncle George's workshops was burned down!" This was the place of "no temptation" recommended by the elder Willet to his son, when he gave him "sixpence . . . to spend in the diversions of London"—the diversions he recommended being "to go to the top of the Monument and sitting there."

Tom Pinch came up from Salisbury, it will be remembered, lost his way and "found himself at last hard by the Monument," and found "the man in the Monument quite as mysterious a being as the man in the moon." That he was a cynic was evi-

denced by his remark after a customer had paid his humble "tanner" for admission :

" They don't know what a many steps there is.

. . . It's worth twice the money to stop here.

Oh my eye ! "

It has always been a regret that the " kind of paved yard near the Monument," which sheltered the commercial boarding-house of Mrs. Todgers in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, has never been identified, so that its site could be pointed out to the pilgrim !

Surely there never was, in any other borough, city or hamlet in the world, such a singular sort of a place as Todgers's. And surely London, to judge from that part of it which hemmed Todgers's round, and hustled it, and crushed it, and stuck its brick-and-mortar elbows into it, and kept the air from it, and stood perpetually between it and the light, was worthy of Todgers's, and qualified to be on terms of close relationship and alliance with hundreds and thousands of the odd family to which Todgers's belonged. You couldn't walk about Todgers's neighbourhood as you could in any other neighbourhood. You groped your way for an hour through lanes, and by-ways, and court-yards, and passages ; and you never once emerged upon anything that might be reasonably called a street.

A kind of resigned distraction came over the stranger as he trod those devious mazes, and, giving himself up for lost, went in and out and round about and quietly turned back again when he came to a dead wall or was stopped by an iron railing, and felt that the means of escape might possibly present themselves in their own good time, but that to anticipate them was hopeless. Instances were known of people who, being asked to dine at Todgers's, had travelled round and round for a weary time, with its very chimney-

pots in view, and finding it, at last, impossible of attainment, had gone home again with a gentle melancholy on their spirits, tranquil and uncomplaining. Nobody had ever found Todgers's on a verbal direction, though given within a few minutes' walk of it. . . . To tell of half the queer old taverns that had a drowsy and secret existence near Todgers's would fill a goodly book ; while a second volume no less capacious might be devoted to an account of the quaint old guests who frequented their dimly lighted parlours. These were, in general, ancient inhabitants of that region ; born, and bred there from boyhood ; who had long since become wheezy and asthmatical. . . . These gentry were much opposed to steam and all newfangled ways, and held ballooning to be sinful, and deplored the degeneracy of the times, which that particular member of each little club who kept the keys of the nearest church professionally always attributed to the prevalence of Dissent and irreligion.

In Monument Yard, Mark Tapley met his old neighbours from Eden in America and embraced them affectionately, and here Mr. Dorrit's solicitors, Peddle & Pool, are described as having their office.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE SEVEN

BLACKFRIARS TO THE MONUMENT

Blackfriars

Copperfield, 11, 46
Barnaby, 49
Reprinted, Down-tide

Blackfriars Bridge

Copperfield, 46
Barnaby, 49, 67
Bleak House, 19, 27
Dorrit, I, 12
Expectations, 46
Sketches · Tottle
Scenes, 15

Blackfriars Road

Copperfield, 12
Bleak House, 27
Life
(See also Route 8)

Union Street

Life

Rowland Hill's Chapel

Life

Golden Dog in Pot

Life

Southwark Bridge Road

Life

Southwark Bridge

Life
Dorrit, I, 9, 18, 22
Mutual Friend, I, 1
Reprinted, Down-tide

Caleb Street (site of the Old Mint)

Reprinted, Field

Marshalsea Road

Quilp Street
Dorrit „
Clennam „

Farm House (site of)

Reprinted, Inspector Field

Little Dorrit's Playground

Lant Street

Here Dickens lodged 1824
Pickwick, 30, 32
Copperfield, 11
Dorrit, I, 9

Horsemonger Lane (now Unlon Road)

Dorrit, I, 18, 22
Life

King's Bench Prison (site of)

Copperfield, 11, 12, 49
Nickleby, 46
Uncommercial, 13
Sketches : Brokers' Shops

The Rules (site)

Nickleby, 46, 51
Pickwick, 43
Sketches : Brokers

St. George's Church

Pickwick, 30, 21
Dorrit, I, 6, 7, 9, 14, 18 ; II, 34
Sketches : Inspector Field

Tabard Street (late Kent Street)

Uncommercial, 13

The Marshalsea

Life
Pickwick, 21
Dorrit, Pref., I, 6, 8, 36, etc.

Angel Place (or Court)

Life
Dorrit, Pref.

The Borough

Pickwick, 10, 21, 30, 32
Barnaby, 82, 49
Copperfield, 6, 11
Dorrit, Pref., I, 6, 9, 36; II, 34
Uncommercial, 13
Reprinted, Inspector Field

The George Inn

Dorrit, I, 22, 36

The White Hart Inn

Pickwick, 10

Guy's Hospital

Pickwick, 30, 32

Borough Market

Pickwick, 10, 32

Borough Clink

Barnaby, 67

St. Saviour's Church

Twist, 46
Uncommercial, 9

St. Magnus' Church

Twist, 46

Southwark

Life
Pickwick, 32, 33
Twist, 50
Barnaby, 5
Copperfield, 11
Dorrit, I, 6
Uncommercial, 9
Reprinted, Down-tide
Miscell. P.

London Bridge Steps

Twist, 46
Chuzzlewit, 51

London Bridge Station

Reprinted: Flight

Borough Compter (site)

Barnaby, 67

Dockhead

Uncommercial, 10
Twist, 50

Jacob's Island (site)

Twist, 50
Uncommercial, 10

Quill's Wharf

Curiosity, 2, 4

Bermondsey

Dorrit, Preface
Reprinted: Flight

Rotherhithe

Twist, 50

London Bridge

Life
Pickwick, 32
Twist, 40, 46
Copperfield, 5, 11
Barnaby, 5, 8, 16, 43, 49
Expectations, 44, 54
Mutual, I, 1; III, 2
Chuzzlewit, 46, 51
Dorrit, I, 7, 14, 31; II, 18
Uncommercial, 10, 11, 13
Sketches: Scenes, 10; Tales, 4
Miscell. P.
Reprinted: Down-tide

Fresh Wharf

Sketches: River
Chuzzlewit, 40

Fish Street Hill

Sketches: Couples
Copperfield, 59
Mutual I, 3

Monument

Copperfield, 11, 59

Barnaby, 13

Dorrit, II, 13

Mutual, I, 3

Nickleby, 1

Chuzzlewit, 37, 8

Uncommercial, 9

Poor Relation

Monument Yard

Dorrit, I, 36

Chuzzlewit, 8, 9, 10, 13, 37, 54

Uncommercial, 9

ROUTE EIGHT

THE DOVER ROAD

(WESTMINSTER TO GREENWICH)

THE Dover Road had at all times a great attraction to Dickens: "There's milestones on the Dover Road," said Mr. F's Aunt and he must have known most of them intimately, for Rochester is on the Dover Road, and near by is Gad's Hill, his home for so many years; and he often tramped the twenty-eight odd miles between London and Gad's Hill.

Although properly speaking the Dover Road commences at the Surrey side of London Bridge and traverses the Borough (Route Seven) it is not incorrect to measure it over Westminster Bridge, the way some of the very earliest stage-coaches made the journey, according to an advertisement of 1751. That was the way the Pickwickians went to Rochester from the Golden Cross at Charing Cross in 1827. Mr. Peggotty on his first return to London after his search for Little Em'ly found "a traveller's lodging on the Dover Road," and David accompanied him over Westminster Bridge and parted from him on the Surrey side; and, in the various ruses employed by Pip in *Great Expectations* to hide the tracks of his Uncle Provis, it was given out on one occasion that he had gone to Dover, for which purpose "he was taken down the Dover Road and cornered out of it." Barnaby Rudge, after being enlisted by Lord George Gordon on the Bridge, crossed it with him and went down Bridge Road to join the

throng at St. George's Fields. But perhaps the greatest memory of the Dover Road is its association with little David's walk to his Aunt's at Dover, when he was robbed at the Obelisk, and faint-hearted and weary turned about for Greenwich, which he "understood was on the Dover Road."

Crossing Westminster Bridge (see Route Eleven) we reach Westminster Bridge Road. Numbers 225/33 mark the site of Astley's, and with it go memories of the visit paid by Kit and his mother, and Barbara and her mother, to say nothing of little Jacob, so humorously described in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Dear, dear, what a place it looked, that Astley's; with all the paint, gilding, and looking-glass; the vague smell of horses suggestive of coming wonders; the curtain that hid such gorgeous mysteries; the clean white sawdust down in the circus; the company coming in and taking their places; the fiddlers looking carelessly up at them while they tuned their instruments, as if they didn't want the play to begin and knew it all beforehand!

Hard by must have been the oyster shop into which, after the performance, Kit walked "as bold as if he lived there, and, not so much as looking at the counter or the man behind it, led his party into a box—a private box, fitted up with red curtains, white table-cloth, and cruet-stand complete—and ordered a fierce gentleman with whiskers, who acted as waiter and called him, him Christopher Nubbles, 'sir' to bring three dozen of his largest-sized oysters, and to look sharp about it!"

In *Bleak House* we read of Trooper George paying a visit to Astley's, and, "being there, is much delighted with the horses and the feats of strength; looks at the weapons with a critical eye; disapproves of the combats, as giving evidences of unskilful swordsmanship; but is touched home by the sentiments."

Turning along York Road on the left, we reach Waterloo Road. At the corner on the right is Waterloo Station mentioned more than once in *Our Mutual Friend*—one of the few books in which Dickens even mentions railways! Passing under the Railway Arch we reach New Cut and Lambeth Marsh with the “Old Vic” on the left. This district is referred to more than once in *Sketches by Boz* and *The Amusements of the People* in *Miscellaneous Papers*.

It was in “a mean house situated in an obscure street, or rather court, near Lambeth” that Squeers rented a garret in the same house as Peg Sliderskew, and here his plans were thwarted by Nicholas and Newman Noggs.

Waterloo Road ends at St. George’s Circus; to the right runs Lambeth Road, in which a short way down on the left is Bethlehem Hospital, in front of which is the “Obelisk.” This previously stood in the centre of St. George’s Circus, formerly St. George’s Fields, the scene of the massing of the Gordon Rioters as described in *Barnaby Rudge*. The “Obelisk” was—and still is—one of London’s landmarks. In *Somebody’s Luggage* Dickens thus humorously refers to it:

Those that are acquainted with London are aware of a locality on the Surrey side of the River Thames, called the Obelisk, or, more generally, the Obstacle. Those that are not acquainted with London will also be aware of it, now that I have named it.”

But its chief claim to remembrance is the connection it has with little David’s walk to Dover. Looking about him for somebody who could carry his box from his lodgings in Lant Street to the coach office, he found “a long-legged young man with a very little empty donkey-cart standing near the Obelisk in the Blackfriars Road,” and bargained with

him to do the job "for a tanner." How the long-legged young man not only ran off with the box, but with David's half-guinea too, is graphically described in chapter twelve: David ran after him as fast as he could, and had no breath to call out, or continue the chase, so he tells us, "I left the young man to go where he would with my box and money; and panting and crying, but never stopping, faced about for Greenwich, which I had understood was on the Dover Road: taking very little more out of the world, towards the retreat of my aunt, Miss Betsey, than I had brought into it, on the night when my arrival gave her so much umbrage."

There is a personal association with a house near the Obelisk, to which young Dickens had to go for an examination at the time his father was put in the Marshalsea. It was a condition that the wearing apparel and personal matters retained were not to exceed twenty pounds sterling in value, and he tells us in his Autobiographical fragment:

"It was necessary, as a matter of form that the clothes I wore should be seen by the official appraiser. I had a half-holiday to enable me to call upon him, at his own time, at a house somewhere beyond the Obelisk. I recollect his coming out to look at me with his mouth full, and a strong smell of beer upon him, and saying good-naturedly that 'that would do,' and 'it was all right.' Certainly the hardest creditor would not have been disposed (even if he had been legally entitled) to avail himself of my poor white hat, little jacket, or corduroy trousers. But I had a fat old silver watch in my pocket, which had been given me by my grandmother before the blacking days, and I had entertained my doubts as I went along whether that valuable possession might not bring me over the twenty pounds. So I was greatly

relieved, and made him a bow of acknowledgment as I went out."

A little past the Bethlehem Hospital is Kennington Road, in which is Walcot Square. Mr. Guppy, in proposing to Esther in *Bleak House*, informed her he had taken "a 'ouse . . . a hollow bargain (taxes ridiculous and use of fixtures included in the rent)." He added "I beg to lay the 'ouse in Walcot Square, the business and myself, before Miss Summerson for her acceptance."

At this end of the Blackfriars Road on the left is the Surrey Theatre, where "Frederick Dorrit played . . . a clarionet as dirty as himself," and in the same theatre Fanny Dorrit used to dance.

Here it was that on November 19th, 1838, an unauthorised version of *Oliver Twist* was staged. Dickens attended it, and was so annoyed that "in the middle of the first scene he laid himself down upon the floor in a corner of the box, and never rose from it until the drop-scene fell."

From St. George's Circus, London Road leads to the cross roads known as the Elephant & Castle, described in *Bleak House* as "that ganglion of roads from Kent and Surrey, and of streets from the bridges of London, centring in the far-famed Elephant." To one of the little shops in "a street of little shops" near here, came Trooper George to visit Mrs. Bagnet, whom he saw, "with her outer skirts tucked up, come forth with a small wooden tub, and in that tub commence a whisking and splashing on the margin of the pavement. Mr. George says to himself "She's as usual, washing greens. I never saw her, except upon a baggage waggon, when she wasn't washing greens."

Our way lies straight ahead down the New Kent Road. On the left is Webb's County Terrace where David rested after being robbed of his money and his box.

For anything I know, I may have had some wild idea of running all the way to Dover when I gave up the pursuit of the young man with the donkey-cart and started for Greenwich. My scattered senses were soon collected as to that point, if I had ; for I came to a stop in the Kent Road, at a terrace with a piece of water before it, and a great foolish image in the middle blowing a dry shell. Here I sat down on a door-step, quite spent and exhausted with the efforts I had already made, and with hardly breath enough to cry for the loss of my box and half-guinea.

The water and the "image" have disappeared from the gardens some thirty years.

We bear to the right into the Old Kent Road. On the right a new building has replaced the old Deaf and Dumb Establishment to which Dr. Mari-gold took his Sophy for tuition. Somewhere in the Old Kent Road was the shop where David sold the first portion of his wardrobe.

The master of this shop was sitting at the door in his shirt-sleeves, smoking ; and as there were a great many coats and pairs of trousers dangling from the low ceiling, and only two feeble candles burning inside to show what they were, I fancied that he looked like a man of a revengeful disposition, who had hung all his enemies, and was enjoying himself.

In this neighbourhood too was no doubt situated Bradley Headstone's School in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Down in that district of the flat country tending to the Thames, where Kent and Surrey meet, and where the railways still bestride the market-gardens that will soon die under them. The schools were newly built, and there were so many like them all over the country that one might have thought the whole were but one restless

edifice with the locomotive gift of Aladdin's palace.

It is some three or four miles to Greenwich, and we can take a conveyance the whole length of the Old Kent Road to New Cross, and then through Deptford to Greenwich.

We alight at Greenwich Church, where Bella was married to John Rokesmith ; or, as Dickens puts it, "the church porch, having swallowed up Bella Wilfer for ever and ever, had it not in its power to relinquish that young woman but slid into the happy sunlight Mrs. John Rokesmith instead."

Church Street continued leads to the River, where on the left is the Ship Hotel so full of memories of two delightful chapters in *Our Mutual Friend*, the first prior to the marriage, when Bella commanded Pa to "take this lovely woman out to dinner."

"Where shall we go, dear?"

"Greenwich."

The little room overlooking the river into which they were shown for dinner was delightful. Everything was delightful. The park was delightful, the punch was delightful, the dishes of fish were delightful, the wine was delightful.

And then, as they sat looking at the ships and steamboats making their way to the sea with the tide that was running down, the lovely woman imagined all sorts of voyages for herself and Pa.

Later on we read :

The marriage dinner was the crowning success, for what had bride and bridegroom plotted to do, but to have and to hold that dinner in the very room of the very hotel where Pa and the lovely woman had once dined together ! . . . What a dinner ! Specimens of all the fishes that swim in the sea surely had swum their way to it. . . And the dishes, being seasoned with Bliss—an

article which they are sometimes out of at Greenwich—were of perfect flavour. . . . Never-to-be-forgotten Greenwich !

Returning to the Church, we turn left along Nelson Street, and then first to the right takes us to Greenwich Park, to which a chapter in the *Sketches* is devoted :

The chief place of resort in the day-time . . . is the Park, in which the principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the Observatory, and then drag them down again, at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and bonnet-caps, and much to the edification of the lookers-on from below.

The road straight ahead, and bearing to the left takes us to the Observatory. The road to the right from the Observatory takes us out of the Park, across a small portion of the Heath into the Shooter's Hill Road, where we turn left.

Blackheath was very well known to Dickens, and, as the railway from London to Greenwich was the first one built in London it afforded him the opportunity of taking train for part of the journey, such as he describes in the concluding portion of the *Seven Poor Travellers*—in his walk from Rochester to London.

Thus Christmas begirt me, far and near, until I had come to Blackheath, and had walked down the long vista of gnarled old trees in Greenwich Park, and was being steam-rattled through the mists now closing in once more, towards the lights of London.

When little David Copperfield was sent to school it was to Salem House "down by Blackheath . . . a square brick building with wings, of a bare and unfurnished appearance." The identity of the school has never been discovered. After his mother

died, David was taken from the school and put to work in the bottle warehouse; from this he ran away and walked to Dover. After a hard day's work, he tells us how he "came climbing out at last upon the level of Blackheath. It cost me some trouble to find out Salem House, but I found it, and I found a haystack in the corner and I lay down under it."

John Rokesmith and his wife, in *Our Mutual Friend*, had "a modest little cottage, but a bright and a fresh," on Blackheath.

The main road now ascends Shooter's Hill and we have thoughts of "that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five," when the Dover Mail "lumbered up Shooter's Hill . . . and the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses." For a full account of that spirited ride, the reader is referred to the second chapter of *A Tale of Two Cities*.

In the *Holly Tree* Cobbs informs us that "Master Harry Walmers's father lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven miles from Lunnon," and in *Pickwick* we remember that the elder Weller retired on a handsome independence to "an excellent public-house near Shooter's Hill, where he is quite revered as an oracle."

A reference is made in *Sunday under Three Heads* to the ruined Severndroog Castle—built by Lady James in 1784—on the summit of the hill.

Away they go . . . to catch a glimpse of the rich cornfields and beautiful orchards of Kent; or to stroll among the fine old trees of Greenwich Park, and survey the wonders of Shooter's Hill and Lady James's Folly.

Our return from Greenwich can be made to follow

our outward route until New Cross Gate is reached. Here a bus or tram to Camberwell Green takes us through Peckham, where Walter Gay went to a weekly boarding school. In the same book, *Dombey and Son*, we read :

Mr. Feeder spoke of the dark mysteries of London and told Mr. Toots that he was going . . . to board with two maiden ladies at Peckham.

Beyond Peckham is Camberwell, in which Mr. Pickwick had made "unwearied researches." Oak Lodge, Camberwell, was the home of the Maldertons in that delightfully humorous story in *Sketches by Boz*, entitled *Horatio Sparkins*.

Years have elapsed since the occurrence of this dreadful morning. The daisies have thrice bloomed on Camberwell Green ; the sparrows have thrice repeated their vernal chirps in Camberwell Grove ; but the Miss Maldertons are still unmated.

The tragedy of George Barnwell, who lived in Camberwell, was a favourite one with Dickens as a boy, for recitations, and several references to it are made in the novels. A more direct reference appears in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when, in speaking of Bailey Junior, the boy at Todgers's, we read :

Benjamin was supposed to be the real name of this young retainer, but he was known by a great variety of names. Benjamin, for instance, had been converted into Uncle Ben, and that again had been corrupted into Uncle ; which, by an easy transition, had again passed into Barnwell, in memory of the celebrated relative in that degree who was shot by his nephew George while meditating in his garden at Camberwell.

In *Great Expectations*, dealing with Mr. Wopsle's histrionic abilities, we are told :

Mr. Wopsle, as the ill-requited uncle of the evening's tragedy, fell to meditating aloud in

his garden at Camberwell. . . . I kept myself to myself and my thoughts. Mr. Wopsle died amiably at Camberwell, and exceedingly game on Bosworth Field, and in the greatest agonies at Glastonbury.

In the same book Camberwell figures in the amusing account of Wemmick's wedding.

We went towards Camberwell Green, and, when we were thereabouts, Wemmick said suddenly :
" Hallo ! Here's a church ! "

There was nothing very surprising in that ; but, again, I was rather surprised when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea :

" Let's go in ! " . . .

" Hallo ! " said Wemmick. " Here's Miss Skiffins ! Let's have a wedding ! "

St George's Church, Camberwell, on the left of Camberwell Road, is pointed out as the church in question.

Tom Pinch, and Mr. Pecksniff too, both visited the former's sister at a house in Camberwell, where she was a governess in a family.

They lived at Camberwell ; in a house so big and fierce that its mere outside, like the outside of a giant's castle, struck terror into vulgar minds and made bold persons quail. There was a great front gate ; with a great bell, whose handle was in itself a note of admiration ; and a great lodge, which, being close to the house, rather spoilt the look-out certainly, but made the look-in tremendous.

In half a mile from Camberwell Green, we are in Walworth, but all trace is lost of the delightful cottage in which Wemmick lived as described in *Great Expectations*.

It appeared to be a collection of black lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement. Wemmick's

house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty, don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm, about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast, smiling as he did so.

The "Walworth Sentiments" of Mr. Wemmick are often quoted:

"My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official sentiments can be taken in this office."

Camberwell New Road takes us through Kennington to Clapham, which, in conjunction with Brixton adjacent, was another of the places in which Mr. Pickwick had made his "unwearied researches."

In the Clapham Road lived the Poor Relation who loved to build his castles in the air, in "a very clean back room, in a very respectable house, where I am expected not to be at home in the day-time—unless poorly."

Clapham Rise is mentioned in *The Haunted House*, but No. 2 Tuppinkock's Gardens, Liggs's Walk, has never been discovered. Also in Clapham Rise, at Rose Villa, lived Mr. Gattleton, and here the amateur

theatricals took place, as described in *Mrs. Joseph Porter* in the *Sketches*; this is often thought to be a slice of Dickens's own life at the age of about twenty-one.

Clapham Common was formerly known as Clapham Green. It will be recalled that Mr. Cyrus Bantam at Bath thought he recognised in Mr. Pickwick "the gentleman residing on Clapham Green who lost the use of his limbs from imprudently taking cold after port wine."

The road continued becomes Balham High Road and leads to Tooting. We read in *Bleak House* that the Snagsby's maid

Guster . . . was farmed, or contracted for, during her growing time, by an amiable benefactor of his species resident at Tooting.

Guster was evidently an inmate of the Children's Farm conducted by a certain Mr. Drouet at the *Paradise at Tooting* which Dickens exposed at about this time; a full account of which is to be found in the *Miscellaneous Papers*.

Of all similar establishments on earth, that at Tooting was the most admirable. . . . Mr. Drouet's farm was the best of all possible farms. . . . Mr. Drouet's Paradise at Tooting! . . . The cholera . . . broke out in Mr. Drouet's farm for children, because it was brutally conducted, vilely kept, preposterously inspected, dishonestly defended, a disgrace to a Christian community, and a stain upon a civilised land.

From Tooting through Streatham, Norwood is reached. Dickens used to visit Hall, his publisher, here. "In the green and wooded country near Norwood" he located the home of Carker; and in the same locality David Copperfield spent many an anxious and delightful hour at the house of Mr. Spenlow, in the garden of which he courted Dora.

I suppose that when I saw Dora in the garden

and pretended not to see her, and rode past the house pretending to be anxiously looking for it, I committed two small fooleries which other young gentlemen in my circumstances might have committed—because they came so very natural to me. But oh! when I *did* find the house, and *did* dismount at the garden gate, and drag those stony-hearted boots across the lawn to Dora sitting on a garden seat under a lilac tree, what a spectacle she was.

From Norwood through Denmark Hill we reach Dulwich associated with *Pickwick* on his retirement.

The house I have taken," said Mr. Pickwick, "is at Dulwich. It has a large garden, and is situated in one of the most pleasant spots near London. It has been fitted up with every attention to substantial comfort; perhaps to a little elegance besides; but of that you shall judge for yourselves. Sam accompanies me there.

At Dulwich Church Mr. Winkle was married to Emily, and in conclusion we read:

Mr. Pickwick is somewhat infirm now; but he retains all his former juvenility of spirit, and may still be frequently seen contemplating the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery, or enjoying a walk about the pleasant neighbourhood on a fine day. He is known by all the poor people about, who never fail to take their hats off as he passes, with great respect. The children idolise him, and so indeed does the whole neighbourhood.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE EIGHT

WESTMINSTER TO GREENWICH

Dover Road

Copperfield, 12
Dorrit, I, 23
Two Cities, I, 2

Astley's (site of)

Curiosity, 39
Bleak House, 21
Sketches : Astley's
Miscell. P. : Booley

Waterloo Station

Mutual, IV, 11

Lambeth

Bleak House, 64
Nickleby, 57, 59

Marsh Gate

Sketches : Streets
Shops

New Cut

Sketches : Shops
Streets
Miscell. P. : Amusements

Victoria Theatre

Sketches : Streets
Miscell. P. : Amusements

Waterloo Road

Uncommercial, 36
Somebody's Luggage

Bethlehem Hospital

Barnaby, 67
Uncommercial, 13

Walcot Square

Bleak House, 64

St. George's Circus, late Fields (The Obelisk)

Life
Copperfield, 12
Barnaby, 48
Pickwick, 43
Uncommercial, 10
Sketches : 1st May
Somebody's Luggage

Surrey Theatre

Life
Dorrit, I, 7

Elephant and Castle

Bleak House, 27

New Kent Road

Copperfield, 13

Old Kent Road

Life
Copperfield, 13
Mutual, II, 1
Uncommercial, 7, 13
Dr. Marigold

Deptford

Bleak House, 20
Dombey, 4
Uncommercial 6
Going into Society

Greenwich

Life
Mutual II, 8 ; IV, 4
Expectations, 45
Copperfield, 44
Poor Travellers
Sketches : Greenwich
Sunday

Blackheath

Copperfield, 5, 13, 19
 Mutual, IV, 4
 Poor Travellers
 Uncommercial, 7

Shooter's Hill

Pickwick, 57
 Two Cities, I, 2
 Holly Tree
 Sunday
 Uncommercial, 7

Severndroog Castle

Sunday

Peckham

Curiosity, 56
 Dombey, 4, 14
 Haunted Man
 Uncommercial, 6, 35

Camberwell

Sketches : Sparkins
 Pickwick, 1, 20, 22
 Expectations, 15, 55
 Chuzzlewit, 9
 Nickleby, 37
 Dorrit, I, 8

Walworth

Expectations, 24, 25
 Uncommercial, 6
 Sketches : Tales 6
 Life

Kennington

Lirriper

Bleak House, 39

Miscell. P. : Extra. Story

Brixton

Chuzzlewit, 27
 Pickwick, 1
 Uncommercial, 6
 Sketches : Tales 5

Clapham

Pickwick, 1

Clapham Road

Poor Relation

Clapham Rise

Sketches : Joseph Porter
 Haunted House

Clapham Common

Pickwick, 35

Tooting

Bleak House, 10
 Miscell. P. : Paradise at

Norwood

Dombey, 33
 Copperfield, 26, 33
 Uncommercial 14
 Life

Beulah Spa (site of)

Sketches : Tottle
 Seven Dials

Dulwich

Pickwick, 57

ROUTE NINE

ROUND THE SQUARES. I

(DOUGHTY STREET TO OXFORD CIRCUS)

THE squares of London had not quite the same fascination for Dickens as the ordinary streets possessed ; the people who dwelt in them were for the most part not those who interested him, although, when he came to deal with the meaner square of the type of Golden Square or Soho Square, we find him quite in his usual element.

Between Holborn and Hyde Park, to the north and south of Oxford Street, are two lines of squares, and it is the purpose of this and the next ramble to traverse the streets leading to them.

Making Dickens's house in Doughty Street our starting point once again, we are reminded that the correct postal address included the mention of Mecklenburg Square, though Dickens himself seldom used it. We turn right from the house and left into Guilford Street, past the Foundling Hospital (see Route Five) on the right, and then skirt Queen Square on the left. It was Richard Carstone in *Bleak House* who had " a neat little furnished lodging in a quiet old house near Queen Square."

A little further on we reach Russell Square, across which young Dickens used to walk from Somers Town in the morning on the way to the Blacking Warehouse " with some cold hotch-potch in a small basin tied up in a handkerchief." Russell Square is also referred to twice in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Turning to the left along Southampton Row, and to the right where it joins Theobald's Road, we reach Bloomsbury Square, which figures largely in *Barnaby Rudge* in the account of the sacking of Lord Mansfield's house on the site of No. 29, and finally as the scene of the execution of several of the rioters, including Barnaby himself, who was happily rescued at the eleventh hour. In *Master Humphrey's Clock* we hear of the recommendation of "a charming fellow who had performed the feat six times of carrying away every bell-handle in Bloomsbury Square."

On the far side of the Square is Great Russell Street and by turning to the left and passing the front of the British Museum, and then to the right along Bloomsbury Street we reach Bedford Square, mentioned in two delightful stories in the Sketches (*Horatio Sparkins* and *The Bloomsbury Christening*) a once aristocratic neighbourhood, for Mr. Kitterbell who lived at No. 14 Great Russell Street delighted to have Bedford Square added to his address : his Uncle Dumps however, would insist in his replies addressing "in lieu thereof the dreadful words, Tottenham Court Road."

Montague Place is to the right ; here Mr. Perker lived and here came Lowten with the news of the arrest of Mrs. Bardell for the costs which Mr. Pickwick would not pay.

Summoning the cab of most promising appearance, he directed the driver to repair to Montague Place, Russell Square.

Mr. Perker had had a dinner-party that day, as was testified by the appearance of lights in the drawing-room windows, the sound of an improved grand piano, and an improvable cabinet voice issuing therefrom, and a rather overpowering smell of meat which pervaded the steps and entry.

Turning to the left along the north side of Bedford Square we reach the Tottenham Court Road, where at the cheap linen drapers, Messrs. Jones, Spruggins & Smith, the true identity of Horatio Sparkins was revealed. Turning to the right we remember that it was at the broker's shop "up at the top of Tottenham Court Road" that "the little round table with the marble top" and "the precious flower-pot," belonging to Traddles and seized by the broker when the Micawber household in Camden Town was sold up, were recovered by the aid of Clara Peggotty.

In *Nicholas Nickleby* we are introduced to

Miss Knag's brother, who was an ornamental stationer and small circulating library keeper, in a by-street off Tottenham Court Road; and who let out by the day, week, month or year the newest old novels, whereof the titles were displayed in pen-and-ink characters on a sheet of pasteboard, swinging at his door-post.

Dickens himself used to come this way as a boy from his home in Gower Street, to the blacking factory at Charing Cross. (Route Thirteen.)

In going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham Court Road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding.

Grafton Street on the left leads into Fitzroy Square, whereof in *Nicholas Nickleby* we are informed of its "dowager barrenness and frigidity."

In Fitzroy Street Dickens lodged as a youth in 1830.

Keeping straight on, with the Square to the right, we reach Cleveland Street, formerly Norfolk Street. Here Dickens lived in 1816. The house is said to be No. 10. Forster writes in his *Life of Dickens*:

When his father was again brought up by his duties to London from Portsmouth, they went into lodgings in Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital; and it lived also in the child's memory that they had come away from Portsea in the snow.

In Norfolk Street we again find him lodging as a young man in 1831, probably in the same house as that in which as a baby boy he made his first acquaintance with London.

Cleveland Street was formerly Green Lanes, where the rioters in *Barnaby Rudge* had a meeting place.

Turning to the right on reaching Cleveland Street, we soon arrive in Euston Road. Almost opposite, a little to the left, is Osnaburgh Terrace, where, at No. 9, Dickens lived temporarily in 1844.

Continuing along the Marylebone Road, with Regent's Park to the right, we reach High Street on the left. Here at the corner is No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, where Dickens lived from 1839 to 1851. The house has been considerably altered since that time. It saw the output of many of the most important novels, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*; also three of the famous *Christmas Books*.

A little beyond Devonshire Terrace, on the same side is Marylebone Church which may possibly have witnessed the christening of little Paul Dombey, and the second marriage of Mr. Dombey, but no direct reference is made to it in the novel.

Continuing, the Marylebone Road ends in the Edgware Road, and we turn left to Hyde Park. It was in this region that Nicholas, accompanied by Newman Noggs, came to see his lady love—but only found "Bobster"! "They traversed the streets in profound silence; and, after walking at a round pace for some distance, arrived in one of a gloomy

appearance and very little frequented, near the Edgware Road."

At the end of Edgware Road we come to Hyde Park and Marble Arch, with Oxford Street to the left and Bayswater Road on the right. On the railings of Hyde Park, opposite Edgware Road, is a tablet to show where Tyburn once stood. In *A Tale of Two Cities* we read:

They hanged at Tyburn in those days, so the streets outside Newgate had not obtained the infamous notoriety that has since attached to it.

From the Edgware Road we turn right, and in the second block on the right facing the Park is 5 Hyde Park Place, the last London home of Dickens. This he rented in January, 1870, for his readings. "We live here"—opposite the Marble Arch—he wrote to J. T. Fields, "in a charming house, until the 1st of June, and then return to Gad's. . . . I have a large room here, with three fine windows overlooking the Park."

Other houses in the neighbourhood in which Dickens lived for a time were 16 Somers Place, Hyde Park, in 1865, 6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park Square, in 1866.

It may have been the house in Hyde Park Place that Dickens had in view when he caused Mr. Micawber to have aspirations for greatness in that direction.

He mentioned a terrace at the western end of Oxford Street, fronting Hyde Park, on which he had always had his eye, but which he did not expect to attain immediately, as it would require a large establishment. There would probably be an interval, he explained, in which he should content himself with the upper part of a house, over some respectable place of business—say in Piccadilly—which would be a cheerful situation for Mrs. Micawber.

When Magwitch announced himself to Pip as his benefactor :

He considered the chamber and his own lodging as temporary residences, and advised me to look out at once for a "fashionable crib" near Hyde Park, in which he could have "a shake-down."

Rose Maylie was staying at "a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park" when Nancy visited her and informed her of Oliver and Monks.

Returning to Marble Arch we have, on the right, Park Lane (see Route Ten) and straight ahead is Oxford Street. In the search for Miss Wade, Mr. Meagles and Arthur Clennam "rode to the top of Oxford Street and, there alighting, dived in among the great streets of melancholy stateliness."

Our direction lies on the opposite side of Oxford Street to Park Lane, among the squares of Marylebone. Opposite Marble Arch is Great Cumberland Place, which leads us across Upper Berkeley Street into Upper George Street. Opposite is Bryanston Square. We turn to the right along Upper George Street. We now traverse the district between Bryanston Square and Portland Place, in which Mr. Dombey's house was situated.

Mr. Dombey's house was a large one, on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street in the region between Portland Place and Bryanston Square. It was a corner house, with great wide areas containing cellars frowned upon by barred windows, and leered at by crooked-eyed doors leading to dust-bins. It was a house of dismal state, with a circular back to it, containing a whole suit of drawing-rooms looking upon a gravelled yard, where two gaunt trees, with blackened trunks and branches, rattled rather than rustled, their leaves were so smoke-dried.

The next square which we pass on the left is Montague Square. "Mr. Jorkins . . . lived by himself in a house near Montague Square, which was fearfully in want of painting."

The next turning on the right is Gloucester Place ; here we turn right and arrive in Portman Square.

The Podsnaps lived in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square. They were a kind of people certain to dwell in the shade, wherever they dwelt.

Turning to the left along the top of the square we reach Baker Street, crossing which into Lower Berkeley Street we are in Manchester Square, and by crossing same and continuing straight on along Hinde Street reach Bentinck Street. At No. 18 (now rebuilt) the Dickens family lived in 1833. Bentinck Street leads into Welbeck Street, whither rode Lord George Gordon "along the Strand, up Swallow Street into the Oxford Road, and thence to his house in Welbeck Street, near Cavendish Square, whither he was attended by a few dozen idlers." Lord George Gordon's house was No. 64 close to Wigmore Street (since rebuilt).

Turning right along Welbeck Street and then left into Wigmore Street we soon reach Harley Street, where at "the handsomest house" the Merdles lived.

Upon that establishment of state, the Merdle establishment in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, there was the shadow of no more common wall than the fronts of other establishments of state on the opposite side of the street. Like unexceptionable Society, the opposing rows of houses in Harley Street were very grim with one another. Indeed, the mansions and their inhabitants were so much alike in that respect that the people were often to be found drawn up on opposite sides of dinner-tables, in the shade

of their own loftiness, staring at the other side of the way with the dullness of the houses.

At the junction of Harley Street with Wigmore Street is Cavendish Square.

"The lady's name," said Ralph, "is Mantalini, Madame Mantalini. I know her. She lives near Cavendish Square. If your daughter is disposed to try after the situation, I'll take her there, directly." . . . They arrived without any further conversation at the dressmaker's door, which displayed a very large plate, with Madame Mantalini's name and occupation, and was approached by a handsome flight of steps. There was a shop to the house, but it was let off to an importer of otto of roses. Madame Mantalini's show-rooms were on the first floor; a fact which was notified to the nobility and gentry by the casual exhibition, near the handsomely curtained windows, of two or three elegant bonnets of the newest fashion, and some costly garments in the most approved taste.

Near here was the Boffin mansion outside which the evil genius Silas Wegg presided :

Over against a London house, a corner house not far from Cavendish Square, a man with a wooden leg had sat for some years, with his remaining foot in a basket in cold weather.

Cavendish Place leads into Regent Street, where to the left we see All Souls' Church, referred to in the description of Sam Weller's valentine. "A representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place, London, appeared in the distance."

Turning to the right we reach Oxford Circus; Oxford Street runs right to Marble Arch and left to Tottenham Court Road.

It was in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street that Nicholas Nickleby first saw Madeleine Bray at the General Agency Office, and here later on he made

his first acquaintance with Mr. Charles Cheeryble, who "dragged him back into Oxford Street, and, hailing an omnibus on its way to the City, pushed Nicholas in before him, and followed himself."

Esther Summerson and her guardian had lodgings near Oxford Street.

We took up our abode at a cheerful lodging near Oxford Street, over an upholsterer's shop. London was a great wonder to us, and we were out for hours and hours at a time, seeing the sights, which appeared to be less capable of exhaustion than we were. We made the round of the principal theatres, too, with great delight, and saw all the plays that were worth seeing.

In dealing with a certain Government Department in *Little Dorrit* the statement of one of the Barnacle family is thus recorded :

That the sheets of foolscap paper it had devoted to the public service would pave the footways on both sides of Oxford Street from end to end, and leave nearly a quarter of a mile to spare for the Park, while of tape—red tape—it had used enough to stretch in graceful festoons from Hyde Park Corner to the General Post Office.

Close to Oxford Circus and near Great Portland Street is Oxford Market, where Towlinson, Dombey's butler, "had visions of leading an altered and blameless existence as a serious greengrocer in Oxford Market."

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE NINE

DOUGHTY STREET TO OXFORD CIRCUS

48 Doughty Street
(See Route 1)

Russell Square
Nickleby, 16, 37
Pickwick, 47
Sketches : Milliner

Queen Square
Bleak House, 18

Bloomsbury Square
Barnaby, 66, 77
Clock, 1
Drood, 22

Great Russell Street
Sketches : Christening
Uncommercial, 4

Bedford Square
Sketches : Sparkins, Christening

Montague Place
Pickwick, 47

Tottenham Court Road
Sketches : Gin Shop
Sparkins
Last Cab
Hackney C.

Barnaby, 44
Copperfield, 34
Nickleby, 18
Life

Fitzroy Square
Nickleby, 37
Sketches : Hackney C.

Cleveland Street (late Norfolk Street and Green Lanes)
Dickens lodged here 1816 and 1831
Barnaby Rudge, 44

9 Osnaburgh Terrace
Dickens lived here temporarily 1844

Regent's Park
Pickwick, 45
Uncommercial, 36

Regent's Canal
Sketches : Tottle
Uncommercial, 6

1 Devonshire Terrace
Dickens lived here 1839-51

Marylebone Church
Dombey, 30

Queen Charlotte's Hospital
Dombey, 2

Edgware Road
Nickleby, 40

Tyburn (site of)
Two Cities, II, 2
Pickwick, 43
Barnaby, Preface

Hyde Park
Nickleby, 32
Twist, 39
Copperfield, 28
Mutual, I, 11
Twist, 39
Expectations, 41
Dorrit, II, 8

Kensington Gardens

Sketches : Tottle
Nickleby, 28
Dombey, 14

Kensington

Pickwick, 35, 44
Barnaby, 16
Twist, 21

5 Hyde Park Place

Dickens lived here 1870

Park Lane

(See Route 10)

Oxford Street

(See below)

Bryanston Square

Dombey, 3

Portland Place

Dombey, 3
Mutual, III, 16

Montague Square

Copperfield, 35

Portman Square

Mutual, I, 11

Bentlnck Street

Dickens lodged here 1833

Welbeck Street

Barnaby, 37, 53, 52

Wimpole Street

Uncommercial, 16

Harley Street

Dorrit, I, 20, 21
Uncommercial, 16

Cavendish Square

Nickleby, 10
Mutual, I, 5 ; IV, 12
Dorrit, I, 20, 21
Barnaby, 37

Langham Place

Pickwick, 33

Regent Street

(See Route 10)

Great Portland Street

Sketches . Steam Ex.

Oxford Street

Nickleby, 16, 35
Bleak House, 13
Sketches : Early Coaches
Tottle
Omnibuses
Dorrit, I, 27 ; II, 8
Uncommercial, 10
Copperfield, 28
Barnaby, 37
Two Cities, II, 6

Oxford Market

Dombey, 18

6 Southwick Place

Dickens lived here in 1866

18 Somers Place

Dickens lived here in 1865

windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then, north of the Oxford Road, and forest-trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom, instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was many a good south wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season. . . .

It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbour from the raging streets.

There ought to have been a tranquil barque in such an anchorage, and there was.

The Doctor occupied two floors of a large, still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whereof little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them at night. In a building at the back, attainable by a court-yard where a plane tree rustled its green leaves, church-organs claimed to be made, and silver to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall—as if he had beaten himself precious, and menaced a similar conversion of all visitors.

Around these silent streets we can picture in our fancy Sidney Carton wandering at night-time.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering

there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong relief removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind.

Dean Street takes us into Oxford Street (Route Nine). Crossing that thoroughfare we find, almost opposite, Newman Street, where at No. 26 is the house of Mr. Turveydrop.

Bending our steps towards Newman Street . . . I found the Academy established in a sufficiently dingy house at the corner of an archway, with busts in all the staircase windows. In the same house there were also established as I gathered from the plates on the door, a drawing-master, a coal-merchant (there was certainly, no room for his coals), and a lithographic artist. On the plate which, in size and situation, took precedence of all the rest, I read MR. TURVEYDROP. . . . Mr. Turveydrop's great room . . . was built out into a mews at the back, was lighted by a skylight. It was a bare resounding room smelling of stables.

Returning to Oxford Street we turn to the right and take the second on the left, Poland Street. On the right is Great Marlborough Street; the famous police court here is the one to which Inspector Bucket conducted Esther before commencing his search for Lady Dedlock.

In the *Steam Excursion* (*Sketches by Boz*) we learn that "Mrs. Taunton's domicile [is] in Great Marlborough Street."

The other end of this street leads into Regent Street where we turn to the left. In Regent Street, in "a handsome suite of private apartments" lived Lord Frederick Verisopht, in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

We now turn left into Beak Street, and then right

into Warwick Street, where at No. 12 is a Roman Catholic church, no doubt the one in "Warwick Street, Golden Square" referred to in *Barnaby Rudge*. "The men who are loitering in the streets to-night are half-disposed to pull down a Romish Chapel or two . . . they only want leaders." Later in the same book Sim Tappertit denies to the Vardens that he was "at Warwick Street" but he proudly asserts that "he was at Westminster"!

Returning to Beak Street, we keep to the right to the corner of Upper James Street, where the Crown public-house is a successor of the one mentioned by Newman Noggs in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Beak Street having been formerly called Silver Street.

If ever you want a shelter in London (don't be angry at this, *I* once thought I never should) they know where I live, at the sign of the Crown, in Silver Street, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, with a bar-door both ways. You can come at night.

The home of the Kenwigs family where Noggs lodged, and Nickleby too, later on, was either in Silver Street, Carnaby Street, or in Broad Street; at any rate, it was close at hand. The description given is as follows:

In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated there is a bygone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered, and broken, and blackened with smoke; and, here and there, some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate

taking revenge for half a century's neglect by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath. It is quite easy to imagine that in a house in one of these streets David Copperfield, assisted by Martha, found Little Em'ly and restored her to her uncle.

I stopped an empty coach that was coming by, and we got into it. When I asked her where the coachman was to drive, she answered "Any-where near Golden Square! And quick!" . . . We alighted at one of the entrances to the square she had mentioned, where I directed the coach to wait, not knowing but that we might have some occasion for it. She laid her hand on my arm, and hurried me on to one of the sombre streets, of which there are several in that part, where the houses were once fair dwellings in the occupation of single families, but have, and had, long degenerated into poor lodgings let off in rooms. Entering at the open door of one of these, and releasing my arm, she beckoned me to follow her up the common staircase, which was like a tributary channel to the street.

Upper James Street leads into Golden Square, where Ralph Nickleby had his office and dwelling-house.

Ralph Nickleby . . . lived in a spacious house in Golden Square, which, in addition to a brass plate upon the street door, had another brass plate two sizes and a half smaller upon the left-hand door-post, surmounting a brass model of an infant's fist grasping a fragment of a skewer, and displaying the word "Office"; it was clear that Mr. Ralph Nickleby did, or pretended to do, business of some kind.

No. 7, recently demolished, is pointed out as the most likely house. It was once the house of William à Beckett, with whom Dickens was acquainted.

Of the square itself the following is an extract from the long and interesting description of it in *Nicholas Nickleby* :

Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the squares that have been ; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. . . . Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time round the head of the mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs, in the centre of the square.

Crossing Golden Square by Lower James Street we turn to the right along Brewer Street which leads us past Warwick Street into Regent Street again. Opposite is Vigo Street ; a little to the left is Swallow Street.

When Lord George Gordon rode to London from the "Maypole," we read, he went "along the Strand, up Swallow Street, into the Oxford Road and thence to his house in Welbeck Street." (See Route Nine.)

We pass into Vigo Street. The first on the left is Sackville Street, which figures in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Mr. and Mrs. Lammle's house in Sackville Street, Piccadilly, was but a temporary residence. It had done well enough, they informed their friends, for Mr. Lammle when a bachelor, but it would not do now. So they were always looking at palatial residences in the best situations, and always very nearly taking or buying one, but never quite concluding the bargain.

A little further along, opposite Savile Row, is the Albany. It is also in *Our Mutual Friend* that we read, "He lived in chambers in the Albany, did

Fledgeby, and maintained a spruce appearance." Of the district between Savile Row, Burlington Gardens and Old Bond Street, Dickens wrote a charming paper entitled *Arcadian London* in the *Uncommercial Traveller*. It is too full of references to these streets to quote here; suffice it to say he writes of the West End of London as it is in the autumn when most of the people are absent.

Being in a humour for complete solitude and uninterrupted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself is Bond Street. From this lonely spot I make pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert.

Proceeding to the right along Bond Street we are reminded that it was in "one of the thoroughfares which lie between Park Lane and Bond Street" that Nicholas Nickleby stopped at a handsome hotel for "a pint of wine and a biscuit," and in the coffee-room heard the disparaging conversation between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht concerning "little Kate Nickleby" which resulted in the fight between Nicholas and Mulberry Hawk.

Long's Hotel in Bond Street, at which Cousin Feenix, in *Dombey and Son*, used to stay, was at No. 15 New Bond Street.

George Street, out of Conduit Street, leads us to what Dickens called "the aristocratic gravity of Hanover Square." St. George's Church, which we pass, is the place for fashionable marriages, and thoughts of Sir Mulberry Hawk caused Mrs. Nickleby to think of Kate's marriage "with great splendour at St. George's, Hanover Square."

It was at the Hanover Square Rooms (on the site

of No. 4) that Dickens and his friends gave several representations of *Not So Bad as We Seem*, and where he gave his public readings later on.

In Tenterden Street is the Royal Academy of Music, which has a personal association with Dickens. As a boy of 12 he was living in Camden Town, parted from his parents who were in the Marshalsea Prison for debt. His sister Fanny was a student at the Academy, and he tells us :

Sundays, Fanny and I passed in the prison. I was at the academy in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, at nine o'clock in the morning, to fetch her ; and we walked back there together, at night.

Brook Street at the south-west of the square, leads to Grosvenor Square. It was Mrs. Skewton, in *Dombey and Son*, who had "borrowed a house in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, from a stately relative (Lord Feenix), who was out of town" and who did not mind letting her have the house for Edith's wedding to Mr. Dombey, "as the loan implied his final release and acquittance from all further loans and gifts to Mrs. Skewton and her daughter."

In an hotel in Brook Street Mr. Dorrit resided in the days of his affluence, and here the advent of the great Merdle to visit Mr. Dorrit caused great commotion in the office.

"The aristocratic gravity of Grosvenor Square," as it is called in *Nicholas Nickleby*, was exemplified in a later book, *Little Dorrit*, when it was made the place of residence of Mr. Tite Barnacle—"or very near it," as Dickens adds to emphasize the difference ; for the house was on the verge of "aristocratic gravity," being at No. 24 Mews Street, Grosvenor Square.

A hideous little street of dead wall, stables and dunghills, with lofts over coach-houses inhabited by coachmen's families, who had a passion for

drying clothes and decorating their window sills with miniature turnpike gates.

The two or three airless houses at the entrance of Mews Street (one of which was occupied by the Barnacles) were let "at enormous rents on account of their being abject hangers-on to a fashionable situation."

When Arthur Clennam visited No. 24 he found it "a squeezed house, with a ramshackle bowed front, little dingy windows and a little dark area like a damp waistcoat pocket."

Upper Brook Street leads out from Grosvenor Square into Park Lane, where we turn left to Hyde Park Corner. It was in this region—to one of the streets at the back of Park Lane, between Grosvenor Square and Piccadilly—that Mr. Meagles and Arthur Clennam came in search of Miss Wade and Tattycoram.

Mr. Meagles handed him a slip of paper, on which was written the name of one of the dull by-streets in the Grosvenor region, near Park Lane. . . .

They rode to the top of Oxford Street, and, there alighting, dived in among the great streets of melancholy stateliness, and the little streets that try to be as stately and succeed in being more melancholy, of which there is a labyrinth near Park Lane. Wildernesses of corner-houses, with barbarous old porticoes and appurtenances; horrors that came into existence under some wrong-headed person in some wrong-headed time, still demanding the blind admiration of all ensuing generations and determined to do so until they tumbled down, frowned upon the twilight. Parasite little tenements with the cramp in their whole frame, from the dwarf hall-door on the giant model of His Grace's in the Square to the squeezed window of the

boudoir commanding the dunghills in the Mews, made the evening doleful.

By turning to the left into Park Lane, Hyde Park Corner is reached.

Bill Sikes and Oliver Twist are made to pass this way en route for Chertsey, and in *Our Mutual Friend* we read of Bradley Headstone walking towards Hyde Park Corner, meditating, with Rogue Riderhood walking at his side, muttering.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE TEN

LEICESTER SQUARE TO HYDE PARK CORNER

Leicester Square (formerly Fields)

Barnaby, 56
 Miscell. : Traveller
 Bleak House, 21, 24

Leicester Place

Life

Gerrard Street

Life
 Expectations, 26

Soho

Expectations, 26
 Nickleby, 64
 No Thoroughfare
 Two Cities, II, 6, 13

Manette Street

Soho Square

No Thoroughfare
 Bleak House, 23
 Two Cities, II, 6, 13
 Miscell. P. : New Year

Carlisle Street

Barnaby, 5, 4
 Two Cities, II, 6, 13

Newman Street

Bleak House, 14, 23
 Sketches : Char., 9

Berners Street

Miscell. P. : Stopped Growing
 Sketches : Char., 9

Great Marlborough Street

Bleak House, 57
 Sketches : Steam Ex.

Regent Street

Sketches : Boarding, Dounce
 Uncommercial, 16
 Nickleby, 26, 10

Quadrant

Sketches : Dounce

Clifford Street

Uncommercial, 16

Warwick Street

Barnaby, 50, 51

Beak Street (late Silver Street)

Nickleby, 7

Golden Square

Nickleby, 2, 7, 14
 Barnaby, 50
 Copperfield, 50

Swallow Street

Barnaby, 37

Sackville Street

Mutual, I, 10

Albany, The

Mutual, II, 5 ; III, 1 ; IV, 8
 Uncommercial, 10

Savile Row

Uncommercial, 16, 10

Burlington Gardens

Uncommercial, 10, 16

Burlington Street

Uncommercial, 16

Burlington Arcade

Uncommercial, 16

Bond Street

Nickleby, 32

Uncommercial, 16

Dombey, 31, 61

Mutual, IV, 8

Sketches : Tales, 5

Long's Hotel (site of)

Dombey, 31

Read at Dusk

Hanover Square

Nickleby, 37, 21

Life

Tenterden Street

Life

Brook Street

Dombey, 30

Dorrit, II, 16

Uncommercial, 16

Grosvenor Square

Nickleby, 37

Dorrit, I, 9, 10, 27

Dombey, 30

Nickleby, 36

Barnaby, 67

Sketches : Scenes, 20

Twist, 16

Park Lane

Dorrit, I, 27

Chuzzlewit, 13

Nickleby, 32

Hyde Park Corner

Mutual, III, 11

Twist, 21

Expectations, 30

Dorrit, II, 8

ROUTE ELEVEN

PICCADILLY TO PARLIAMENT

(HYDE PARK CORNER TO WESTMINSTER AND LAMBETH)

THE western end of Piccadilly is at Hyde Park Corner. "The long rows of lamps in Piccadilly after dark are beautiful" said Henrietta in *Somebody's Luggage*; and the same remark holds good to-day. The pavement-artist in that story did not wish his loved one to go by Piccadilly, so shy was he of his work which was to be found on the "fine broad eligible piece of pavement" by the railings of the Green Park.

Piccadilly was once chosen by Mr. Micawber in one of his flights of fancy as "a very suitable place of residence—a cheerful situation for Mrs. Micawber"!

Near the corner of Dover Street on the left is the White Horse Cellar. The present building dates from 1884 only, but the old coaching inn of that name stood here before then, after it had been removed from the opposite side of the way, where it stood in Pickwick's day at the corner of Arlington Street on the site now occupied by the Ritz Hotel. Mr. Pickwick arrived too early at the White Horse Cellar and had to take shelter in the travellers' room—which Dickens informs us is "the last resort of human dejection."

The travellers' room at the White Horse Cellar is of course uncomfortable; it would be no travellers' room if it were not. It is the right-hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen

fire-place appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs, and shovel. It is divided into boxes, for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter: which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment.

Here Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller took a coach for Bath, at which time Sam made the discovery that the coach was owned by a Moses Pickwick, which was a fact, Moses Pickwick being a well-known coach proprietor of Bath.

When Esther Summerson arrived in London, the coach had the White Horse Cellar as its destination. Here she was met by Mr. Guppy, "a young gentleman who had inked himself by accident," and conducted to Kenge & Carboy's in Lincoln's Inn. Later, Mr. Guppy in his declaration before Esther, said, "Cruel Miss, hear but another word. I think you must have seen that I was struck with those charms on the day when I waited at the Whytorseller. I think you must have remarked that I could not forbear a tribute to those charms when I put up the steps of the 'ackney coach."

Further along is Devonshire House, where Dickens acted before Queen Victoria in 1851 in Lytton's comedy "Not So Bad as We Seem"—the prelude to some "splendid strolling" by Dickens and his friends for the noble cause of charity.

Bond Street and the neighbourhood on our left is dealt with in Route Ten.

The Piccadilly Hotel stands on the site of the St. James's Hall where Dickens gave his last reading in March, 1870.

We cross Piccadilly here and turn back towards Hyde Park. At St. James's Church, Alfred Lammle was married to Sophronia, as so delightfully described in *Our Mutual Friend*.

A little further on, at No. 193, is the site of the publishing office once occupied by Chapman & Hall, which saw the issuing of all Dickens's books from 1859. The next turning but one is St. James's Street; some chambers at the corner here were the scene of one of the *Two Ghost Stories*; at No. 50 St. James's Street was the famous club Crockford's, mentioned in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Ryder Street on the left leads into Duke Street, the abode of Twemlow, in *Our Mutual Friend*.

There was an innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went upon easy castors and was kept over a livery stable yard in Duke Street, Saint James's, when not in use, to whom the Veneerings were a source of blind confusion. The name of this article was Twemlow. Being first cousin to Lord Snigsworth, he was in frequent requisition, and at many houses might be said to represent the dining-table in its normal state.

Near Pall Mall "in a first floor over a tailor's" were the West End offices of The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company," and, in Pall Mall itself, Tigg Montague lived in a house the lower storey of which "was occupied by a wealthy tradesman, but Mr. Montague had all the upper portion, and a splendid lodging it was."

In Chapter 28 of *Martin Chuzzlewit* there is an interesting account of how Mr. Bailey Junior drove Tigg Montague's cab,

tempting boys, with friendly words, to get up behind, and immediately afterwards cutting them down; and the like flashes of a cheerful humour, which he would occasionally relieve by going round St. James's Square at a hard gallop, and coming slowly into Pall Mall by another entry, as if, in the interval, his pace had been a perfect crawl.

It was not until these amusements had been

very often repeated, and the apple-stall at the corner had sustained so many miraculous escapes as to appear impregnable, that Mr. Bailey was summoned to the door of a certain house in Pall Mall, and, turning short, obeyed the call and jumped out.

In Pall Mall, too, Chops the dwarf, when "going into Society," had his lodgings, and "blazed away" the lottery fortune.

At the corner of Waterloo Place is the Athenæum Club, to which Dickens was elected in 1838. The lobby is memorable as the scene of the reconciliation between Dickens and Thackeray a few days before the latter's death. Meeting by accident after a period of strained relationship in the lobby, "the unrestrained impulse of both was to hold out the hand of forgiveness and fellowship."

Down the steps at Waterloo Place leads us to St. James's Park, where Mark Tapley arranged for an interview between young Martin Chuzzlewit and Mary Graham; the Park was also the scene of a long conversation between Clennam, Meagles and Daniel Doyce, the latter having been lately met at the Circumlocution Office in Whitehall.

In dealing with the ultimate fate of Sally Brass in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Dickens says it was "darkly whispered that she had enlisted as a private . . . and had been seen in uniform, and on duty, to wit, leaning on her musket and looking out of a sentry box in St. James's Park."

Keeping to the left we leave the Park by the Horse Guards, viewing as we pass, like Mr. Dick and Peggotty, the soldiers there. In the conclusion of *Barnaby Rudge* we are told that Sim Tappertit, "on two wooden legs, shorn of his graceful limbs," was by the locksmith's aid "established in business as a shoeblack and opened a shop under an archway near the Horse Guards."

We now turn right along Whitehall, passing on the left the old Palace of Whitehall itself, which caused Mr. Jingle to remark, "Looking at Whitehall, sir—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off there—eh, sir?" referring of course to the execution of King Charles.

At Whitehall, John Rokesmith read the placard posted there as to himself having been "found dead and mutilated in the river under circumstances of strong suspicion." Whitehall is so full of Government Offices that we may take any one of them as being the Circumlocution Office to which Arthur Clennam went so often to interview the various members of the Tite Barnacle family.

The Circumlocution Office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important Department under Government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie and in the smallest public tart. . . . Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Scotland Yard on the left is altogether changed from the time when Dickens described it in *Sketches by Boz*.

Scotland Yard is a small—a very small—tract of land, bounded on one side by the River Thames, on the other by the gardens of Northumberland House: abutting at one end on the bottom of Northumberland Street, at the other on the back of Whitehall Place. When this territory was first accidentally discovered by a country gentleman who lost his way in the Strand, some years ago, the original settlers were found to be a tailor, a publican, two eating-house keepers, and a

fruit-pie maker ; and it was also found to contain a race of strong and bulky men, who repaired to the wharfs in Scotland Yard regularly every morning, about five or six o'clock, to fill heavy waggons with coal, with which they proceeded to distant places up the country, and supplied the inhabitants with fuel. When they had emptied their waggons, they again returned for a fresh supply ; and this trade was continued throughout the year.

At the corner of Derby Street is the Red Lion—rebuilt in 1899—associated with Dickens as a boy. He tells us how one evening in walking to the Borough via Westminster Bridge he “went into a public-house in Parliament Street, which is still there, though altered, at the corner of the short street leading to Cannon Row and ordered a glass of ale, “the *very best* . . . with a good head to it.”

They asked me a good many questions, as to what my name was, how old I was, where I lived, how I was employed, etc., etc. To all of which, that I might commit nobody, I invented appropriate answers. They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the strongest on the premises ; and the landlord's wife . . . bending down, gave me a kiss.

This story has its counterpart in *David Copperfield*, when he asked for the glass of the “Genuine Stunning.”

At the end of Parliament Street we reach the Houses of Parliament, to the right of which is Westminster Hall.

In the preface to the *Pickwick Papers*, Dickens tells us how, when his first literary effusion “appeared in all the glory of print” . . .

I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not

bear the street and were not fit to be seen there.

It was here that a dramatic scene in *Barnaby Rudge* was enacted, when Mr. Haredale, after an angry meeting there with Sir John Chester and Gashford, chided Lord George Gordon for "addressing an ignorant and exciting throng . . . in such injurious language," inciting them to riot and rebellion. Later, Lord George Gordon was tried here for high treason and found not guilty; but his fate was to die in a Newgate cell some years later at the early age of forty-three.

In a building to the north of the old Hall the Law Courts were held until 1883, when the new buildings in Fleet Street were opened (Route Thirteen), and here the final scenes of the *cause célèbre* *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* were enacted. The opening scenes in *Bleak House* dealing with this case were, of course, at Lincoln's Inn Hall (Route One), where the Lord Chancellor sat out of term time. In the same book we read that during the long vacation, when "the public offices lie in a hot sleep, Westminster Hall itself is a shady solitude where nightingales might sing, and a tenderer class of suitors than is usually found there walk."

Behind Westminster Hall rise the Houses of Parliament—but not the buildings of *Barnaby Rudge* time, where Lord George Gordon presented his famous No-Popery Petition. The present buildings were erected 1840-1857 after the old Parliament House was burnt down in 1834. Dickens entered the House as a reporter in 1831 and left it in 1836. Frequent references to the House of Commons and its Members are made in Dickens's books, particularly in the *Miscellaneous Papers*.

Westminster Abbey enshrines the body of Charles Dickens, and we cannot do better than to quote here a part of the concluding portion of John Forster's *Life of Dickens*.

The *Times* took the lead in suggesting that the only fit resting-place for the remains of a man so dear to England was the Abbey in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid.

The public homage of a burial in the Abbey had to be reconciled with his own instructions to be privately buried without previous announcement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. He would himself have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall, or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be closed; and the desire of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester to lay him in their Cathedral had been entertained, when the Dean of Westminster's request, and the considerate kindness of his generous assurance that there should be only such ceremonial as would strictly obey all injunctions of privacy, made it a grateful duty to accept that offer. The spot already had been chosen by the Dean; and before midday on the following morning, Tuesday, the 14th of June, with knowledge of those only who took part in the burial, all was done. The solemnity had not lost by the simplicity. Nothing so grand or so touching could have accompanied it as the stillness and the silence of the vast cathedral. Then, later in the day and all the following day, came unbidden mourners in such crowds that the Dean had to request permission to keep open the grave until Thursday; but after it was closed they did not cease to come, and "all day long," Doctor Stanley wrote on the 17th, "there was a constant pressure to the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes." He alluded to this in the impressive funeral discourse delivered by him in the Abbey on the morning of Sunday,

the 19th, pointing to the fresh flowers that then had been newly thrown (as they still are thrown, in this fourth year after his death), and saying that "the spot would thenceforward be a sacred one with both the New World and the Old, as that of the representative of the literature, not of this island only, but of all who speak our English tongue." The stone placed upon it is inscribed :

CHARLES DICKENS.

BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH, 1812.

DIED JUNE THE NINTH, 1870.

Facing the grave, on its left and right, are the monuments of CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, and DRYDEN, the three immortals who did most to create and settle the language to which CHARLES DICKENS has given another undying name.

It is only natural that a great national monument like Westminster Abbey should find more than one mention in Dickens's works. A somewhat prophetic reference is made in *Little Dorrit* :

Time shall show us. The post of honour and the post of shame . . . a peer's statue in Westminster Abbey, and a seaman's hammock in the bosom of the deep . . . only Time shall show us whither each traveller is bound.

In *Our Mutual Friend* we read that in reference to Miss Abbey Potterson who kept the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters at Limehouse :

Some waterside heads . . . harboured muddled notions that, because of her dignity and firmness, she was named after, or in some way related to, the Abbey at Westminster.

In *Great Expectations*, Pip and Herbert went to church at Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon walked in the Parks, when Pip wondered who shod all the horses, and wished Joe did !

When David Copperfield and Peggotty followed Martha from Blackfriars to Millbank in the hope of getting news of Little Em'ly we read :

We were now down in Westminster. We had turned back to follow her, having encountered her coming towards us ; and Westminster Abbey was the point at which she passed from the lights and noise of the leading streets.

They passed Old Palace Yard—but the Exchequer Coffee House there, at which Mr. Julius Handford was staying, according to the information he gave Mr. Inspector in *Our Mutual Friend*, was a myth—like his own name—for there is no trace of any such place. They continued along “ the narrow water-side street by Millbank ” ; Grosvenor Road is entirely different to-day from what it was then, and the Tate Gallery now occupies the site of the old Millbank Prison.

There was, and is when I write, at the end of that low-lying street, a dilapidated little wooden building, probably an obsolete old ferry-house. Its position is just at that point where the street ceases and the road begins to lie between a row of houses and the river. As soon as she came here, and saw the water, she stopped as if she had come to her destination ; and presently went slowly along by the brink of the river, looking intently at it.

. . . The neighbourhood was a dreary one at that time ; as oppressive, sad, and solitary by night as any about London. There were neither wharves nor houses on the melancholy waste of road near the great blank prison. A sluggish ditch deposited its mud at the prison walls. Coarse grass and rank weeds straggled over all the marshy land in the vicinity. In one part, carcasses of houses, inauspiciously begun and never finished, rotted away.

At Vauxhall, reached by crossing the bridge just beyond the Tate Gallery, Mr. Haredale took lodgings "in which to pass the day and rest himself; and from this place, when the tide served, he usually came to London Bridge from Westminster by water, in order that he might avoid the busy streets."

Henrietta and the Pavement Artist, already referred to in the commencement of this Route, used to walk on Vauxhall Bridge (the old one—not the present structure) and enjoy the cool breezes. On one occasion :

After several slow turns, Henrietta gaped frequently (so inseparable from woman is the love of excitement), and said, "Let's go home by Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and Waterloo"—localities, I may state for the information of the stranger and the foreigner, well known in London, and the last a bridge.

Bradley Headstone after meeting Lizzie Hexam at the house of the Dolls' Dressmaker—to which we refer later—crossed Vauxhall Bridge for South London, he "giving her his hand at parting and she thanking him for his care of her brother."

Vauxhall Station across the Bridge is opposite the site of Vauxhall Gardens; one of the *Sketches by Boz* is an account of these Gardens by day—"a thing hardly to be thought of!" Vauxhall by daylight he likens to "a porter pot without porter, the House of Commons without the Speaker, a gas lamp without the gas"! Yet what an amusing account Dickens makes of it!

Retracing our steps past the Tate Gallery and past Lambeth Bridge, we reach on the left at No. 48 Millbank, Dean Stanley Street, formerly known as Church Street, Smith Square. Here the Dolls' Dressmaker lived with her drunken father, her "bad boy."

Bradley Headstone and Charley Hexam duly

got to the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, and crossed the bridge, and made along the Middlesex shore towards Millbank. In this region are a certain little street, called Church Street, and a certain little blind square, called Smith Square, in the centre of which last retreat is a very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air. They found a tree near by in a corner, and a blacksmith's forge, and a timber yard, and a dealer's in old iron.

After making the round of this place, and noting that there was a deadly kind of repose on it, more as though it had taken laudanum than fallen into a natural rest, they stopped at the point where the street and the square joined, and where there were some little quiet houses in a row. To these Charley Hexam finally led the way, and at one of these stopped.

Of the "hideous church," Jenny Wren told her visitors, "There's doors under the church in the square—black doors, leading into black vaults. Well, I'd open one of these doors and I'd cram 'em all in, and then I'd lock the door, and through the keyhole I'd blow in pepper."

Reaching Westminster Abbey once again, we turn to the right to cross Westminster Bridge. On the Embankment opposite is Westminster Station on the Underground, occupying the site of Manchester Buildings fully described in *Nicholas Nickleby* where Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., lived, to whom Nicholas applied for a situation.

The present Westminster Bridge was built in 1862. It replaced the older bridge which had existed for over a century, from which Barnaby and his mother saw the first rising of the Gordon Riots as "they sat down in one of the recesses of the bridge to rest"

Here Barnaby was spoken to by Lord George Gordon and enlisted in the cause, passing over the bridge, along the Bridge Road and so to St. George's Fields. (Route Eight.)

Later, when Barnaby and Hugh were rowing down the river under the bridge :

They plainly heard the people cheering ; and, supposing they might have forced the soldiers to retreat, lay upon their oars for a few minutes, uncertain whether to return or not. But the crowd passing along Westminster Bridge soon assured them that the populace were dispersing.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE ELEVEN

HYDE PARK CORNER TO WESTMINSTER

Grosvenor Place

Somebody's Luggage
Nickleby, 21

Buckingham Palace

Life
Somebody's Luggage

Green Park

Somebody's Luggage

Serpentine

Sketches : Dancing

Piccadilly

Nickleby, 64
Mutual, I, 10
Dr. Marigold
Copperfield, 28
Barnaby, 67
Somebody's Luggage

White Horse Cellar (site)

Bleak House, 9
Pickwick, 35

Devonshire House

Life

St. James's Hall (site)

Life

St. James's Church

Mutual, I, 10

St. James's Street

Ghost Stories
Hard Times, III, 3

Crockford's (site at No. 50)

Nickleby, 2

Duke Street

Mutual, I, 2

King Street

Bleak House, 56

Almack's (Willis's Rooms)

Bleak House, 56

Pall Mall

Going into Society
Golden Mary
Dombey, 58
Mutual, II, 3
Bleak House, 15
Uncommercial, 16
Mutual, III, 10
Chuzzlewit, 27, 28

St. James's Square

Chuzzlewit, 27
Mutual, I, 2
Barnaby, 70

Athenaeum Club

Life
Nickleby, 50

Waterloo Place

Sketches : Early Coaches

Haymarket

Bleak House, 14, 21
Sketches : Scenes, 17
Uncommercial, 10, 13

Opera Colonnade (site of)

Nickleby, 2
Bleak House, 14

Duke of York's Column

Sketches : 1st May

St. James's Park

Dorrit, I, 10
 Chuzzlewit, 14
 Sketches: Dancing
 Nickleby, 41
 Curiosity, 73

Serpentine, The

Sketches: Dancing

Horse Guards

Chuzzlewit, 14
 Copperfield, 35
 Rudge, 82
 Nickleby, 37, 41

Whitehall

Pickwick, 2
 Mutual, II, 13
 Reprinted, Patent

Circumlocution Office

Dorrit, I, 10
 Uncommercial, 8

Whitehall Place

Sketches: Scotland Yard

Scotland Yard

Sketches: Scotland Yard
 Life

Red Lion, Parliament Street

Life
 Copperfield, 11

Parliament Street

Barnaby, 44

Westminster Hall

Life
 Pickwick, Pref.
 Reprinted, Ghost Stories
 Barnaby, 43
 Mutual II, 4
 Bleak House, 65, 19

Houses of Parliament

Barnaby, 43, 49, 51
 Chuzzlewit, 1
 Pickwick, 55

Uncommercial, 13, 26
 Miscell. P.: various

Westminster Abbey

Copperfield, 35, 47
 Expectations, 22
 Uncommercial, 13
 Mutual, I, 6
 Dorrit, I, 15
 Life

Palace Yard

Barnaby, 43
 Mutual, I, 3
 Uncommercial, 13
 Sketches: Scenes, 18

Millbank

Barnaby, 82
 Sketches: Scenes, 17
 Copperfield, 46
 Mutual, II, 1

Vauxhall

Barnaby, 41

Vauxhall Bridge

Luggage
 Mutual, II, 1
 Sketches: Scenes, 10

Vauxhall Gardens (site)

Two Cities, II, 12
 Sketches: Vauxhall

Church Street, Smith Square

Mutual, II, 1

St. John's Church

Mutual II, 1

Manchester Buildings (site)

Nickleby, 16
 Sketches: Parliament

Westminster Bridge

Uncommercial, 13, 36
 Barnaby, 47, 48, 49
 Copperfield, 40
 Nickleby, 52
 Dorrit, II, 5
 Mutual, II, 1

ROUTE TWELVE

WESTWARD

(HYDE PARK CORNER TO TWICKENHAM)

DICKENS'S London is not confined to any one particular quarter of the metropolis ; it is, however a pity that the Western outskirts have not the same interest attaching to them as the Eastern, Northern or Southern. His *Uncommercial Traveller* papers rarely dealt with the West beyond Bond Street, and there were no boyhood memories here such as drew him North and South.

This route deals with all the remaining Western London links with Dickens. They are by no means unimportant although scattered, and most of them can easily be visited by a ride on one of the motor omnibuses going in the direction of the river at Richmond.

One or two personal associations exist in the district ; Dickens lived in Selwood Terrace, Chelsea, prior to his marriage, and was married at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. In later years he spent a few months at Twickenham and also at Petersham and wrote of this portion of the river in *Little Dorrit*.

The western road through Hammersmith was known to Oliver Twist, to David Copperfield and to Arthur Clennam, all of whom came this way with varying purposes ; but the associations of the districts are, generally speaking, not so important as those in other parts of London.

Our starting place is Hyde Park Corner, which is

dealt with in Route Ten. Our way lies down Grosvenor Place, then to the right along Halkin Street into what Dickens describes in *Nicholas Nickleby* as "the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square." In an article in *Reprinted Pieces*, entitled *Out of Town*, Dickens tells how in Belgrave Square he met "the last man—an ostler—sitting on a post in a ragged red waistcoat, eating straw and mildewing away."

Lady Tippins, "that charmer," in *Our Mutual Friend*,

dwells over a staymaker's in the Belgravian Borders, with a life-size model in the window on the ground floor of a distinguished beauty in a blue petticoat, stay-lace in hand, looking over her shoulder at the town in innocent surprise As well she may, to find herself dressing under the circumstances.

Crossing the square and leaving it by West Halkin Street we arrive in Cadogan Place, where "Miss Nickleby and her mama went off in quest of Mrs. Wititterly, of Cadogan Place, Sloane Street."

Cadogan Place is the one slight bond that joins two great extremes; it is the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea. It is in Sloane Street, but not of it. The people in Cadogan Place look down upon Sloane Street, and think Brompton low. They affect fashion too, and wonder where the New Road is. Not that they claim to be on precisely the same footing as the high folks of Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Place, but that they stand, with reference to them, rather in the light of those illegitimate children of the great who are content to boast of their connections, although their connections disavow them. Wearing as much as they can of the airs and semblances of loftiest

rank, the people of Cadogan Place have the realities of middle station.

Turning to the left along Cadogan Place and to the right at the bottom we reach Sloane Street, referred to above. Turning to the left we cross Sloane Square, pass down Lower Sloane Street and so into the Chelsea Bridge Road. Pimlico Road runs off to the left, and it was here, opposite the Barracks, that the Chelsea Bun House stood. In *Barnaby Rudge* we read that the Royal East London Volunteers, of which Gabriel Varden was a sergeant, having displayed their military prowess to the utmost in these warlike shows, they marched in glittering order to the Chelsea Bun House, and regaled in the adjacent taverns until dark.

In *Bleak House* Mr. Bucket informs us of his intended visit to an aunt "that lives at Chelsea—next door but two to the old original Bun House." The Chelsea Bun House was demolished in 1839.

Between the Barracks and Chelsea Hospital, now incorporated with the Hospital grounds, were Ranelagh Gardens. In *A Tale of Two Cities* "Mr. Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; that failing, to Ranelagh."

Passing along Chelsea Bridge Road with the Hospital on our right we soon reach the river at Chelsea Reach, to the right of Chelsea Bridge. We keep to the right along the Embankment.

Quite a number of characters in Dickens lived at Chelsea. Mr. Vincent Crummles was actually born there, and consequently was "not a Prussian." Mr. Bayham Badger in *Bleak House* "had a good practice at Chelsea"; Miss Sophia Wackles, beloved of Dick Swiveller, resided at Chelsea, and maintained there "a very small day-school for young ladies of proportionate dimensions."

In *Reprinted Pieces*, Chelsea is mentioned more

than once as the home of some of the characters, and in *Our Mutual Friend* Silas Wegg drops into poetry :

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry.

Oars and coat and badge farewell !

Nevermore at Chelsea Ferry

Shall your Thomas take a spell.

In *Pickwick* we find Sam Weller likening Job Trotter to a Chelsea Water Works.

Just before reaching Albert Bridge, Flood Street turns to the right and leads us into King's Road, where we turn to the left and take the second on the right, Sydney Street, where on the right is situated St. Luke's Church, Chelsea ; here Charles Dickens married Catharine Hogarth on April 2nd, 1836.

By turning to the left at the end of Sydney Street we reach the Fulham Road. Here the fourth turning on the right is Selwood Terrace. At No. 11, Dickens stayed for a time prior to his marriage, to be near the home of his future wife.

We continue along the Fulham Road through Walham Green and so to the river again at Putney Bridge. This way came Arthur Clennam to visit Mr. Meagles who " had a cottage residence of his own " at Twickenham :

He went by Fulham and Putney, for the pleasure of strolling over the Heath. It was bright and shining there ; and, when he found himself so far on his road to Twickenham, he found himself a long way on his road to a number of airier and less substantial destinations. They had risen before him fast in the healthful exercise and the pleasant road. It is not easy to walk along in the country without musing upon something.

In *Dombey and Son* we are introduced to

Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles, very good

people, who resided in a pretty villa at Fulham, on the banks of the Thames; which was one of the most desirable residences in the world when a rowing-match happened to be going past, but had its little inconveniences at other times, among which may be enumerated the occasional appearance of the river in the drawing-room, and the contemporaneous disappearance of the lawn and shubbery.

Crossing the Bridge we are in Putney, where Dora went to live after the death of her father, and of which David Copperfield writes :

How I found time to haunt Putney I am sure I don't know; but I contrived, by some means or other, to prow! about the neighbourhood pretty often.

When Traddles accompanied him to the house where Dora was living with her aunts, he tells us :

On our approaching the house where the Misses Spenlow lived, I was at such a discount in respect of my personal looks and presence of mind that Traddles proposed a gentle stimulant in the form of a glass of ale. This having been administered at a neighbouring public-house, he conducted me, with tottering steps, to the Misses Spenlow's door.

At Hammersmith lived the Pocket family, in *Great Expectations*: the family that Dickens describes as "not growing up or being brought up, but tumbling up."

Whether or not Hammersmith was noted for schools in Dickens's day, we do not know, but his view of life encountered many there. Mrs. Nickleby tells Kate how "your dear papa's cousin's sister-in-law, a Miss Browndock, was taken into partnership by a lady that kept a school at Hammersmith and made her fortune in no time at all."

Clara Barley, in *Great Expectations*, was met by

Herbert Pocket "when she was completing her education at an establishment at Hammersmith; in *Miscellaneous Papers (Gone to the Dogs)*, we read of a "Miss Maggigg's boarding establishment at Hammersmith," and in *Sketches by Boz*, under the title *Sentiment*, is a long account of Minerva House, Hammersmith, a "finishing establishment for young ladies, where some twenty girls of the ages of from thirteen to nineteen acquired a smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing."

At Turnham Green we are told in *A Tale of Two Cities* the Lord Mayor of London had been made to "stand and deliver . . . by one highwayman who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue."

Through Chiswick came Oliver Twist and Bill Sikes on the way to the burglary at Chertsey. "Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew Bridge and Brentford were all passed," we are told, "and yet they went on as steadily as if they had only just begun their journey."

Crossing Kew Bridge we reach Kew, and so to Richmond. The river makes a big sweep here to our right, through Brentford. In *Great Expectations* we read that "Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house (over nigh Brentford it was), and Compeyson kept a careful account agin him for board and lodging."

Also, in *Our Mutual Friend*, we are told that

The abode of Mrs. Betty Higden was not easy to find, lying in such complicated back settlements of muddy Brentford that they left their equipage at the sign of the Three Magpies and went in search of it on foot.

The Three Magpies is identified with the Three Pigeons at Brentford.

We follow the road to Richmond, with Kew Gardens, and later Richmond Park, on our right,

and eventually join the river again at Richmond Bridge. Richmond is a place of Pickwickian association, for in the concluding chapter of the book we read :

Mr. Tupman, when his friends married, and Mr. Pickwick settled, took lodgings at Richmond, where he has ever since resided. He walks constantly on the Terrace during the summer months, with a youthful and jaunty air which has rendered him the admiration of the numerous elderly ladies of single condition who reside in the vicinity.

In *Great Expectations* we are again introduced to this Royal Borough.

"I'm going to Richmond," Estella told me. "Our lesson is that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles. . . . I am going to live at a great expense with a lady there who has the power—or says she has—of taking me about, and introducing me." . . .

We came to Richmond all too soon and our destination there was a house by the Green ; a staid old house, where hoops and powder and patches . . . had had their court days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and stiff skirts.

Instead of crossing the River by the Bridge we keep up Hill Rise for Richmond Hill ; the famous Terrace is on our right. At the top is a hospital on the site of the Star & Garter, the famous hotel where Dickens celebrated the completion of *David Copperfield*. Thackeray and Tennyson were of the party.

Continuing forward we arrive at Petersham. At Elm Cottage (now called Elm Lodge), Petersham, Dickens lived during the summer of 1839. In a

letter written at Petersham at the time he referred to this place as

those remote and distant parts, with the chain of mountain formed by Richmond Hill presenting an almost insurmountable barrier between me and the busy world.

He had previously stayed at Petersham for a time in 1836 whilst writing the *Village Coquettes*, as shown by a letter to the composer, John Hullah, from Petersham, suggesting that Hullah should pay him a visit there.

River Lane will take us to the River and we can turn left along the towing path. Ham House lies to the left.

In the account of the duel in *Nicholas Nickleby* between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht we read :

“What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham by the river side ? ”

The Captain saw no objection.

“Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there ? ”

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted. . . . and at length turned to the right, and, taking a track across a little meadow, passed Ham House, and came into some fields beyond.

We are now on the road to Twickenham, whence came Clennam to visit Mr. Meagles and Pet at the cottage there.

It was a charming place (none the worse for being a little eccentric) on the road by the river, and just what the residence of the Meagles family ought to be. It stood in a garden . . . and it was defended by a goodly show of handsome trees and spreading evergreens. . . . Within view was the peaceful river and the ferry boat. . . . Before breakfast in the morning Arthur

walked out to look about him. As the morning was fine and he had an hour on his hands he crossed the river by the ferry and strolled along a footpath through some meadows.

Eel Pie Island lies a little beyond the ferry. It was one of the resorts of Dickens, and in *Nicholas Nickleby* he sends one of the Kenwigs family upon an excursion there "to make merry upon a collation, bottled beer, shrub and shrimps, and to dance in the open air."

At 4 Ailsa Park Villas, Twickenham, Dickens stayed for a time in 1838. The house is in the Isleworth Road near St. Margaret's Station

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE TWELVE

HYDE PARK CORNER TO TWICKENHAM

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Belgrave Square
Reprinted, Out of Town
Nickleby, 21</p> <p>Belgravia
Miscell. P. : Conventions
Mutual, II, 3</p> <p>Brompton
Nickleby, 21</p> <p>Cadogan Place
Nickleby, 21</p> <p>Sloane Street
Nickleby, 21</p> <p>Chelsea Bun House (site)
Barnaby, 42
Bleak House, 53</p> <p>Ranelagh Gardens (site)
Two Cities, II, 12</p> <p>Chelsea Reach
Expectations, 36</p> <p>Chelsea
Bleak House, 13, 53
Barnaby, 53, 16, 42
Curiosity, 8
Nickleby, 48, 21
Uncommercial, 27
Pickwick, 23
Reprinted, Patent
Detective
Mutual, I, 15+ *</p> <p>Battersea
Haunted Man
Reprinted, Down-tide</p> <p>St. Luke's Church
Life</p> <p>11 Selwood Terrace
Here Dickens lodged in 1836</p> <p>Fulham
Dorrit, I, 16
Dombey, 24</p> <p>Putney
Copperfield, 38, 41
Dorrit, I, 16
Clock, III</p> | <p>Hammersmith
Expectations, 21, 22, 46
Nickleby, 17
Sketches: Sentiment, Scenes, 6
Uncommercial, 10
Twist, 21
Miscell. P. : Gone to the Dogs</p> <p>Turnham Green
Two Cities, I, 1</p> <p>Chiswick
Mutual, I, 6
Twist, 21</p> <p>Kew Bridge
Twist, 21</p> <p>Kew
Expectations, 30</p> <p>Brentford
Expectations, 42
Mutual, 16
Twist, 21
Uncommercial, 10</p> <p>Richmond
Mutual, IV, 1
Expectations, 33
Sketches: River; Monmouth
Pickwick, 57</p> <p>Richmond Green
Expectations, 33</p> <p>Star and Garter (site of)
Life</p> <p>Petersham
Life
Nickleby, 50</p> <p>Twickenham
Nickleby, 50, 52
Life
Dorrit, I, 16</p> <p>Ham House
Nickleby, 50</p> <p>Twickenham Ferry
Dorrit, I, 17</p> <p>Eel Pie Island
Nickleby, 52
Life</p> |
|--|--|

ROUTE THIRTEEN

DOWN THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET

(TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO ST. PAUL'S)

NOWHERE in the streets of London is the ebb and flow of the tide of Dickens's life better mirrored than in the illustrious highway called the Strand; it reflects the novelist as "a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature," going to view the lion over the gateway of Northumberland House (*Gone Astray*); it reflects him, but a few years later, walking disconsolately to Warren's Blacking Factory, near Hungerford Bridge, and to the shop at the corner of Chandos Street and Bedford Street, to tie up the pots of blacking in company with Bob Fagin, "near the second window as you come from Bedford Street"; it reflects him, still in those days, making his dinner off "a stout hale pudding, heavy and flabby, with great raisins in it, stuck in whole at great distances apart," which "came up hot at about noon every day," at "a good shop . . . in the Strand, somewhere near where the Lowther Arcade is now . . . and many and many a day did I dine off it"; it reflects him as the young reporter, at the age of twenty-two, going to the office of "The Morning Chronicle" at No. 332 (now demolished); it reflects him walking into Fleet Street with his first literary contribution to the old "Monthly Magazine," which, "when it appeared in all the glory of print," he purchased from a shop in the Strand, and walked

with it to Westminster Hall, his eyes dimmed with joy and pride ; it reflects many of the night walks of an "Uncommercial Traveller" in the heyday of his fame, from the offices of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round," in Wellington Street ; and, finally and imperishably, it reflects a whole host of the children of his fancy who passed along the ancient highway in the pages of his books.

Many were the creations of his fancy that passed along the Strand he knew so well. "We walked down the Strand a Sunday or two ago," he writes in *Sketches by Boz*, "behind a little group, and they furnished food for our amusement the whole way."

David Copperfield passed along, at many stages of his history, notably on the day of his party, when, "observing a hard mottled substance in the window of a ham and beef shop, which resembled marble, but was labelled Mock Turtle, I went in and bought a slab of it," and towards the close of the story, when he walked along the Strand, through Temple Bar, following the clue of Martha, to be picked up at Blackfriars, and to end so happily at Millbank.

Ralph Nickleby "made the best of his way to the Strand" to visit Miss La Creevy, "and stopped at a private door about half-way down the crowded thoroughfare. A miniature-painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street door."

In far different frame of mind, Mr. Haredale "walked along the Strand" after the burning of the Warren by the rioters, "too proud to expose himself to another refusal, and of too generous a spirit to involve in distress or ruin any honest tradesman who might be weak enough to give him shelter."

Bradley Headstone, with Rogue Riderhood at his side, also "walked along the Strand" on an eventful occasion, the former meditating, the latter muttering. And in *Little Dorrit* we read of Arthur

Clennam "passing at nightfall along the Strand, and the lamplighter going on before him."

Young Martin Chuzzlewit, after finding a lodging for Mark and himself, "in a court in the Strand not far from Temple Bar . . . passed more Golden Balls than all the jugglers in Europe have juggled with, in the course of their united performances, before he could determine in favour of any particular shop where those symbols were displayed." That this was in the Strand there is but little doubt.

Then, too, we must not forget that graphic scene in *A Tale of Two Cities* after the crowd at Temple Bar had mobbed the hearse of the spy :

The remodelled procession started, with a chimney sweep driving the hearse . . . and with a pieman . . . driving the mourning coach. A bear leader . . . was impressed as an additional ornament, before the cavalcade had gone far down the Strand ; and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an undertaking air to that part of the procession.

Finally, we remember Dick Swiveller's ambition to join the tide of life that swept along the Strand once received a serious check : "There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now," he declared. "And I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. . . . In about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way."

So much for those who were more or less merely passers-by along the Strand ; other interests are attached to the highway and its vicinity. At the western extremity is Trafalgar Square, on the east of which stands St. Martin's Church ; here on the steps David Copperfield had that memorable meeting with Mr. Peggotty on the latter's return from his search for little Em'ly.

My shortest way home was through Saint

Martin's Lane. Now the Church which gives its name to the lane stood in a less free situation at that time, there being no open space before it and the lane winding down to the Strand. As I passed the steps of the portico . . . there was the stooping figure of a man . . . Mr. Peggotty.

The district was not unknown to young David, for, in a court at the back of the church, was a famous pudding shop, where the pudding "was made of currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear, twopenny-worth not being larger than a penny-worth of more ordinary pudding," and in St. Martin's Lane adjacent stood the coffee shop, also visited alike by young C.D. and young D.C., with the glass inscription on the door, to read which backward on the wrong side, "moor-eeffoC," always gave a shock through his blood.

Near by is the Golden Cross Hotel fronting Charing Cross Station. In Pickwickian days it stood on the spot where Nelson's monument now stands. It was rebuilt on its present site in 1831-2, but it was to the old hotel Dickens referred in *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*.

From the older hostelry the Pickwickians started off for Rochester by coach, but the present hotel has an archway in the rear leading to the stables, which calls to mind the one that caused Jingle to cry "Heads, heads, take care of your heads!"

It was to the back entrance of the hotel that David took Peggotty after the meeting on the Church Steps:

In those days there was a side entrance to the stable yard of the Golden Cross . . . nearly opposite to where we stood. I pointed out the gateway . . . and we went across.

David was already acquainted with this hostelry, for on his first visit to London as a young man he stayed at

the Golden Cross at Charing Cross, then a mouldy sort of establishment in a close neighbourhood . . . my small bedchamber smelt like a hackney coach and was shut up like a family vault.

Steerforth fortunately came to his rescue, and he secured a better room in the front, where "the early morning coaches rumbling out of the archway underneath" made him "dream of thunder and the gods."

Next morning he describes himself "peeping out of window at King Charles on horseback, surrounded by a maze of hackney coaches and looking anything but regal in the drizzling rain and a dark brown fog."

Another account of the Golden Cross is given in the chapter on Early Coaches in *Sketches by Boz*.

Mr. Haredale, during the Gordon Riots, was refused refreshment at "an hotel near Charing Cross," but no name is given to it; and, at Charing Cross also, Eugene Wrayburn witnessed the "ridiculous and feeble spectacle" of Jenny Wren's bad boy trying to cross the road.

The Grand Hotel occupies the site of Northumberland House, referred to on page 196, to which Dickens also humorously alludes in *Horatio Sparkins*; "Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had equal chance of going off."

Proceeding eastward, Craven Street on the right reminds us that at an hotel here Mr. Brownlow had the interview with Rose Maylie that resulted in the recovery of Oliver Twist, and that, at the bottom, on the site now occupied by the Railway Station, formerly stood Hungerford Market, and the Blacking Warehouse, where Dickens worked as a boy.

The blacking warehouse was the last house on the left-hand side of the way at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house,

abutting of course on the river, and literally overrun with rats. . . . The counting-house was on the first floor looking over the coal barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste blacking first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper, to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all round until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop.

It was in this neighbourhood that Mr. Peggotty lodged in the intervals of his travels abroad, to find his niece "over a chandler's shop only two streets away from Buckingham Street," where the meals were flavoured by "a miscellaneous taste of tea, coffee, butter, bacon, cheese, new loaves, firewood, candles and walnut ketchup continually ascending from the shop."

Mr. Dick occupied Mr. Peggotty's lodging on the occasion when Mrs. Crupp had informed him "that there wasn't room to swing a cat there"; but as Mr. Dick justly observed . . . "you know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore what does that signify to me?"

There was a low wooden colonnade before the door (not very unlike that before the house where the little man and woman used to live in the old weather-glass) which pleased Mr. Dick mightily.

From Hungerford Stairs the Micawbers set off by boat to Gravesend, *en route* for Australia. They had lodgings meanwhile "in a little dirty tumble-down public-house which in those days was close to the stairs and whose protruding wooden rooms overhung the river." Their room we are told was "one of the wooden chambers upstairs, with the tide flowing underneath." This was no doubt the

White Swan that existed close to the Blacking Warehouse and figures in *David Copperfield*.

When I dined regularly and handsomely, I had a saveloy and a penny loaf, or a fourpenny plate of red beef from a cook's shop ; or a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of beer from a miserable old public-house opposite our place of business, called the Lion, or the Lion and something else, that I have forgotten.

In Buckingham Street—at the last house on the left (demolished a few years ago)—lived young David with Mrs. Crupp ; here, too, Dickens himself had lodgings in about 1834.

Further along, on the left, is Bedford Street ; here at the corner of Chandos Street the Civil Service Stores occupy the site of the shop already mentioned in which the young Dickens so dexterously covered the tops of the blacking pots. We cross the road to Durham House Street, leading to the Adelphi Arches referred to below. The next turning takes us to the Adelphi Hotel, where Mrs. Edson stayed prior to her taking lodgings at Mrs. Lirriper's ; but its greater claim to fame is that as Osborne's Hotel, Adelphi, it figures in the closing scenes of *Pickwick Papers*.

Further on is Adelphi Terrace where the same Mrs. Edson "went straight down to the terrace and along it, and looked over the iron rail. . . . The desertion of the wharf below, and the flowing of the high water there, seemed to settle her purpose . . . and among the dark and dismal arches she went in a wild way. . . . We were on the wharf and she stopped" ; fortunately to be saved by good Mrs. Lirriper, who exclaimed, "Well I never thought nobody ever got here except me to order my coal, and the Major to smoke his cigar."

Dickens as a boy was fond of these dark arches of the Adelphi. They are partly closed now ; but the

view from "the terrace which overhangs the river," whither Arthur Clennam in *Little Dorrit* followed Tattycoram and Rigaud, and where they were met by Miss Wade, is a very interesting one, as below here was the coal wharf and the old Fox-under-the-Hill public-house referred to in *David Copperfield*.

I was fond of wandering about the Adelphi, because it was a mysterious place with those dark arches. I see myself emerging one evening from some of these arches, on a little public-house close to the river, with an open space before it, where some coal-heavers were dancing : to look at whom I sat down on a bench.

On the opposite side of the Strand, Southampton Street leads into Covent Garden Market, a district replete with Dickensian interests which is dealt with in Route Five.

Further on, we are reminded that Miss La Creevy must have had her house hereabouts, from which point she could watch the clerics going to Exeter Hall, on the site of which the Strand Palace Hotel now stands.

Dickens, like Mr. Watkins Tottle, had a "small parlour in Cecil Street, Strand," but this street has been covered by the hotel which bears its name. This was in 1833, and he gave warning—so he wrote to his friend Kolle—because they "put too much water in the hashes, lost the nutmeg grater and attended on me most miserably."

The office of *Household Words* stood in Wellington Street, opposite the Lyceum Theatre, but the building was pulled down when Aldwych was constructed. At Number 26 (formerly 11) Wellington Street, was the office of *All The Year Round*. The building still stands, but houses an entirely different business. Here Dickens furnished bachelor chambers in his later years.

Waterloo Bridge leads off from the opposite side

of the Strand. It was originally called the Strand Bridge. In the arches below, Sam Weller had experience of the "Twopenny rope."

Somerset House has a family interest, as Dickens's father was a clerk here, together with Thomas Barrow, whose sister he married in 1809, and who became the mother of the novelist. The marriage took place at St. Mary-le-Strand Church, almost opposite.

Mr. Minns, of Dickens's first story, *Mr. Minns and His Cousin*, was also a clerk at Somerset House.

A little beyond Somerset House is Strand Lane, where the Roman Bath visited by David Copperfield is to be found.

There was an old Roman bath in those days at the bottom of one of the streets out of the Strand—it may be there still—in which I have had many a cold plunge.

Norfolk Street—entirely rebuilt—once sheltered Major Jackman at *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*.

The Major it was who said, when taking the parlours, that there was "no smell of coal sacks," which drew forth from Mrs. Lirriper the scathing remark that she thought he was "referring to Arundel, or Surrey, or Howard, but not to Norfolk," indicating by that the streets adjacent.

Mrs. Lirriper was married at St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand close by.

At the corner of Arundel Street is Kelly's, on the site of the shop of Chapman & Hall, where Dickens purchased the magazine containing his first effort at fiction.

He thus records it in the preface to *Pickwick*, in telling how the book came to be written :

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had

never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—a paper in the “Sketches,” called *Mr. Minns and His Cousin* . . . appeared.

In Essex Street, Pip found for his uncle, Mr. Provis, *alias* Magwitch, “a respectable lodging-house, the back of which looked into the Temple” and was almost within hail of his own chamber in Garden Court (see Route One).

The “Griffin”—where Temple Bar once stood—marks the end of the Strand and the entrance to the City.

What a fund of romance was lost to London town when Temple Bar was taken from us. Posterity had to bow its head to the exigencies of time, and a great Dickens landmark disappeared.

As Temple Bar stands to-day at the entrance to Theobald’s Park, Middlesex, it is meaningless to us. No longer is it the gateway to the magic city of the giants, through which Dickens pictured himself passing when he “got lost one day in the City of London” and resolved to “try about the city for any opening of a Whittington nature.” When he came to it, he tells us, in *Gone Astray*, it took him half an hour to stare at it, and he left it unfinished even then. “It seemed,” he said, “a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility.”

In the opening chapter of *Bleak House*, Temple Bar is not treated with quite so much respect, for we find it referred to as “that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation,” and, again, in the same book, on the hottest day in the long vacation, it says, “Temple Bar gets so hot that it is, to the adjacent Strand and Fleet Street, what a heater is in an urn, and keeps them simmering all night.”

The Prentice Knights of *Barnaby Rudge* "took an oath not on any account . . . to damage or in any way disfigure Temple Bar, which was strictly constitutional, and always to be approached with reserve."

Temple Bar was "headless and forlorn in these degenerate days" when Mr. Dorrit passed under it—also, like us, on the way to the City—and on a like mission David Copperfield and Dan'l Peggotty "came through Temple Bar into the city," whilst Tom Pinch actually had the temerity to stop inside Temple Bar itself to laugh heartily over the "beef-steak pudding made with flour and eggs, until John Westlock and his sister fairly ran away from him and left him to have his laugh out by himself."

With all these thoughts crowding upon us, let us imagine we pass through Temple Bar into the City by way of Fleet Street. Immediately on our right, No. 1 Fleet Street marks the site of the older premises which Dickens called Tellsons Bank in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Tellsons Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place. . . . It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious . . . the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat you fell into Tellsons down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows. . . . In the musty back closet . . . Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and everything under the clouds were a sum.

Outside the bank, Jerry Cruncher was wont to sit

on the "wooden stool made out of a broken backed chair cut down," a character "as well known to Fleet Street and the Temple as the Bar itself—and almost as ill-looking."

What a crowd of characters did Dickens cause to pass along Fleet Street! First Mr. Pickwick on his way to the Fleet when

the hackney-coach jolted along Fleet Street, as hackney-coaches usually do. The horses "went better," the driver said, when they had anything before them (they must have gone at a most extraordinary pace when there was nothing), and so the vehicle kept behind a cart; when the cart stopped, it stopped; and, when the cart went on again, it did the same. Mr. Pickwick sat opposite the tipstaff; and the tipstaff sat with his hat between his knees, whistling a tune, and looking out of the coach window.

Then Mr. Stryver, "projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement to the jostlement of all the weaker people." Then Mr. Boffin, "jogging along Fleet Street . . . when he became aware that he was closely tracked and observed by a man of genteel appearance," who was, of course, John Rokesmith. Then little David Copperfield himself, who, when he had no money, "used to look at a venison shop in Fleet Street."

In later years David took his old nurse Peggotty "to see some perspiring waxwork in Fleet Street (melted I should hope these twenty years)." Probably these were Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork at No. 17, once the palace of Prince Henry.

The funeral cortege of the spy, as described in *A Tale of Two Cities*, found "an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet Street westward," and a similar concourse eastward is described in *Pickwick* when Sam Weller got himself put into the Fleet to keep

his master company. "Some little commotion was occasioned in Fleet Street by the pleasantries of the eight gentlemen in the flank who persevered in walking four abreast."

Maypole Hugh crossed the road hereabouts to ply the knocker of Middle Temple Gate, and opposite the Inner Temple Gate, a little further on, Bradley Headstone rested, "baffled, exasperated and weary" after the gate had closed on Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood.

The Temple is dealt with in Route One.

Chancery Lane, on the left, is one of the main arteries of Legal Land, and is also dealt with in Route One.

Just beyond is Clifford's Inn, where the "tenant of a top set—bad character—shut himself up in his bedroom closet, and took a dose of arsenic," to be found by his successor some months later, as narrated at the "Magpie and Stump" in *Pickwick*.

Tip Dorrit found "a stool and twelve shillings a week . . . in the office of an attorney . . . in Clifford's Inn," and here "languished for six months." Clifford's Inn is also referred to in *Bleak House* by Trooper George as being the office of Melchisedeck, the legal agent of old Smallweed; and, in the archway, Rokesmith made his secretarial proposals to Mr. Boffin.

Would you object to turn aside into this place—

I think it is called Clifford's Inn—where we can hear one another better than in the roaring street?

. . Mr. Boffin glanced into the mouldy little plantation, or cat preserve, of Clifford's Inn, as it was that day. . . . Sparrows were there, cats were there, dry rot and wet rot were there, but it was not otherwise a suggestive spot.

The fact that the Dickens Fellowship has its offices in its precincts adds a further Dickensian association to the old Inn.

Next to Clifford's Inn is St. Dunstan's Church. The old church, with its clock and two giants—as seen by Maypole Hugh, and David Copperfield, and also by young Charles in *Gone Astry*—was pulled down in 1830. This, too, was the church of *The Chimes*.

High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town . . . dwelt the chimes I tell of. They were old chimes, trust me ; centuries ago these bells had been baptised by bishops.

Outside the church was the beat of Toby (or Trotty) Veck, the messenger, and here he used to trot up and down taking consolation from the bells.

On the opposite side of the street is Serjeants' Inn, mentioned in connection with Mr. Pickwick's journey to the Fleet Prison. Although the front is new, many of the old buildings are to be seen by passing through the gate-way.

At No. 166 Fleet Street is Johnson's Court, where were the offices of the old "Monthly Magazine" that published Dickens's first contribution to literature, the MS. of which he dropped "stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street."

The "Daily News" office further along, on the right, reminds us that it was Dickens who started the paper in 1846. The present offices in Bouverie Street are adorned with a head of Dickens carved in the stonework.

At No. 146 on the left is Wine Office Court, in which is that famous tavern, the Cheshire Cheese. Although never mentioned by name, so famous an inn, with its associations with Dr. Johnson, must have been well known to Dickens, and it is thought probable that he had the Cheshire Cheese in mind when Sydney Carton induced Charles Darnay to dine

with him, after the latter's acquittal at the Old Bailey of the charge of high treason.

Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine in. . . . Drawing his arm through his own he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so up a covered way into a tavern. Here they were shown a little room.

In Whitefrairs Street opposite is Hanging Sword Alley where Jerry Cruncher lived with his better half, addicted to "Flopping."

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savoury neighbourhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one.

Mr. George, in *Bleak House*, paid particular attention to this curiously named alley in walking from his shooting gallery near Leicester Square to the Bagnets at Blackfriars through "the cloisterly Temple and by Whitefriars (though not without a glance at Hanging Sword Alley, which would seem to be something in his way)."

Fleet Street ends at Ludgate Circus ; to the right is Blackfrairs (see Route Seven). To the left runs Farringdon Street, formerly Fleet Market, on the right of which, where Memorial Hall now stands, was once the Fleet Prison, memorable from its associations with *Pickwick*.

Mr. Pickwick alighted at the gate of the Fleet.

The tipstaff, looking over his shoulder to see that his charge was following close at his heels, preceded Mr. Pickwick into the prison ; turning to the left, after they had entered, they passed through an open door into a lobby from which a heavy gate—opposite to that by which they had entered, and which was guarded by a stout turnkey with the key in his hand—led at once into the interior of the prison. . . .

They passed through the inner gate, and des-

cended a short flight of steps. The key was turned after them ; and Mr. Pickwick found himself, for the first time in his life, within the walls of a debtors' prison.

Just under the railway arch in Ludgate Hill on the left is La Belle Sauvage Yard where stood the famous coaching inn which Tony Weller made his headquarters : further on, at No. 42, was the London Coffee House, where Arthur Clennan sat on the Sunday of his arrival in London, watching the people sheltering from the rain in the "public passage opposite, and listening to the bells ringing 'Come to church, come to church. . . . They *won't* come, they *won't* come.' " The house still exists little altered in appearance structurally.

In the distance St. Paul's looms large as it appeared to so many of Dickens's people. "There be Paul's Church. Ecod, he be a soizable 'un, he be." Thus John Browdie to his wife on their wedding trip. "Ralph Nickleby . . . as he passed St. Paul's, stepped aside into a door-way to set his watch, with his hand on the key and his eye on the Cathedral dial."

In *Master Humphrey's Clock* we have a long account of a visit made to the clock turret ; and David Copperfield "varied the legal character of settling Peggotty's affairs by going to the top of St. Paul's" : not that it afforded that good creature much pleasure, for "from her long attachment to her work-box it became a rival of the picture on the lid, and was in some particulars vanquished, she considered, by that work of art."

In St. Paul's Churchyard, David's aunt was accosted by her husband, much to the surprise of David ; and Eugene Wrayburn tracked the school-master watching them in this neighbourhood.

Dean's Court on the right leads to where what Mr Boffin called "Doctor Scommons" used to stand. Doctors' Commons is described by Steerforth as "a lazy

old nook near Saint Paul's Churchyard . . . a little out-of-the-way place . . . that has an ancient monopoly in suits about people's wills and people's marriages."

Here David worked for the proctors, Spenlow & Jorkins. Here, too, in earlier years had come Jingle for his marriage licence. At the White Hart in the Borough he had enquired of Sam Weller :

"Do you know—what's-a-name—Doctors' Commons ? "

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it ? "

"Paul's Churchyard, sir ; low archway on the carriage side, bookseller's at one corner, hotel on the other, and two porters in the middle as touts for licences. . . . Two coves in white aprons—touches their hats wen you walk in—'Licence, sir, licence ? ' Queer sort, them, and their mas's too, sir—Old Baily Proctors—and no mistake."

"What do they do ? " enquired the gentleman.

"Do ! *You*, sir ! That a'nt the wost on it, neither. They puts things into old gen'lm'n's heads as they never dreamed of."

This prompted Sam Weller to tell the amusing tale of his father's adventures with the touts who used to infest the neighbourhood.

In "an upstairs room . . . of a certain coffee-house which in those days had a door opening into the Commons, just within the little archway in St. Paul's Churchyard," David Copperfield had that momentous interview with Mr. Spenlow and Miss Murdstone, as narrated in Chapter 38.

An interesting association with this district is that Dickens rented an office at No. 5 Bell Yard, off Carter Lane, in 1831, whilst a reporter for one of the offices in the Commons. How near we were to losing Dickens as a novelist, at this period, is told in a letter he wrote to Forster some years later :

"I wrote to Bartley, who was stage-manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and told him how

young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do ; and that I believed I had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others. This was at the time when I was at Doctors' Commons as a shorthand writer for the proctors. And I recollect I wrote the letter from a little office I had there, where the answer came also. There must have been something in my letter that struck the authorities, for Bartley wrote to me almost immediately to say that they were busy getting up the ' Hunchback ' (so they were), but that they would communicate with me again in a fortnight. Punctual to the time another letter came, with an appointment to do anything of Mathews I pleased before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up when the day came with a terrible bad cold and inflammation of the face, the beginning, by the by, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject to this day. I wrote to say so, and added that I would resume my 'application next season. I made a great splash in the gallery soon afterwards ; the Chronicle opened to me ; I had a distinction in the little world of the newspaper, which made one like it ; began to write ; didn't want money ; had never thought of the stage but as the means of getting it ; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way, and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I ? See how near I may have been to another sort of life."

At No. 29 Knightrider Street is the Horn Tavern on the site of the Horn Coffee House, to which Mr. Pickwick sent a messenger from the Fleet Prison, for a bottle or two (or "bottle or six") of wine to celebrate Mr. Winkle's visit.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE THIRTEEN

TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO ST. PAUL'S

Trafalgar Square

St. Martin's Church

Barnaby, 44
Copperfield, 40 11
Sketches : Coaches
Uncommercial, 13

St. Martin's Court

Curiosity, 1

Golden Cross Hotel

Sketches : Coaches
Pickwick, 2
Copperfield, 19, 40

Charing Cross

Nickleby, 2, 41
Mrs. Lirriper
Barnaby, 66
Sketches : Shabby Genteel
Mutual, III, 10
Pickwick, 2
Copperfield, 19

Northumberland House (site)

Sketches : Sparkins, Scotland
Yard
Gone Astray

Craven Street

Twist, 41

Hungerford Market (site)

Life
Copperfield, 11, 32, 46, 35

Hungerford Stairs (site)

Copperfield, 57
Life

Buckingham Street

Copperfield, 23
Here Dickens lodged in 1843

Strand

Copperfield, 11, 24
Curiosity, 8
Nickleby, 3, 5
Barnaby, 66
Mutual, III, 11
Dorrit, II, 9
Sketches : Thoughts
Chuzzlewit 13, 48
Two Cities, II, 14
Life

Adelphi Arches

Copperfield, 11, 23
Life
Pickwick, 42

Adelphi Hotel (late Osborne's)

Pickwick, 54
Lirriper

Adelphi Terrace

Uncommercial, 14
Lirriper
Dorrit, II, 9

Chandos Street

Life

Bedford Street

Life

Cecil Street (site of)

Here Dickens lodged in 1833
Sketches : Tottle

Adelphi Theatre

Pickwick, 31
Life

Exeter Hall (site of)

Nickleby, 5

THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET 215

Miss La Creevy's House

Nickleby, 3

Lyceum Theatre

Reprinted, Bill-sticking

Wellington Street

Life

Reprinted, Detective P.

Waterloo Bridge (formerly Strand Bridge)

Reprinted, Down-tide

Life

Bleak House, 21

Uncommercial, 13

Sketches : Drunkards

Pickwick, 16

Somerset House

Life

Sketches : Minns

St. Mary-le-Strand Church

Life

Uncommercial, 14

Strand Lane

Sketches : Excursions

Copperfield, 35

Roman Bath, Strand Lane

Copperfield, 35

Surrey Street

Lirriper

Norfolk Street

Lirriper

Howard Street

Lirriper

Arundel Street

Lirriper

Strand, No. 186

Life

St. Clement Danes

Lirriper

Somebody's Luggage

Clement's Inn (site of)

Uncommercial, 14

Lyon's Inn (site of)

Uncommercial, 14

Boswell Court (site of)

Sketches

Essex Street

Expectations, 40

Temple Bar (site of)

Gone Astray

Copperfield, 46

Barnaby, 8

Chuzzlewit, 45

Mutual III, 2 ; IV, 10

Bleak House, I, 19

Clock, I

Two Cities, I, 12 ; II, 12, 24

Dorrit, II, 17

The Temple

(See Route 1)

Tellsons Bank (site)

Two Cities, II, 12, 24

Fleet Street

Two Cities, II, 12, 14

Holly Tree

Expectations, 45

Barnaby, 67, 15

Mutual, I, 8

Sketches : Tottle

Pickwick, 43, 40

Copperfield, 11, 23, 33

Rainbow Tavern (site), No. 15

Sketches : Dounce

Mrs. Salmon's Waxworks No. 17

Copperfield, 33

Bell Yard

Bleak House, 15, 14

Chancery Lane

(See Route 1)

Clifford's Inn

Pickwick, 21

Dorrit, I, 7

Bleak House, 34

Mutual, I, 8

St. Dunstan's Church

Barnaby, 40

- Copperfield, 23
 Two Cities, II, 12
 Chimes
 Gone Astray
 Clock
- Serjeants' Inn**
 Pickwick, 40, 43
 Bleak House, 19
- Johnson's Court**
 Life
- Bouverie Street**
 (Daily News Office)
 Life
- Whitefriars**
 Two Cities, II, 1
 Mutual, I, 12
 Bleak House, 27
 Sketches : Tales, 12
- Hanging Sword Alley**
 Two Cities, II, 1
 Bleak House, 27
- Shoe Lane**
 Sketches : Omnibuses
- Wine Office Court**
 Two Cities, II, 4
- Bridewell (site of)**
 Barnaby, 82, 66, 49
 Twist, 6
- Fleet (site of)**
 Pickwick, 40, 43
 Barnaby, 8, 67
 Bleak House, 24
 Nickleby, 55
- Fleet Market (now Farringdon Street)**
 Pickwick, 40, 41
 Miscell. P. : Sleep Startle
 Barnaby, 8, 67, 59, 40
- Lud Gate (site)**
 Clock
- Ludgate Hill**
 Copperfield, 23
- Dorrit, I, 3
 Nickleby, 38
 Two Cities, II, 1
- La Belle Sauvage**
 Pickwick, 10
- Old Bailey**
 (See Route 2)
- London Coffee House**
 Dorrit, I, 3
- St. Paul's Cathedral**
 Nickleby, 3, 39
 Two Cities, II, 6
 Sketches : Shops
 Barnaby, 67
 Clock
 Dombey, 48
 Copperfield, 33
 Twist, 18
 Bleak House, 30
 Chuzzlewit, 38
 Uncommercial, 34
 Mutual, III, 1
 Dorrit, I, 3
 Expectations, 20
- St. Paul's Churchyard**
 Mutual, III, 10 ; I, 8
 Reprinted : Bill-sticking
 Barnaby, 37
 Carol, 1
 Copperfield, 23
 Dorrit, II, 34 ; I, 3
- Doctors' Commons**
 Dorrit, II, 34
 Sketches : Doctors' C.
 Pickwick, 10, 44
 Mutual, I, 8
 Life
 Clock
 Copperfield, 23, 38
 No Thoroughfare
- Horn Coffee House**
 Pickwick, 44
- Bell Yard, Carter Lane**
 Life

ROUTE FOURTEEN

A CITY ROUNDABOUT

(BANK TO THE TOWER AND RETURN)

APPROPRIATELY enough, Dickens, in the guise of an Uncommercial Traveller, paid frequent visits to the one square mile centring in the Bank and known as the City. The account of one such ramble he prefaces as follows :

When I think I deserve particularly well of myself, and have earned the right to enjoy a little treat, I stroll from Covent Garden into the City of London, after business hours there, on a Saturday, or—better yet—on a Sunday, and roam about its deserted nooks and corners. It is necessary to the full enjoyment of these journeys that they should be made in summer time, for then the retired spots that I love to haunt are at their idlest and dullest. A gentle fall of rain is not objectionable, and a warm mist sets off my favourite retreats to decided advantage.

With the Bank, Royal Exchange and Mansion House we have already dealt in Route Two ; some other City landmarks are mentioned in Routes Three and Seven ; the remainder are linked up in the present route.

By the side of the Royal Exchange runs Cornhill, where Bob Cratchit "went down a slide . . . in honour of its being Christmas Eve." Another visitor to Cornhill was Nadgett the mysterious, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, who was "first seen every morning coming

down Cornhill, so exactly like the Nadgett of the day before as to occasion a popular belief that he never went to bed or took his clothes off." The same character, we are told, used to sit at Garraway's, where "he would be occasionally seen drying a very damp pocket-handkerchief before the fire." Garraway's, a famous City coffee-house, stood until 1874 in Change Alley, the third turning to the right in Cornhill. It was from Garraway's that Mr. Pickwick indited his famous "Chops and Tomata Sauce" epistle to Mrs. Bardell.

The Poor Relation used to tell the assembled family that he went into the City every day—he didn't know why—and sat in Garraway's Coffee House. Mr. Flintwinch was also a regular visitor there, as well as to the Jerusalem Coffee House in Cowper Court, the next turning to Change Alley.

In *The City of The Absent (Uncommercial Traveller)* he asks: "Where are all the people who on busy working-days pervade these scenes?"

And here is Garraway's, bolted and shuttered hard and fast! It is possible to imagine the man who cuts the sandwiches, on his back in a hay-field; it is possible to imagine his desk, like the desk of a clerk at church, without him; but imagination is unable to pursue the men who wait at Garraway's all the week for the men who never come. When they are forcibly put out of Garraway's on Saturday night—which they must be, for they never would go out of their own accord—where do they vanish until Monday morning? On the first Sunday that I ever strayed here, I expected to find them hovering about these lanes, like restless ghosts, and trying to peep into Garraway's through chinks in the shutters, if not endeavouring to turn the lock of the door with false keys, picks and screw-drivers. But the wonder is

that they go clean away ! And, now I think of it, the wonder is that every working-day pervader of these scenes goes clean away. The man who sells the dogs' collars and the little toy coal-scuttles feels under as great an obligation to go afar off as Glyn & Co., or Smith, Payne & Smith. There is an old monastery-crypt under Garraway's (I have been in it among the port wine), and perhaps Garraway's, taking pity on the mouldy men who wait in its public room all their lives, gives them cool house-room down there over Sundays ; but the catacombs of Paris would not be large enough to hold the rest of the missing.

Opposite Change Alley is the Royal Exchange (Route Two). The present building, which was not built in the *Pickwick* era, swallowed up in its front the yard formerly known as Freeman's Court, Cornhill, referred to in *Pickwick* as the place where Dodson & Fogg had their offices

in the ground-floor front of a dingy house, at the very furthest end of Freeman's Court, Cornhill . . . the clerks catching as favourable glimpses of Heaven's light and Heaven's sun, in the course of their daily labours, as a man might hope to do were he placed at the bottom of a reasonably deep well ; and without the opportunity of perceiving the stars in the daytime, which the latter secluded situation affords.

Prior to 1838 when the Royal Exchange was burned down Freeman's Court was the first court in Cornhill past the Royal Exchange just before reaching Finch Lane. It must not be confused (as is sometimes the case) with the present Newman's Court in Cornhill, or Freeman's Court in Cheapside.

At No. 68 Cornhill is Sun Court.

Mr. Jackson, of the house of Dodson & Fogg, Freeman's Court, Cornhill, instead of returning to the office . . . bent his steps direct to Sun

Court, and, walking straight into the George and Vulture, demanded to know whether one Mr. Pickwick was within.

This is a curious topographical error of Dickens, as the "George and Vulture" is in George Yard, Lombard Street, which could be approached from Cornhill by St. Michael's Alley at No. 42 Cornhill but not by Sun Court, which is on the opposite side of the road.

At the end of Cornhill we reach the junction of Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street. Here used to stand a conduit known as the Standard and referred to in *Barnaby Rudge*.

To the left is Bishopsgate, where Brogley, the broker, of *Dombey and Son*, "kept a shop where every description of second-hand furniture was exhibited in the most uncomfortable aspect." The Flower Pot Inn was once in Bishopsgate Street, and from here we are told that Mr. Minns took coach to his cousin at Poplar Walk.

The London Tavern was formerly in Bishopsgate Street. Here the first annual dinner of the General Theatrical Fund took place in 1846, with Dickens in the chair. Here too, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, we hear of the Public Meeting of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.

A little further on, at about the junction of Threadneedle Street with Bishopsgate Street, undoubtedly stood City Square, in which was the office of Cheeryble Brothers.

Into the city they journeyed accordingly. . . . The old gentleman got out, with great alacrity, when they reached the Bank, and, once more taking Nicholas by the arm, hurried him along Threadneedle Street, and through some lanes and passages on the right, until they, at length, emerged in a quiet shady little square. Into the

oldest and cleanest-looking house of business in the square he led the way.

The square is described as "a sufficiently desirable nook in the heart of a busy town like London."

The City Square has no enclosure, save the lamp-post in the middle; and has no grass but the weeds which spring up round its base. It is a quiet, little-frequented, retired spot, favourable to melancholy and contemplation, and appointments of long waiting. . . . It is so quiet that you can almost hear the ticking of your own watch when you stop to cool in its refreshing atmosphere. There is a distant hum—of coaches, not of insects—but no other sound disturbs the stillness of the square. The ticket porter leans idly against the post at the corner, comfortably warm, but not hot, although the day is broiling.

Returning to Cornhill—on the right almost at the corner of Gracechurch Street is St. Peter's Church, the one figuring in *Our Mutual Friend*, where Bradley Headstone had his fateful interview with Lizzie Hexam.

The schoolmaster and the pupil emerged upon the Leadenhall Street region, spying eastward for Lizzie. . . . "Don't let us take the great leading streets where everyone walks and we can't hear ourselves speak. Here's a large paved court by this church, and quiet too. Let us go up here." . . . The court brought them to a churchyard; a paved square court, with a raised bank of earth about breast high in the middle, enclosed by iron rails.

It was the coping-stone of this enclosure that Headstone dislodged in his passionate appeal to Lizzie for her hand.

There is a court beside the church, as described above, and following this round we find ourselves in Gracechurch Street. Crossing the road and bear-

ing to the right we find on the left Bull's Head Passage where the "Green Dragon" is supposed to have been the original of the Blue Boar, Leadenhall Market. Here Sam Weller wrote the famous valentine :

Sam Weller walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board, on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house.

It was to Leadenhall Market that Captain Cuttle came, on taking charge of Sol Gills' premises in Leadenhall Street, to make arrangements with a private watchman there "to come and put up and take down the shutters of the Wooden Midshipman every night and morning," and the household duties of the little establishment were in the hands of "the daughter of the elderly lady who usually sat under the blue umbrella in Leadenhall Market."

Tim Linkinwater boasted that he could buy "new-laid eggs in Leadenhall Market any morning before breakfast" and accordingly "pooh pooh-ed" the idea of life in the country having any advantages over the City.

We always imagine that Mr. Dombey's offices were in Leadenhall Street. Curiously enough Dickens is very vague in his description of the exact locality.

The offices of Dombey & Son were within the liberties of the City of London and within the hearing of Bow Bells . . . Gog and Magog held their state within ten minutes' walk ; the Royal Exchange was close at hand ; the Bank of England, with its vaults of gold and silver "down among the dead men" underground,

was their magnificent neighbour. Just round the corner stood the rich East India House, teeming with suggestions of precious stuffs and stones, tigers, elephants, howhahs, hookahs, umbrellas, palm trees, palanquins, and gorgeous princes of a brown complexion sitting on carpets, with their slippers very much turned up at the toes.

A later chapter tells us that the offices were in a court where there was an old-established stall of choice fruit at the corner ; where perambulating merchants, of both sexes, offered for sale, at any time between the hours of ten and five, slippers, pocket-books, sponges, dogs' collars, and Windsor soap.

India House stood on the right of Leadenhall Street, on the site now occupied by East India Avenue.

At No. 157 Leadenhall Street was the original shop of Sol Gills referred to below, then occupied by Messrs. Norie & Wilson, who have since removed to 156 Minories, where the effigy of the " Little Wooden Midshipman " may still be seen carefully preserved inside the shop. (See Route Fifteen.)

Anywhere in the immediate vicinity there might be seen . . . little timber midshipmen in obsolete naval uniforms, eternally employed outside the shop doors of nautical instrument makers in taking observations of the hackney coaches. . . . One of these effigies—of that which might be called, familiarly, the woodenest . . . thrust itself out above the pavement, right leg foremost, with a suavity the least endurable, and had the shoe buckles and flapped waistcoat the least reconcilable to human reason, and bore at its right eye the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery.

In the *Uncommercial Traveller* Dickens tells us how he walked from Covent Garden past the India

House, and past "my little wooden midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance' sake."

Almost opposite Lime Street is St. Mary Axe, but it would be quite impossible to-day to identify the "yellow, overhanging, plaster-fronted house" which was the office of Pubsey & Co., in *Our Mutual Friend*, presided over by Riah, the Jew. In the pretty roof garden on this house Lizzie Hexam and Jenny Wren loved to sit and talk.

A turning on the right leads to Bevis Marks where Dick Swiveller was clerk to Sampson Brass.

The atmosphere of Mr. Brass's office was of a close and earthy kind and besides being frequently impregnated with strong whiffs of the second-hand wearing apparel exposed for sale in Duke's Place and Houndsditch had a decided flavour of rats and mice and a taint of mouldiness.

In a letter to Forster in 1840 Dickens speaks of a visit paid to Bevis Marks:

I intended calling on you this morning on my way back from Bevis Marks whither I went to look at a house for Sampson Brass. But I got mingled up in a kind of social hash with the Jews of Houndsditch, and roamed about among them till I came out in Moorfields quite unexpectedly.

The Red Lion in Bevis Marks is generally considered to be the hostelry referred to by Dick Swiveller when he stated, "There is mild porter in the immediate vicinity."

The street continues as Duke Street and leads into Aldgate (see Route Fifteen), where we turn to the right into Fenchurch Street.

A few turnings down on the left—after noting Mark Lane to which we refer later—is Mincing Lane.

Bella Wilfer . . . arrived in the drug-flavoured region of Mincing Lane, with the sensation of

having just opened a drawer in a chemist's shop. The counting-house of Chicksey, Veneering & Stobbles . . . was a wall-eyed ground-floor by a dark gateway, and Bella was considering, as she approached it, could there be any precedent in the City for her going in and asking for R. Wilfer, when whom should she see, sitting at one of the windows with the plate-glass sash raised, but R. Wilfer himself, preparing to take a slight refectation. On approaching nearer, Bella discerned that the refectation had the appearance of a small cottage-loaf and a pennyworth of milk. Simultaneously with this discovery on her part, her father discovered her, and invoked the echoes of Mincing Lane to exclaim "My gracious me!"

The fourth house on the left—next to Dunster Court—has been identified as being, in all probability, the office in question.

At the end of Mincing Lane is Great Tower Street. Here we turn to the left. The narrow streets on the right lead into Lower Thames Street and the river side. Hereabouts was undoubtedly the Cripple Corner of *No Thoroughfare*.

In the court-yard in the City of London, which was No Thoroughfare either for vehicles or foot-passengers, a court-yard diverging from a steep, a slippery and a winding street connecting Tower Street with the Middlesex shore of the Thames, stood the place of business of Wilding & Co., Wine Merchants. Probably as a jocose acknowledgment of the obstructive character of this main approach, the point nearest to its base at which one could take the river (if so inodorously minded) bore the appellation Break Neck Stairs. The court-yard itself had likewise been descriptively entitled in old time Cripple Corner Mark Lane is on the left. The district is referred to in Chapter 9 of *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

Rot and mildew and dead citizens formed the uppermost scent, while, infused into it in a dreamy way not at all displeasing, was the staple character of the neighbourhood. In the churches about Mark Lane, for example, there was a dry whiff of wheat ; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was often a subtle flavour of wine, sometimes of tea. One church near Mincing Lane smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little further down towards the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the " Rake's Progress " where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse. Passing Mark Lane and Seething Lane we reach Hart Street. On the left of Hart Street is the Church of Saint Olave, which Dickens describes as St. Ghastly Grim.

One of my best-beloved churchyards I call the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim ; touching what men in general call it, I have no information. It lies at the heart of the City. It is a small, small churchyard, with a ferocious strong spiked iron gate, like a gaol. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than the life, wrought in stone ; but it likewise came into the mind of Saint Ghastly Grim that to stick iron spikes a-top of the stone skulls, as though they were impaled, would be a pleasant device. Therefore the skulls grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears. Hence,

there is attraction of repulsion for me in Saint Ghastly Grim, and, having often contemplated it in the daylight and the dark, I once felt drawn towards it in a thunder-storm at midnight.

Crutched Friars and Coopers' Row lead us by Trinity House on to Tower Hill. It was at "the garden up by the Trinity House on Tower Hill" that the chariot of Bella Wilfer halted, while Pa bought himself "the most beautiful suit of clothes, the most beautiful hat, and the most beautiful pair of bright boots" for the purpose of their "innocent elopement" to Greenwich.

On Tower Hill, Quilp resided, "and, in her bower on Tower Hill, Mrs. Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord when he quitted her on business." No. 2 Tower Hill, recently demolished, is said to have been the house in question. At the corner of Minories, No. 1 Tower Hill, formerly stood "The Crooked Billet" mentioned in *Barnaby Rudge* as the headquarters of the recruiting sergeant from whom Joe Willet took the King's Shilling. A recruiting office used to stand in King Street opposite.

In the Tower of London "in a dreary room whose thick stone walls shut out the hum of life, and made a stillness which the records left by former prisoners with those silent witnesses seemed to deepen and intensify, remorseful for every act that had been done by every man among the cruel crowd," Lord George Gordon was imprisoned, as described in *Barnaby Rudge*.

David Copperfield tells us that as a boy he used to meet "the orfling" on London Bridge, there to tell her "some astonishing fictions respecting the wharves and the Tower, of which I can say no more than that I hope I believed them myself." And in the same book, when up in London with his aunt, we hear of him varying "the legal character of these proceedings by going to see . . . the Tower of London."

Leaving Tower Hill and bearing to the left by the Tower Moat we turn to the right by the docks and wharves along Lower Thames Street, known in Dickens's day simply as Thames Street. The vintner, whose account Joe Willet had to settle on his visit to London, had his place of business "down some deep cellars hard by Thames Street." And it may have been to the same vintner's that Simon Tappertit was going with the "complicated piece of ironmongery" which was "going to be fitted on a ware-us door in Thames Street" when he stopped in the Temple to speak with Sir John Chester, who requested him to remove the offending oily smelling lock outside the door. Along Thames Street "down by the Monument and by the Tower" came Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene Wrayburn in *Our Mutual Friend* in search of news of the vanished John Harmon.

On our left is the Custom House—where the late Mr. Bardell was employed; also where, in the concluding chapter of *Bleak House*, we read that Peepy had a position "and doing extremely well."

David Copperfield on his return to London from his long tour abroad, after the death of Dora, "landed in London on a wintry autumn evening" and "walked from the Custom House to the Monument" before he could find a coach to take him to Gray's Inn. In *Great Expectations* we read that Pip always left his boat "at a wharf near the Custom House, to be brought up afterwards to the Temple Stairs." This was part of the scheme for getting Magwitch out of the country, and as he explains "it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the waterside people there."

Somewhere in this neighbourhood, between the Custom House and London Bridge, must have existed Spigwiffin's Wharf, where Ralph Nickleby found house room for Mrs. Nickleby and Kate. Mrs.

Nickleby explained that the way to the house was "all down Newgate Street, all down Cheapside, all up Lombard Street, down Gracechurch Street, and along Thames Street, as far as Spigwiffin's Wharf. Oh ! it's a mile."

Here is the description of the place when Newman Noggs first introduced them to it.

They went into the City, turning down by the river side ; and, after a long and very slow drive . . . stopped in front of a large old dingy house in Thames Street, the door and windows of which were so bespattered with mud that it would have appeared to have been uninhabited for years. . . . Old, and gloomy, and black, in truth it was, and sullen and dark were the rooms, once so bustling with life and enterprise. There was a wharf behind, opening on the Thames. An empty dog-kennel, some bones of animals, fragments of iron hoops and staves of old casks, lay strewn about, but no life was stirring there. It was a picture of cold, silent decay.

Here also was placed Mrs. Clennam's house, thus described, when visited by Arthur Clennam on his return to England :

He crossed by Saint Paul's and went down, at a long angle, almost to the water's edge, through some of the crooked and descending streets which lie (and lay more crookedly and closely then) between the river and Cheapside. Passing, now the mouldy hall of some obsolete Worshipful Company, now the illuminated windows of a Congregationless Church, passing silent warehouses and wharves, and here and there a narrow alley leading to the river, he came at last to the house he sought. An old brick house, so dingy as to be all but black, standing by itself within a gateway. Before it, a square court-yard where a shrub or two and a patch of grass were as rank

(which is saying much) as the iron railings enclosing them were rusty ; behind it, a jumble of roofs. It was a double house, with long, narrow, heavily framed windows. Many years ago it had had it in its mind to slide down sideways ; it had been propped up, however, and was leaning on some half-dozen gigantic crutches : which gymnasium for the neighbouring cats, weather-stained, smoke-blackened, and overgrown with weeds, appeared in these latter days to be no very sure reliance.

It was at one of the wharves in Thames Street that poor Florence, after having been robbed of her clothes by "good Mrs. Brown," was discovered by Walter Gay.

Passing Billingsgate and the Monument (Route Seven), we reach the foot of London Bridge, where we turn to the right and then to the left for Cannon Street, where, according to Mr. Jenkins, was a rival of Todgers's ; but, he declared, he would stick to Todgers's until "the Cannon Street establishment shall be able to produce such a combination of wit and beauty as has graced that board that day and shall be able to serve up such a dinner as that of which they had just partaken."

The first to the left out of Gracechurch Street is Lombard Street. The office of Barbox Brothers was in a "dim den up in a corner of a court off Lombard Street," and here was the banking establishment of Giles, Jeremie & Giles, of *No Thoroughfare*. The Poor Relation used to take little Frank to walk in Lombard Street, on account of the "great riches there," and in the *City of the Absent (Uncommercial Traveller)* Dickens tells us :

Pausing in the alleys behind the closed banks of mighty Lombard Street, it gives one as good as a rich feeling to think of the broad counters with a rim along the edge, made for telling money out on, the scales for weighing precious metals, the

ponderous ledgers, and, above all, the bright copper shovels for shovelling gold.

In *Little Dorrit* we have a splendid account of a visit to Lombard Street by Mr. Dorrit and Mr. Merdle.

It was a rapturous dream to Mr. Dorrit to find himself set aloft in this public car of triumph, making a magnificent progress to that befitting destination, the golden Street of the Lombards. There, Mr. Merdle insisted on alighting and going his way afoot, and leaving his poor equipage at Mr. Dorrit's disposition. So, the dream increased in rapture when Mr. Dorrit came out of the bank alone, and people looked at *him* in default of Mr. Merdle, and when, with the ears of his mind, he heard the frequent exclamation as he rolled glibly along, "A wonderful man to be Mr. Merdle's friend!"

On the right of Lombard Street is George Yard, at the bottom of which is the George and Vulture, where

Mr. Pickwick and Sam took up their present abode in very good, old-fashioned, and comfortable quarters; to wit, the George and Vulture Tavern, George Yard, Lombard Street.

A few days later when at Dingley Dell, Bob Sawyer asked Mr. Pickwick to visit him and said:

"I say, old boy, where do you hang out?"

Mr. Pickwick replied that he was at present suspended at the George and Vulture."

At No. 1 Lombard Street, was the banking house of Smith, Payne & Smith. Their successors, the Union of London & Smiths Bank, now occupy the premises, which have been rebuilt. It is referred to in *Pickwick* when the elder Weller was handed "a cheque on Smith, Payne & Smith, for five hundred and thirty pounds, that being the sum of money to which Mr. Weller, at the market price of the day,

was entitled, in consideration of the balance of the second Mrs. Weller's funded savings."

Mr. Weller was at first obstinately determined on cashing the cheque in nothing but sovereigns : but, it being represented by the umpires that by so doing he must incur the expense of a small sack to carry them home in, he consented to receive the amount in five-pound notes.

"My son," said Mr. Weller as they came out of the banking-house, "my son and me has a very particular engagement this arternoon, and I should like to have this here bis'ness settled out of hand, so let's jest go straight away someveres, vere ve can hordit the accounts."

A quiet room was soon found, and the accounts were produced and audited.

At No. 2 Lombard Street was the bank where George Beadnell resided, with whose daughter, Maria, Dickens, as a youth, fell madly in love. His friend, Henry Kolve, was engaged to one of Maria's sisters and Dickens used to get him to smuggle letters into the house. Of this, Forster tells us :

He, too, had his Dora, at apparently the same hopeless elevation ; striven for as the one only thing to be attained, and even more unattainable, for neither did he succeed nor happily did she die ; but the one idol, like the other, supplying a motive to exertion for the time, and otherwise opening out to the idolater, both in face and fiction, a highly unsubstantial, happy, foolish time. I used to laugh and tell him I had no belief in any but the book Dora, until the incident of a sudden reappearance of the real one in his life, nearly six years after *Copperfield* was written, convinced me there had been a more actual foundation for those chapters of his book than I was ready to suppose. Still I would hardly admit it ; and, that the matter could possibly

affect him then, persisted in a stout refusal to believe. His reply (1855) throws a little light on this juvenile part of his career, and I therefore venture to preserve it.

“ I don't quite apprehend what you mean by my overrating the strength of the feeling of five-and-twenty years ago. If you mean of my own feeling, and will only think what the desperate intensity of my nature is, and that this began when I was Charley's age ; that it excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four ; and that I went at it with a determination to overcome all the difficulties, which fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads : then you are wrong, because nothing can exaggerate that. I have positively stood amazed at myself ever since ! And so I suffered, and so worked, and so beat and hammered away at the maddest romances that ever got into any boy's head and stayed there, that to see the mere cause of it all, now, loosens my hold upon myself. Without for a moment sincerely believing that it would have been better if we had never got separated, I cannot see the occasion of so much emotion as I should see anyone else. No one can imagine in the most distant degree what pain the recollection gave me in *Copperfield*. And, just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face (even at four-and-forty) or hear the voice, without going wandering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner.”

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE FOURTEEN

THE BANK TO THE TOWER AND RETURN

Cornhill

Carol
Pickwick, 20
Barnaby, 1, 67
Uncommercial, 9
Reprinted, Bill-sticking
Chuzzlewit, 38
Golden Mary

Change Alley (site of Garraway's)

Pickwick, 34
Chuzzlewit, 27
Dorrit, I, 29
Expectations, 22
Uncommercial, 21
Poor Relation

Cowper's Court (site of the Jerusalem Coffee House)

Dorrit, I, 29

Freeman's Court (site)

Pickwick, 18, 20

Sun Court

Pickwick, 31

Bishopsgate Street

Dombey, 9
Barnaby, 77
Nickleby, 2
Sketches : Mr. Minns

Threadneedle Street

Nickleby, 35, 37
Sketches : Tales, 2
Dr. Marigold

City Square (site)

Nickleby, 35, 37

St. Peter's Church, Cornhill

Mutual, II, 15

Leadenhall Market

Pickwick, 33
Dombey, 39, 56
Nickleby, 40
Reprinted : Bill-sticking

Leadenhall Street

Dombey, 4, 13
Barnaby, 37
Golden Mary
Mutual, II, 15

India House (site)

Dombey, 4
Uncommercial, 3
Gone Astray

St. Mary Axe

Mutual II, 5 ; III, 16

Bevis Marks

Curiosity, II, 33, 37

Houndsditch

Curiosity, 37

Duke's Place

Curiosity, 33

Fenchurch Street

Mutual, II, 8

Mincing Lane

Mutual, II, 8 ; III, 16
Uncommercial, 9

Great Tower Street

No Thoroughfare, 5
Barnaby, 31
Uncommercial, 9

Mark Lane

Uncommercial, 9, 21

Hart Street

(St. Olave's Church)
Uncommercial, 21

Trinity House

Mutual, II, 8

Tower Hill

Curiosity, 4, 49
Barnaby, 31
Mutual, II, 8

Tower Stairs

Barnaby, 51

The Mint

Chuzzlewit, 21, 37
Barnaby, 67

The Tower

Copperfield, II, 33
Expectations, 54
Barnaby, 51, 73, 67
Mutual, I, 3
Chuzzlewit, 9
Uncommercial, 31

Thames Street

Barnaby, 13, 24
Dorrit, I, 3
Nickleby, II, 26
Mutual, I, 3
Dombey, 6

Custom House

Pickwick, 34
Copperfield, 59

Bleak House, 67

Dombey, 60

Expectations, 47

Dorrit, I, 29

Mutual, 4

Billingsgate

Dorrit, I, 7
Expectations, 54
Uncommercial, 13

Rood Lane

Uncommercial, 9
Miscell. P. : Booley

Cannon Street

Chuzzlewit, 9

Gracechurch Street

Reprinted : Bill-sticking
Uncommercial, 21
Nickleby, 26

Lombard Street

Life
Pickwick, 55
Dorrit, II, 16
Uncommercial, 21
No Thoroughfare
Mugby Junction
Poor Relation
Chuzzlewit, 27
Nickleby, 26

George Yard

(George and Vulture)
Pickwick, 26, 30, 33

ROUTE FIFTEEN

EASTWARD, UNCOMMERCIALLY

(ALDGATE TO LIMEHOUSE)

THE East End of London was by no means neglected by Dickens. His early visits to his uncle in Limehouse doubtless afforded him material for the descriptions of the Docks and the River generally in *Dombey and Son* and *Great Expectations*, and whilst writing *Edwin Drood* he paid more than one visit to the opium dens in Shadwell. The Pickwickians set off for Ipswich from the Bull Inn in Whitechapel, and David Copperfield on his first visit to London arrived at the "Blue Boar" there. Young Joe Willet, up to pay the vintner, had his meals arranged for at the "Black Lion"; so here at least are a variety of hostelrys in the great eastern thoroughfare whose names have been handed down to immortality through their connection with Dickens.

However it is from his walks described in the *Uncommercial Traveller* papers that the personal connection of the East End with Dickens is best obtained, as our references throughout this ramble will amply illustrate. Let us commence with the third paper of the series, his first on this district.

My day's no-business beckoning me to the East End of London, I had turned my face to that point of the metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, and had got past the India House, thinking in my idle manner of Tippoo Sahib and Charles Lamb, and had got past my little wooden midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance' sake, and had got past Aldgate Pump, and had got past the Saracen's Head

(with an ignominious rash of posting-bills disfiguring his swarthy countenance), and had strolled up the empty yard of his ancient neighbour, the Black or Blue Boar, or Bull, who departed this life I don't know when, and whose coaches are all gone I don't know where.

Our starting point is Aldgate Pump, at the junction of Fenchurch Street with Leadenhall Street, thus making a continuation of Route Two.

In one of his early *Boz Sketches* Dickens refers to shabby gentility being "as purely local as . . . the pump at Aldgate."

In *Dombey and Son*, after the return of Walter, when Toots could not bear to see the happiness of Florence and him, we read, "Well might Mr. Toots leave the little company that evening . . . to take a little turn to Aldgate Pump and back"; and the mad old man who lived next door to the Nicklebys at Bow referred to "the statue at Charing Cross having been lately seen on the Stock Exchange at midnight walking arm in arm with the Pump from Aldgate, in a riding habit."

Of Aldgate itself Mr. Blotton (of the Pickwick Club) was a worthy inhabitant, and in *Barnaby Rudge* we read of the initiation to the secret society of the Prentice Knights of "Mark Gilbert—bound to Thomas Curzon, Hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate."

Saracen's Head Yard, at No. 92 Fenchurch Street, nearly opposite the Pump, marks the site of the inn referred to above, and the "Little Wooden Midshipman" which was formerly in Leadenhall Street (see Route Fourteen) is now to be seen at No. 156 Minories, opposite Houndsditch Church.

America Square, which turns out of John Street on the right of Minories, is referred to in *A Message from the Sea*, as the place of business of Dringworth Brothers.

St. Botolph Church at the corner of Houndsditch (see Route Fourteen), where Cruncher "received the

added appellation of Jerry," was to Dickens the dividing line between East and West, for we read in *The Uncommercial Traveller* :

A single stride at Houndsditch Church . . . a single stride, and everything is entirely changed in grain and character. West of the stride, a table, or a chest of drawers, on sale shall be of mahogany and French-polished ; East of the stride, it shall be of deal, smeared with a cheap counterfeit resembling lip-salve. West of the stride, a penny loaf or bun shall be compact and self-contained ; East of the stride, it shall be of a sprawling and splay-footed character, as seeking to make more of itself for the money.

The Bull Inn stood on the spot now occupied by Aldgate Avenue until 1868. "I shall work down to Ipswich the day arter to-morrow, sir," said Mr. Weller the elder, "from the Bull in Whitechapel ; and, if you really mean to go, you'd better go with me." Which advice Mr. Pickwick took, and "away went the coach up Whitechapel, to the admiration of the whole population of that pretty densely populated quarter."

Near to the "Bull" was the "Blue Boar," at which young David Copperfield arrived from Blunderstone *en route* for Salem House. "I forget," he says, "whether it was the 'Blue Bull' or the 'Blue Boar,' but I know it was the Blue something, and that its likeness was painted up on the back of the coach." The effigy of the "Blue Boar" is retained by the tobacco factory at No. 31 Aldgate High Street, on the left-hand side.

Commercial Road, a little further along on the right, reminds us that, "on a dead wall in the Commercial Road," Captain Cuttle bought the "ballad of considerable antiquity . . . which set forth the courtship and nuptials of a promising young coal-whipper with a certain 'lovely Peg.'"

In *The Uncommercial Traveller* we read :

I had come out again into the age of railways, and I had got past Whitechapel Church, and was—rather inappropriately for an Uncommercial Traveller—in the Commercial Road. Pleasantly wallowing in the abundant mud of that thoroughfare, and greatly enjoying the huge piles of building belonging to the sugar refiners, the little masts and vanes in small back gardens in back streets, the neighbouring canals and docks, the India vans lumbering along their stone tramway, and the pawnbrokers' shops where hard-up Mates had pawned so many sextants and quadrants, that I should have bought a few cheap if I had the least notion how to use them.

This entrance to Commercial Road did not exist in Dickens's day; it was then reached by Church Lane a little further on, past Whitechapel Church, which accounts for Dickens's description above.

Again, in the same series, he tells us:

My beat lying round by Whitechapel Church, and the adjacent sugar-refineries—great buildings, tier upon tier, that have the appearance of being nearly related to the dock warehouses at Liverpool.

Our route takes us along the road to the left, opposite Commercial Road, called Commercial Street. The route followed will bring us out again in the Whitechapel Road, half a mile further on.

On a July morning of this summer, I walked towards Commercial Street (not Uncommercial Street), Whitechapel. . . . I had been attracted by the following handbill printed on rose-coloured paper: Self-Supporting Cooking Depot for the Working Classes, Commercial Street, Whitechapel, where accommodation is provided for dining comfortably 300 persons at a time.

Open from 7 a.m. till 7 p.m.

The building referred to, a house of refreshment no longer, stands at the corner of Flower and Dean

Street, the third street on the right. Here it was Dickens sampled the excellent fare provided at a cost of 4½d., and, as he says, "I dined at my club in Pall Mall a few days afterwards for exactly twelve times the money and not half so well."

Continuing along Commercial Street, we take the fourth on the right, Hanbury Street. This presently crosses Brick Lane. At No. 160 is a Mission Hall, undoubtedly the original of the famous one in *Pickwick*.

The monthly meetings of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association were held in a large room, pleasantly and airily situated at the top of a safe and commodious ladder. . . . Previous to the commencement of business, the ladies sat upon forms, and drank tea, till such time as they considered it expedient to leave off; and a large wooden money-box was conspicuously placed upon the green baize cloth of the business table, behind which the secretary stood, and acknowledged, with a gracious smile, every addition to the rich vein of copper which lay concealed within.

But the Mission Hall in Brick Lane has not been allowed to pass unchallenged as the place of meeting of the famous Brick Lane Branch. Christchurch Hall, in Hanbury Street, which is decorated with windows illustrating scenes from the novels, claims for itself the distinction of being the Mission Hall mentioned.

Continuing along Hanbury Street, we reach Vallence Road, where, turning to the left, we find on the right Whitechapel Workhouse, the subject of a deeply sympathetic paper entitled "A Nightly Scene in London" in *Miscellaneous Papers*.

Returning, Vallence Road leads us into Whitechapel Road about half a mile further on from the spot where we turned off into Commercial Street. We turn to the left for the Mile End Road and Bow.

If, however, instead of returning into the Whitechapel Road, we proceeded to the other end of Commercial Street, we should reach Shoreditch, of which we read, in *Oliver Twist*, that Sikes and Oliver, *en route* for the burglary at Chertsey, "threaded the streets between Shoreditch and Smithfield."

Nearly opposite Shoreditch Church is what was formerly the Standard Theatre, to which reference is made in "Amusements of the People," *Miscellaneous Papers*. Behind this theatre is Hoxton Street, in which is situated the Britannia Theatre, which received the praise of Dickens for its great work, particularly for its religious services on a Sunday.

This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the ruins of an inconvenient old building in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that his sense of the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, is a highly agreeable sign of these times.

To the right of Shoreditch High Street runs Bethnal Green Road, also traversed by Oliver on the way to the burglary, when we read: "By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green Road, the day had fairly begun to break."

At the eastern end of this is Bethnal Green, whither Eugene and Mortimer lured the schoolmaster in *Our Mutual Friend*. "There is a rather difficult country about Bethnal Green," said Eugene. "And we have not taken in that direction lately. What is your opinion of Bethnal Green?" Mortimer assented to Bethnal Green and they turned eastward."

Returning to Whitechapel Road by way of Valence Road described above, we turn to the left on reaching the main road. On the right is the London

Hospital, where, "in the open street just opposite the Hospital," Brass informed Dick Swiveller: "Sally found you a second-hand stool, sir, yesterday evening. She's a rare fellow at a bargain. . . ."

In *Barnaby Rudge* we find several references to Whitechapel. In the early chapters we are informed:

At that time . . . a very large part of what is London now had no existence. Even in the brains of the oldest speculators there had sprung up no long rows of streets connecting Highgate with Whitechapel;

and later Lord George Gordon, after leaving the "Maypole," rode "the whole length of Whitechapel, Leadenhall Street, Cheapside into St. Paul's Churchyard"; and at the Black Lion Inn—whose yard is still to be seen at No. 75 Whitechapel Road—Joe Willet had his meals ordered for him and was recommended by his father not to score up too large a bill there, much to Joe's annoyance.

Of Whitechapel we have an amusing account in *Pickwick*:

"Not a wery nice neighbourhood this, sir," said Sam . . .

"It is not indeed, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, surveying the crowded and filthy street through which they were passing.

"It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seems to go together."

"I don't understand you, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"What I mean, sir," said Sam, "is that, the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor he rushes out of his lodgings and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation." Just beyond Whitechapel Station we reach Mile

End Gate—but the gate itself has long since disappeared ; although the Gate House stood until a later date. On the journey of the Pickwickians to Ipswich we read :

By this time they had reached the turnpike at Mile End ; a profound silence prevailed until they had got two or three miles further on, when Mr. Weller senior, turning suddenly to Mr. Pickwick said :

“ Wery queer life is a pikekeeper’s, sir. . . . They’re all on ’em men as has met with some disappointment in life. . . . Consequence of vich, they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in pikes ; partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to rewenge themselves on mankind by takin’ tolls.”

The road now becomes the Mile End Road referred to thus quaintly by old Sol Gills in *Dombey and Son*.

Not being like the savages who came on Robinson Crusoe’s island, we can’t live on a man who asks for change for a sovereign, and a woman who enquires the way to Mile End Turnpike.

In *Bleak House*, we read of Mrs. Jellyby “ having gone to Mile End directly after breakfast, on some Borrioboolan business ” ; and, during the Riots, in *Barnaby Rudge*, the party from Chigwell, on coming to Mile End, “ passed a house the master of which, a Catholic gentleman of small means, having hired a wagon to remove his furniture by midnight, had it all brought down into the street to wait the vehicle’s arrival, and save time in packing.”

On the left we find first the Trinity Almshouses, then the Vintners’ Almshouses ; this latter no doubt the original of Titbull’s Almshouses in *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

Titbull’s Almshouses are in the east of London, in a great highway, in a poor, busy and thronged neighbourhood. Old iron and fried fish, cough drops and artificial flowers, boiled

pigs'-feet and household furniture that looks as if it were polished up with lip-salve, umbrellas full of vocal literature and saucers full of shell-fish in a green juice which I hope is natural to them when their health is good, garnish the paved sideways as you go to Titbull's. I take the ground to have risen in those parts since Titbull's time, and you drop into his domain by three stone steps. So did I first drop into it, very nearly striking my brows against Titbull's pump, which stands with its back to the thorough-fare just inside the gate, and has a conceited air of reviewing Titbull's pensioners.

On the right of Mile End Road is Stepney Green, to which Silas Wegg referred when he asked, "Would Stepney Fields be considered intrusive? If not remote enough, I can go remoter."

The Mile End Road continues as Bow Road and leads to Bow, which was "quite a rustic place to Tim Linkinwater."

The "little cottage at Bow," let to the Nicklebys at a very low rental by the kind-hearted Cheeryble Brothers, was no doubt situated near the present Grove Hall Park off the Fairfield Road by Bow Station: the park is on the site of Grove Hall Asylum in which the "gentleman next door" was doubtless an inmate.

If we now return along the Bow Road to Mile End Station we can get a bus through Burdett Road into West India Dock Road and along the docks. Somewhere in the region of the West India Docks must have been Brig Place, where Captain Cuttle lodged with Mrs. MacStinger at Number 9.

Captain Cuttle lived on the brink of a little canal near the India Docks, where there was a swivel bridge which opened now and then to let some wandering monster of a ship come roaming up the street like a stranded leviathan. The gradual change from land to water, on the

approach to Captain Cuttle's lodgings, was curious. It began with the erection of flag-staffs, as appurtenances to public-houses; then came slopsellers' shops, with Guernsey shirts, sou'-wester hats, and canvas pantaloons, at once the tightest and the loosest of their order, hanging up outside. These were succeeded by anchor and chain-cable forges, where sledge-hammers were dinging upon iron all day long. Then came rows of houses, with little vane-surmounted masts uprearing themselves from among the scarlet beans. Then ditches. Then pollard willows. Then more ditches. Then unaccountable patches of dirty water, hardly to be descried, for the ships that covered them. Then the air was perfumed with chips; and all other trades were swallowed up in mast, oar, and block-making, and boat-building. Then the ground grew marshy and unsettled. Then there was nothing to be smelt but rum and sugar. Then Captain Cuttle's lodgings—at once a first floor and a top storey, in Brig Place—were close before you.

The river beyond West India Docks leads to Greenwich. (Route Eight.) "The house with the low window being by the river side down the pool then between Limehouse and Greenwich," at which the convict Magwich was temporarily lodged by Pip and Herbert in *Great Expectations*, has not been identified: we should search in vain for either the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, or Chink's Basin, or Mill Pond Bank, although the latter is described as follows:

It was a fresh kind of place, all circumstances considered, where the wind from the river had room to turn itself round; and there were two or three trees in it, and there was the stump of a ruined windmill, and there was the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, whose long and narrow vista I could trace in the moonlight, along a series of wooden frames set in the ground, that looked

like superannuated haymaking-rakes which had grown old and lost most of their teeth.

Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank a house with a wooden front and three stories of bow-window (not bay-window, which is another thing) I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there Mrs. Whimple.

We are now in the Borough of Poplar, where lived William Ravender (*Wreck of the Golden Mary*).

When I am ashore, I live in my house at Poplar. My house at Poplar is taken care of and kept shipshape by an old lady who was my mother's maid before I was born.

Returning along West India Dock Road we find, on our left, Limehouse Church, where "Miss Abbey Potterson, of the 'Six Jolly Fellowship Porters,' had been christened some sixty and odd years before."

John Harmon described this as the spot where he waited for his assailant.

I disembarked with my valise in my hand—as Potterson the steward, and Mr. Jacob Kibble, my fellow-passenger, afterwards remembered—and waited for him in the dark by that very Limehouse Church which is now behind me.

Of a visit to a lead mills "close to Limehouse Church," Dickens devotes a chapter of the *Uncommercial Traveller*, under the title of "On an Amateur Beat."

The next turning past the church on the left is Church Row. Here at No. 12 lived Christopher Huffam, a "rigger in His Majesty's Navy," godfather to Dickens, whose full name was Charles John Huffham Dickens (Huffham incorrectly so spelled in the church register).

Church Row leads into Ropemakers' Fields and the river: bearing to the right we are in the riverside street called Narrow Street, where the Grapes Inn, at No. 76, is said to be the original of "The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" of *Our Mutual Friend*:

A red-curtained tavern, that stood dropsically bulging over the causeway. . . .

In its whole constitution it had not a straight floor, and hardly a straight line ; but it had outlasted, and clearly would yet outlast, many a better-trimmed building, many a sprucer public-house. Externally, it was a narrow lopsided wooden jumble of corpulent windows heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden verandah impending over the water ; indeed the whole house, inclusive of the complaining flag-staff on the roof, impended over the water, but seemed to have got into the condition of a faint-hearted diver who has paused so long on the brink that he will never go in at all. . . .

The bar of the " Six Jolly Fellowship Porters " was a bar to soften the human breast. The available space in it was not much larger than a hackney coach ; but no one could have wished the bar bigger, that space was so girt in by corpulent little casks, and by cordial-bottles radiant with fictitious grapes in bunches, and by lemons in nets, and by biscuits in baskets, and by the polite beer-pulls that made low bows when customers were served with beer, and by the cheese in a snug corner, and by the landlady's own small table in a snugger corner near the fire, with the cloth everlastingly laid. This haven was divided from the rough world by a glass partition and a half-door with a leaden sill upon it for the convenience of resting your liquor.

For the rest, both the tap and parlour of the " Six Jolly Fellowship Porters " gave upon the river, and had red curtains matching the noses of the regular customers.

Round about here must have lived Rogue Riderhood, who " dwelt deep and dark in Limehouse Hole, among the riggers, and the mast, oar and block

makers, and the boat-builders, and the sail-lofts. . . . It was a wretched little shop, with a roof that any man standing in it could touch with his hand ; little better than a cellar or cave, down three steps."

The home of Lizzie Hexam was also in this neighbourhood :

"By the docks ; down by Ratcliff . . . down by where accumulated scum of humanity seemed to be washed from higher grounds." It was, we read, a low building which "had the look of having been once a mill. There was a rotten wart of wood upon its forehead which seemed to indicate where the sails had been."

At the end of Narrow Street the road turns right, and then left into Broad Street.

In Glamis Road to the right is the fairly modern building of the East London Hospital for children, which has grown from the tiny place at Ratcliff Cross, visited and described by Dickens in a paper entitled "The Small Star in the East."

Down by the river's bank in Ratcliff, I was turning upward by a side-street, therefore, to regain the railway, when my eyes rested on the inscription across the road, "East London Children's Hospital." I could scarcely have seen an inscription better suited to my frame of mind ; and I went across and went straight in.

I found the children's hospital established in an old sail-loft or storehouse, of the roughest nature, and on the simplest means. There were trap-doors in the floors, where goods had been hoisted up and down ; heavy feet and heavy weights had started every knot in the well-trodden plank-ing ; inconvenient bulks and beams and awkward staircases perplexed my passage through the wards. But I found it airy, sweet, and clean.

We return to High Street, Shadwell, the region of the opium den of *Edwin Drood*, whither came John Jasper. "Eastward and still eastward through the

stale streets he takes his way, until he reaches his destination, a miserable court, specially miserable among many such."

Dickens paid a visit to an opium den in Shadwell, in company with his American friend, J. T. Fields, and then wrote, a month before he died :

The opium smoking I have described, I saw (exactly as I have described it, penny ink bottle and all) down in Shadwell this last autumn. A couple of the Inspectors of Lodging Houses knew the woman and took me to her as I was making a round with them to see for myself the working of Lord Shaftesbury's Bill.

The den was probably situated in New Court, Victoria Street, E., to the right of St. George's Street, close to the church, on the site of which a playground now stands.

J. T. Fields has thus put the visit on record :

In a miserable court, at night, we found a haggard old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old ink bottle ; and the words that Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in *Edwin Drood* we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed in which she was lying.

St. George's Street was in Dickens's day known as Ratcliff Highway. It is described in *Sketches by Boz* : and Ratcliff is referred to in *Oliver Twist* as a " remote but genteel suburb."

On our left we pass Old Gravel Lane and reach the bridge once called " Mr. Baker's trap " on account of the number of suicides taking place here. Dickens thus describes his visit :

Long before I reached Wapping, I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, relied on predestination to bring me somehow or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had ceased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found my-

self on a swing-bridge looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water.

Being informed it was called " Mr. Baker's Trap " Dickens continues :

Inspiration suggested to me that Mr. Baker was the acting coroner of that neighbourhood. " A common place for suicide," said I, looking down at the locks. " Sue ? . . . Yes ! And Poll. Likewise Emily. And Nancy. And Jane . . . and all the biling. Ketches off their bonnets or shorls, takes a run, and headers down here, they doos. Always a headerin' down here, they is. Like one o'clock."

This road now takes us through the heart of the London Docks, but we look in vain for " Number Thirty, Little Gosling Street, London Docks," where Mr. F. breathed his last, as described by Flora in *Little Dorrit*.

This way, we remember, came Mortimer Lightwood in search of news of John Harmon.

The wheels rolled on . . . by the Tower, and by the Docks ; down by Ratcliff and by Rotherhithe :

and a particularly interesting description of the district is to be found in chapter twenty of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, of which an extract is here given :

My road lies through that part of London generally known to the initiated as " Down by the Docks." Down by the Docks is home to a good many people—to too many, if I may judge from the overflow of local population in the streets—but my nose insinuates that the number to whom it is Sweet Home might be easily counted. . . .

Down by the Docks, they eat the largest oysters and scatter the roughest oyster shells known to the descendants of Saint George and the Dragon. Down by the Docks, they consume the slimiest

of shell-fish, which seem to have been scraped off the copper bottoms of ships. Down by the Docks, the vegetables at greengrocers' doors acquire a saline and a scaly look, as if they had been crossed with fish and seaweed. Down by the Docks, they "board seamen" at the eating-houses, the public-houses, the slop-shops, the coffee-shops, the tally-shops, all kinds of shops mentionable and unmentionable—board them, as it were, in the piratical sense, making them bleed terribly, and giving no quarter. Down by the Docks, the seamen roam in mid-street and mid-day, their pockets inside-out, and their heads no better. Down by the Docks, the daughters of wave-ruling Britannia also rove, clad in silken attire, with uncovered tresses streaming in the breeze, bandana kerchiefs floating from their shoulders, and crinoline not wanting. . . . Down by the Docks, you may buy polonies, saveloys, and sausage preparations various, if you are not particular what they are made of besides seasoning. Down by the Docks, the Children of Israel creep into any gloomy cribs and entries they can hire, and hang slops there—pewter watches, sou'-wester hats, waterproof overalls—"firtht rate articleth, Thjack." Down by the Docks, such dealers exhibiting on a frame a complete nautical suit without the refinement of a waxen visage in the hat present the imaginary wearer as drooping at the yard-arm, with his seafaring and earthfaring troubles over. Down by the Docks, the placards in the shops apostrophise the customer, knowing him familiarly beforehand, as, "Look here, Jack!" "Here's your sort, my lad!" "Try our sea-going mixed, at two and nine!" "The right kit for the British tar!" "Ship ahoy!" "Splice the main brace, brother" "Come, cheer up, my lads, We've the best liquors here,

And you'll find something new In our wonderful Beer!" Down by the Docks, the pawnbroker lends money on Union Jack pocket-handkerchiefs, on watches with little ships pitching fore and aft on the dial, on telescopes, nautical instruments in cases, and such-like. Down by the Docks, the apothecary sets up in business on the wretchedest scale—chiefly on lint and plaster for the strapping of wounds—and with no bright bottles, and with no little drawers. Down by the Docks, the shabby undertaker's shop will bury you for next to nothing, after the Malay or Chinaman has stabbed you for nothing at all: so you can hardly hope to make a cheaper end. Down by the Docks, anybody drunk will quarrel with anybody drunk or sober, and everybody else will have a hand in it.

Old Gravel Lane continued straight on leads to Wapping, where, in *Barnaby Rudge*, we read that the rioters "were bound for Wapping to destroy a chapel."

Dickens visited the workhouse at Wapping to make personal enquiries on an important question.

I was going to Wapping because an Eastern police magistrate had said, through the morning papers, that there was no classification at the Wapping Workhouse for women, and that it was a disgrace and a shame, and divers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood;

and on the way he makes a reference to an ancient landmark in this neighbourhood, Wapping Old Stairs, which is reached by turning to the right along High Street at the end of Gravel Lane.

I at last began to file off to the right, towards Wapping. Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told

her sea-going lover, to such a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the 'baccor-box marked with his name ; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in.

Further on, on the right, Nightingale Lane takes us back again into a continuation of St. George's Street called Upper East Smithfield and leading by the left to the Tower (Route Fourteen). We turn right, and shortly afterwards to the left along Well Street, following the footsteps of young Dickens as narrated in *Gone Astray* :

I must have strayed by that time, as I recall my course, into Goodman's Fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. . . . I found out the theatre. . . . Of its external appearance, I can only remember the loyal initials G.R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front.

The theatre in Goodman's Fields (where Garrick made his first London appearance) disappeared in 1802, so the one Dickens refers to was no doubt that in Well Street called The Royalty or East London Theatre, burnt down in April, 1826. The site is now occupied by a Sailors' Home.

To the right of Well Street is Wellclose Square, where in the same adventure he " found a watchman in his box . . . this venerable man took me to the nearest watch-house . . . a warm and drowsy sort of place embellished with great coats and rattles hanging up."

The other end of Well Street brings us to Cable Street, where we turn to the left, and then right, along Leman Street. The streets to the left cover the site of Goodman's Fields, referred to above.

At the end of Leman Street we are in Whitechapel

High Street once again and turn left for Aldgate and the Bank.

Thus we end our exploration of the London of Dickens. It has taken us into all quarters, for Dickens was a great walker. G. A. Sala has described himself encountering Dickens in the oddest places and most inclement weather, in Ratcliff Highway, on Haverstock Hill, on Camberwell Green, in Gray's Inn Lane, in the Wandsworth Road, at Hammersmith Broadway, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. "A hansom whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton, and there he was striding, as with seven-league boots, seemingly in the direction of North End, Fulham. The Metropolitan Railway sent you forth at Lisson Grove, and you met him plodding speedily towards the Yorkshire Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick wall of the prison in Coldbath Fields, or trudging along the Seven Sisters Road at Holloway, or bearing, under a steady press of sail, underneath Highgate Archway, or pursuing the even tenor of his way up the Vauxhall Bridge Road."

Wherever there was "matter to be heard and learned," in back streets behind Holborn, in Borough courts and passages, in City wharfs or alleys, about the poorer lodging-houses, in prisons, workhouses, ragged-schools, police-courts, rag-shops, chandlers' shops, and all sorts of markets for the poor, he carried his keen observation and untiring study.

His friend and biographer, John Forster, tells us that for several consecutive years he accompanied him every Christmas Eve to see the marketings for Christmas down the road from Aldgate to Bow; and he further informs us Dickens had a surprising fondness for wandering about in poor neighbourhoods on Christmas Day, past the areas of shabby genteel houses in Somers or Kentish Towns, and watching the dinners preparing or coming in.

ITINERARY AND REFERENCES

ROUTE FIFTEEN

ALDGATE TO LIMEHOUSE

Aldgate Pump

Sketches : Shabby Genteel
Nickleby, 41
Dombey, 56
Uncommercial, 3

Saracen's Head Yard

Uncommercial, 3

Aldgate

Pickwick, 1
Barnaby, 8

Houndsditch Church

(See also Route 14)
Curiosity Shop, 36
Two Cities, II, 1
Uncommercial, 34

Minorities, No. 156, " Little Wooden Midshipman "

Dombey, 4
Uncommercial, 3
Reprinted : Down-tide

America Square

Message from Sea

Aldgate Avenue (site of " Bull " Inn)

Pickwick, 20, 22

Aldgate High Street, No. 31 (site of " Blue Boar ")

Copperfield, 5

Commercial Road

Dombey, 9
Uncommercial, 3

Whitechapel Church

Uncommercial, 3, 35

Commercial Street

Uncommercial, 23

Brick Lane

Pickwick, 33

Whitechapel Workhouse

Miscell. P. : Nightly Scene

Shoreditch

Twist, 21

Standard Theatre

Miscell. P. : Amusements

Britannia Theatre

Uncommercial, 4

Bethnal Green Road

Twist, 21

Bethnal Green

Twist, 19
Mutual, III, 10
Uncommercial, 10

London Hospital

Curiosity, 35

Whitechapel

Pickwick, 20, 22
Twist, 19
Curiosity, 35
Barnaby, 4, 37
Copperfield, 5
Uncommercial, 3, 10, 34
Carol, 3

Mile End Gate

Pickwick, 22

Mile End Road

Dombey, 4

Mile End

Bleak, 14
Barnaby, 61

Vintners' Almhouses

("Titbull's")
Uncommercial, 27

Stepney

Uncommercial, 32

Stepney Green

Mutual, I, 15

Bow

Nickleby, 35, 40

West India Docks

Dombey, 9, 15
Expectations, 45, 46

Poplar

Golden Mary

Limehouse

Dombey, 60
Expectations, 45, 46
Mutual, I, 36; II, 12
Uncommercial, 29, 34

Limehouse Church

Mutual, I, 6; II, 13
Uncommercial, 34

Church Row

Life

Narrow Street

Grapes Inn (Three Jolly
Fellowship Porters)
Mutual, I, 36

Ratcliff

Mutual, I, 3; II, 12

Twist, 13

Uncommercial, 32, 30
Dombey, 23

Shadwell

Drood, I, 23
Uncommercial, 20

St. George's Street (formerly Ratcliff Highway)

Sketches: Brokers' Shops
Twist, 13
Mutual, I, 3; II, 12

Old Gravel Lane

Uncommercial, 3

Wapping

Barnaby, 53
Mutual, II, 12
Uncommercial, 3
Gone Astray
Message from Sea

London Docks

Dorrit, I, 24
Uncommercial, 20

Wapping Workhouse

Uncommercial, 3

Wapping Old Stairs

Uncommercial, 3

Well Street

Gone Astray

Wellelose Square

Gone Astray

Goodman's Fields

Gone Astray

INDEX

	Page		Page
Abel Cottage - - -	78	Barbican - - -	45, 60, 62, 71
Adelphi, The - - -	202-3, 214	Barbox Bros., Office of -	230
„ Arches - - -	202-3, 214	Bardell, Mrs., House of -	65
„ Hotel - - -	202, 214	Barnacle, Tite, House of -	166
„ Terrace - - -	202-3, 214	Barnard's Inn - - -	39, 56
„ Theatre - - -	27, 214	Barrow, Thomas, House of	158
Ailsa Park Villas - -	164-5, 169	Bartholomew Close - - -	49, 50, 57
Albany, The - - -	50, 57	Battersea - - - - -	195
Albion Hotel - - -	59, 71	Battle Bridge - 74, 101-2,	108
Aldermanbury - - -	45, 49, 50, 57	Bayham Street - - -	81, 98, 104-5, 108
Aldersgate Street - -	237-8, 254-5	Bazaar, Soho Square - -	159
Aldgate - - - - -	8, 53, 236-7, 255	Beadnell, Maria, House of	232-3
„ Pump - - - - -	88	Beak Street - - - - -	161, 169
Aldwych - - - - -	154	Bedford Row - - - - -	33
All Souls' Church - -	81, 197, 203	„ Square - - - - -	148-9, 156
“ All the Year Round ”	184	„ Street - - - - -	196, 202, 214
Offices - - - - -	105	Belgrave Square - - -	187, 195
Almacks - - - - -	243	Belgravia - - - - -	187, 195
Almshouses :—	237, 255	Bell Alley - - - - -	62, 71
Bayham Street - - -	74	„ Yard, Carter Lane - -	212-3, 216
Titbull's - - - - -	25, 34, 215	„ Yard, Fleet Street -	211, 216
America Square - - -	153, 157	Belle Sauvage - - - -	118, 129
Amwell Street - - -	68, 72	Bentinck Street - - -	118, 129
Angel, The, Islington	204, 215	Bermondsey - - - - -	169
Angel Court - - - -	132, 145	Bethlehem Hospital - -	115, 133, 135, 145
Anglo-Bengalee Offices	174, 184	Bethnal Green - - -	241, 255
Archway, The - - -	61, 71	„ „ Road - - - - -	62, 241, 255
Arlington Street - -	188	Beulah Spa - - - - -	146
Arundel Street - - -	135	Bevis Marks - - - - -	63, 224, 234
Astley's - - - - -	249	Billikin's - - - - -	37
Athenæum, The - - -	74, 80	Billingsgate - - - -	230, 235
Austin Friars - - -	222	Bishopsgate Street - -	220, 234
Badger, Bayham, Mr.,		Black Bull, The - - -	36, 41, 56
House of - - - - -	188	Black Lion, The - - -	236, 242
Bagnet Family, House of	135	Blacking Warehouse - -	110, 147, 196, 200-2
Baker's, Trap, Mr. - -	249		
Ball's Pond - - - -	74, 80		
Bank of England - - -	52-4, 58-62, 218, 222		

	Page		Page
Blackfriars		Bull and Mouth, The	51, 57
8, 110, 124, 128, 197, 210		Burlington Arcade -	170
" Bridge -	110-11, 128	" Gardens	165, 169
" Road 110, 128, 133, 135		" (Old) Street -	169
Blackheath	123, 138-9, 146	Cadogan Place -	187-8, 195
Bleeding Heart Yard	43, 56	Caen Wood -	76-7, 80
Bloomsbury -	36-8	Camberwell -	140-1, 146
Bloomsbury Square 37-8, 148, 156		" Green	140, 146, 254
Blue Boar, Leadenhall		" Grove -	140, 146
Market -	222	Camberling Town -	106
Blue Boar, Whitechapel		Camden Town	
236-8, 255		8, 63, 65, 98, 103, 105-9, 166	
Boffin's Bower -	102	Cannon Row -	176
" House, Mr. -	154	Cannon Street -	230, 235
Bond Street -	37, 165, 170	Carker, James, House of -	143
Boot Tavern -	94-5, 97	" John, House of -	78
Borough, The 8, 110, 113,		Carlisle House -	159
117-121, 129, 131, 254		" Street -	159, 169
" Clunk -	129	Carnaby Street -	162
" Compter -	129	Carstone, Richard, Lodgings	
" Market -	120, 129	of -	147
Boswell Court -	215	Casby, Mr., House of -	14
Bouverie Street -	209, 216	Castle Street -	39, 56
Bow 237, 240, 244, 254, 256		Cateaton Street -	60, 71
Bow Church, Cheapside 58, 222		Catherine Street -	96
Bow Street Police Station		Cavendish Square	153-4, 157
85-6, 96		Cecil Street -	203, 214
Bradley Headstone's School	136	Chancery Lane	
Brass, Sampson, House of	224	21-23, 32-34, 39, 42, 66, 99	
Break Neck Stairs -	225	Chandos Street -	196, 202, 214
Brentford -	191, 195	Change Alley -	234
Brick Lane -	240, 255	Chapman & Hall, Offices of	
Bridewell -	216	82, 173, 204	
Brig Place -	244-5, 256	Charing Cross	
Britannia Theatre -	241, 255	51, 131, 199-202, 214, 237	
British Museum	91, 97, 148	Charterhouse, The -	16, 33
Brixton -	141, 146	" Street	42-5
Broad Court -	86, 96	Cheapside	51-2, 57, 229, 242
" Street, City -	71	Cheeryble Brothers, Office	
" Street, Golden Square	162	of -	220-1
Brompton -	187, 195, 254	Chelsea -	186-9, 195
Brook Street -	166, 170	" Bun House -	188, 195
Brownlow, Mr., House of 67, 73		" Ferry -	189
Bryanston Square -	152, 157	" Reach -	188, 195
Buckingham Palace -	184	Cheshire Cheese, The -	209
" Street	201-2, 214	Chester, Mr., Chambers of	31
Bucklersbury -	58	Chichester Rents -	23, 34
Bull Inn, Holborn	37, 41, 56	Chicksey Veneering &	
" " Whitechapel		Stobbles, Offices of -	225
236-238, 255			

INDEX

259

	Page		Page
Children's Hospital, The	91-2, 97	Cook's Court	- - - 21
" " Ratcliff	248	Copenhagen House	- 103, 108
Chimes, Church of the	- 209	Coppice Row	- 68-70, 72
Chinks's Basin	- - - 245	Coram Street	- - 94, 97
Chiswell Street	- - 62, 71	Cornhill	- - 217-220, 234
Chiswick	- - 191, 195	Covent Garden	
Chivery, John, Shop of	- 115		81-6, 96, 203, 217, 236
Church House, Highgate	- 75	Covent Garden Market	81-5, 96
Church Row	- - 246, 256	" " Theatre	
" Street	- 181-2, 185		82-6, 96, 212-3
Chuzzlewit's Offices	- - 50-1	Cratchit, Bob, House of	- 105
Circumlocution Office	174-5, 185	Craven Street	- - 200, 214
City of London	- 52-5, 217-8	Crawford Passage	- 70, 72
City Road	- 59, 63-5, 71	Cripple Corner	- - 225
" Square	- 220-1, 234	Cripples's, Academy, Mr.	114
Clapham	- - 142-3	Crockford's	- - 184
Clapham Common	- 143, 146	Cromer Street	- - 94-5, 97
" Green	- 143, 146	Crooked Billet, The	- - 227
" Rise	- 142-3, 146	Cross Keys, Wood Street	51, 58
" Road	- 142, 146	Crown, The, Beak Street	162
Clare Court	- - 88	Crown Street	- - 62
" Market	- - 34, 34	Cruikshank, George, House	
Clarendon Square	- 101, 108	of	- - - 74
Clement's Inn	- - 215	Cruncher, Jerry, Lodgings	
Clenham Street	- - 113	of	- - - 210
Clennam, Mrs., House of	- 229	Crupe, Mrs., House of	- 201
" Arthur, Rooms of		Cursitor Street	- - 21, 34
	62, 81-2	Cuttle, Captain, Lodgings	
Clerkenwell	16, 17, 33, 43, 44, 61	of	- - - 244-5
" Green	- - 16	Custom House	125, 228, 235
" Sessions House	16, 33	Cuttriss' Hotel	- - 83
" Square	- 16, 33		
" Gaol	- 69, 72	" Daily News " Office	209, 216
" Road	- 15, 16	David Copperfield's Lodgings	- - - 114
Cleveland Street	149-50, 156	David Copperfield's Cottage	75
Clifford's Inn	- 208-9, 215	Deaf and Dumb Establish-	
Clifford Street	- - 169	ment	- - - 136
Clink, Borough, The	- - 129	Dean's Court	- - 211
Coavinses' Castle	- 22	Deptford	- - 137, 145
Cobley's Farm	- - 78	Devonshire House	- 172, 184
Cock Lane	- - 46, 57	" Terrace	- 150, 156
Coleman Street	- - 62, 71	Dickens's, Mrs., Establish-	
College Place	- - 103, 108	ment	- - - 99
" Street, Great	- 103	Dickens Fellowship, Offices	
" " Little	- 103, 108	of	- - - 208
Commercial Road	238-9, 255	Docks, The	236, 250-1, 256
" Street	239-40, 255	Dockhead	- - - 129
Compeyson, House of	- 191	Doctors' Commons	211-3, 216
Compter, Borough	- - 129	Dodson & Fogg Office of	- 219
" Smithfield	46, 49, 57		

	Page		Page
Doll's Dressmaker, House of - - - -	181	Feenix, Lord, House of - -	166
Dombey, Mr., House of -	152	Fenchurch Street 224-5, 234, 237	
Dombey & Son, Offices of	222-3	Fetter Lane - - -	40, 57
Dorrit, Frederick, Lodgings of - - - -	114	Field Court - - -	33
Dorrit, Little, Playground	113	Field Lane - - -	36, 44, 56, 89
Dorrit Street - - -	113	" " Ragged School	16
Doughty Street		Finchley - - -	78-80
8, 13, 14, 33, 41, 147		Finsbury - - -	62, 71
Dover Road, The 131, 134, 145		" Square - - -	62, 71
Doyce & Clennam, Rooms of	62	Fips, Mr., Office of - -	61
Doyce & Clennam, Works	43	Fish Street Hill - -	125, 129
Drouet's Paradise at Tooting - - - -	143	Fitzroy Square - -	149, 156
Drummond Street 99-101, 108		" Street - - -	149
Drury Lane - - -	88-90, 96	Fledgeby, Mr., Chambers of - - - -	164
" " Theatre 87-90, 96		Fleet, The 21, 62, 207, 209-11, 213, 216	
Duke's Place - - -	224, 234	" Market - - -	210, 216
Duke Street - - -	173, 184	" Street 14, 25, 26, 32, 40, 196, 205-10, 215	
Duke of York's Column -	184	Flite, Miss, Lodgings of -	23
Dulwich - - -	144, 146	Flower Pot, The - -	220
" Church - - -	144, 146	Folly Ditch - - -	124-5
" Gallery - - -	144, 146	Forster, John, House of -	24
Dumps, Mr., Lodgings of	73	Foundling Hospital, The 92-3, 95, 97 147	
Eagle, The - - -	59, 63, 71	Fountain Court 8, 27-31, 35	
East London Children's Hospital - - - -	248	Fox-under-the-Hill, The -	203
Edgware Road - - -	150-1, 156	Freeman's Court 52, 219, 234	
Eel Pie Island - - -	194-5	Freemasons' Tavern 90, 97	
Elephant and Castle, The 135, 145		Fresh Wharf - - -	125, 129
Elm Lodge, Petersham 192-3		Fulham - - -	189-90, 195
Ely Place - - -	42, 56	Furnival's Inn 14, 20, 35, 40-1, 56, 59, 204	
Essex Street - - -	205, 215	Furnival Street - - -	39, 56
Euston Road - - -	95, 98-9	Gamp, Mrs., House of -	38
Euston Square - - -	108	Garland, Mr., House of -	78
Exchequer Coffee House -	180	Garden Court - - -	27-30, 35
Exeter Hall - - -	203, 214	Garraway's - - -	7, 218-9, 234
Exmouth Street 44, 68-9, 72		Gateway, Doctors' Commons	212
Fagin's House - - -	14	" Gray's Inn 19, 33	
Falcon Hotel - - -	50	" Lincoln's Inn 23, 34	
Fang, Mr., Office of -	15	" Temple 25, 32, 35	
Farm House, The - -	113, 128	" Whitefriars 31, 35, 123	
Farringdon Hotel (The Fleet) - - - -	210	General Post Office 50-1, 57, 155	
" Road - - -	69-70	George Inn, Borough 120-1, 129	
" Street 46, 210, 216		George IV Tavern - -	25, 34
		George, Mr., Shooting Gallery of - - - -	158

	Page		Page
George and Vulture, The		Grocers' Hall Court	52, 58
	220, 231, 235	Grosvenor Place	181, 184, 187
George Yard	220, 231, 235	" Square	45, 167-8, 170
Gerrard Street	158, 169	Grove Hall Park	244
Giles, Jeremie & Giles,		Guildhall, The	52, 60-1, 71
Office of	230	Guilford Street	92-3, 147
Giltspur Street	46, 49, 57	Guppy, Mr. House, of	73, 135
Glyn & Co.	219	" Mrs., House of	63
Golden Cross, The		Guy's Hospital	113, 121, 129
	51, 131, 199, 200, 214		
Golden Dog and Pot, The		Ham House	193, 195
	110-1, 128	Hammersmith	
Golden Square	147, 162-4, 169		186, 190-1, 195, 254
Goldsmith Buildings	32, 35	Hampstead	76-8, 80
Goodman's Fields	253, 256	" Heath	77-8
Gordon, Lord George,		" Ponds	77
House of	153	" Road	8, 99, 108
Goswell Street	59, 65, 72	Hanbury Street	240
Gower Street	26, 98, 108	Hanging Sword Alley	210, 216
Gracechurch Street	229, 235	Hanover Square	165-6, 170
Granby Street	99	" Rooms	165-6
Grapes Inn, The	246-7	Harley Street	153, 157
Gray's Inn	15, 17-19, 33-4, 39, 42	Harrow Street	113
" Coffee House	19, 34	Hart Street, Bloomsbury	
" Gardens	17, 33		37, 91, 97
" Gateway	19, 33	Hart Street, City	226, 235
" Hall	18, 19, 32	Harmony Jail	102
" Lane	15, 32, 68, 254	Hatton Garden	15, 33, 43, 44
" Road	14, 15, 20,	" Wall	15, 33
	32, 102	" Yard	15, 33
" Square	17, 32	Haymarket	184
Great College Street	103	Headstone, Bradley School	
Great Coram Street	94, 97	of	136
Great Ormond Street	91-2	Heep, Uriah, Lodgings of	69
Great Queen Street	87, 90, 96	Henrietta Street	82
Great Russell Street		Hexam's House	248
	37, 91, 97, 148, 156	Higden, Betty, House of	191
Green Lanes	150, 156	High Holborn	38
" Park	171, 184	High Street, Borough	115-121
" Street	158	High Street, Islington	3, 65-70
Greenwich		Highbury Barn	80
	132, 134, 136-8, 145, 245	Highgate	74-6, 80, 243, 254
" Church	137-8, 145	" Archway	74, 80
" Fair	145	" Cemetery	76, 80
" Hospital	145	" Church	76, 80
" Observatory	138, 145	" Hill	74, 80
" Park	138-9, 145	" Toll	74, 80
Gresham Street	60, 71	Hockley-in-the-Hole	68, 70, 72
Grewgious, Mr., House of	8, 21	Holborn	14, 20, 36-46, 56, 91, 147
Grimaldi, House of	73	" Court	19, 33

	Page		Page
Holborn Hill -	36, 42, 56	George IV Tavern -	25, 34
" Viaduct	36, 41, 56	George and Vulture	220, 231, 235
Holloway -	74, 80, 102, 254	Golden Cross, Charing	
" Road -	- - 74	Cross 51, 131, 199, 200, 214	
Honey Court -	- - 52	Grapes Inn -	- 246-7
Horn Coffee House -	213, 216	Gray's Inn Coffee House	19, 34
Hornsey -	- - 79-80	Highbury Barn -	- 80
Horse and Groom -	- - 25	Horn Coffee House	213, 216
Horse Guards, The -	174, 185	Horse and Groom, The	25
Horsemonger Lane -	115, 128	Hummums Hotel -	83, 96
" Jail -	115	Jack Straw's Castle	78, 80
Hosier Lane -	- 45-6, 57	Jerusalem Coffee House	218, 234
Hospital for Sick Children	91-2, 97	London Coffee House	211, 216
Hotel in Furnival's Inn -	40	London Tavern -	- 220
Hotels, Inns and Taverns—		Long's Hotel -	- 165, 170
Adelphi Hotel -	202, 214	Magpie and Stump	25, 34, 208
Albion Hotel, Aldersgate		Old Ship Tavern -	- 23
Street -	- 50, 57	Osborne's Hotel -	202, 214
Angel, The, Islington	44, 67-70, 72-4	Peacock, The -	- 67, 72
Belle Sauvage, Ludgate		Piazza Hotel -	- 82-3, 96
Hill -	- 211, 216	Prince of Wales's Hotel	158
Black Lion, Whitechapel	236, 242	Rainbow Tavern -	- 215
Blue Boar, Whitechapel	236-8, 255	Red Lion, Bevis Marks	224
Blue Boar, Leadenhall		Red Lion, Highgate -	75
Market -	- - 222	Red Lion, Parliament	
Boot, The -	- 94-5, 97	Street -	- 176, 185
Bull Inn, Holborn	36, 41, 56	Saracen's Head, Aldgate	237, 255
Bull Inn, Whitechapel	236, 238, 255	Saracen's Head, Snow	
Bull and Mouth -	51, 57	Hill -	- 36, 46, 57, 101
Cheshire Cheese, The -	209	Serjeants' Inn Coffee	
Crooked Billet -	- 227	House -	- - 209, 216
Cross Keys, Wood Street	51, 58	Ship Hotel -	- - 137
Crown, The, Beak Street	162	Six Jolly Fellowship	
Cuttriss's Hotel -	- 83	Porters -	- 246-7
Eagle, The, City Road	59, 63, 71	Sol's Arms, Chancery	
Exchequer Coffee House	180	Lane -	- - 23, 34
Falcon Hotel -	- - 50	Sol's Arms, Hampstead	
Flower Pot, The,		Road -	- - 99
Bishopsgate -	- 220	Spaniards, The -	- 76-7, 80
Fox-under-the-Hill -	203	Star & Garter -	192, 195
Freemasons' Tavern	90, 97	Tavistock Hotel -	82-3, 96
Garraway's -	7, 218-9, 234	Three Cripples -	- 44
George Inn, Borough	120-1, 129	Three Magpies -	- 191
		White Hart -	- 121, 129
		White Horse Cellars	171-2, 184
		Wood's Hotel -	- 40
		White Swan -	202

Houses and Places where Dickens resided—	Page
10 Norfolk Street -	149-150
16 Bayham Street -	104-5
4 Gower Street North -	98-9
37 Little College Street -	103-4
Lant Street -	113-4
Hampstead -	78
13 Johnson Street -	100
Polygon -	101
Fitzroy Street -	149
10 Norfolk Street -	149-50
Highgate -	75
18 Bentinck Street -	153
Cecil Street -	203
15 Buckingham Street -	202
15 Fumival's Inn -	40
11 Selwood Terrace, Ful- ham -	189
48 Doughty Street -	14
4 Ailsa Park Villas, Twickenham -	194
Elm Cottage, Petersham -	192
1 Devonshire Terrace -	150
Cobley's Farm, Finchley -	78
9 Osnaburgh Terrace -	150
1 Chester Place, Regent's Park -	151
Tavistock House -	94
Wylde's Farm, Hamp- stead -	78
26 Wellington Street -	203
3 Hanover Terrace, Re- gent's Park -	151
16 Hyde Park Gate -	151
57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park -	151
16 Somers Place, Hyde Park -	151
6 Southwick Place -	151
5 Hyde Park Place -	151
Houndsditch -	63, 224, 234
" Church -	237-8, 255
Houses of Parliament -	176-7, 185
Howard Street -	204, 215
" Household Words," Office of -	197, 203
Hoxton -	241
Huggin Lane -	52, 58, 60
Hummums Hotel -	83, 96

	Page
Hungerford Bridge -	110, 196
" Market -	200-2, 214
" Stairs -	149, 200-2, 214
Hyde Park -	147, 150-2, 156
" " Corner -	155, 168, 170-1, 186
" " Place -	8, 151, 157
India Docks -	244-5, 256
India House -	223-4, 234, 236
Inner Temple -	31-2
Inner Temple Gate -	32, 35, 208
Inns of Court -	13-32, 66
Insolvent Court -	25, 34
Iron Bridge, The -	8, 112
Islington -	59, 65-70, 72-4
Jack Straw's Castle -	78, 80
Jacob's Island -	124-5, 129
Jaggers, Mr., Office -	49, 50
" " House of -	159
James Street -	162
Jellyby, Mrs., House of -	42
" " Lodgings of -	15
Jerusalem Coffee House -	218, 234
Johnson's Court -	209, 216
Johnson Street -	8, 100, 108
Jorkins, Mr., House of -	153
Ken Wood -	76-7, 80
Kenge & Carboy, Office of -	23-4
Kennington -	135, 142, 146
" Oval -	146
Kensington -	157, 191
" Gardens -	157
Kent Road -	135-6, 145
Kent Street -	128
Kentish Town -	109, 254
Kenwigs Family, House of -	162
Kew -	191, 195
Kew Bridge -	191, 195
King Street, Cheapside -	52, 71
" " Covent Garden -	96
" " St. James's -	184
King's Bench Prison -	114, 128
" " Walk -	31, 35
Kings Cross -	65, 73, 102-3, 108
Kingsgate Street -	38, 56
Kingsway -	36

	Page		Page
Kitterbell, Mr., House of	37, 91, 148	Long Lane - - -	62, 71
Knag, Mr., House of - -	149	Long's Hotel - - -	165, 170
Krook's Shop - - -	23	Lothbury - - -	60, 71
La Creevy, Miss, House		Lowther Arcade - -	196
of - - -	197, 203, 215	Ludgate - - -	216
Lad Lane - - -	58	Hill - - -	210-1, 216
Lady James's Folly - -	139	Lyceum Theatre - -	203, 215
Lambeth - - -	133, 145, 181	Lyon's Inn - - -	215
Lammle, Mr., House of -	164		
Langdale's Distillery	39, 40, 56	MacStinger, Mrs., House of	244-5
Langham Place - - -	154, 157	Magpie and Stump, The	25, 34, 208
Lant Street 110, 113-4, 128, 133		Maiden Lane - - -	102, 108
Lead Mills, Limehouse -	246	Malderton, Mr., House of	140
Leadenhall Market - 222, 234		Manchester Buildings -	182
Street		Manette, Dr., House of	159-60
221-3, 234, 237, 242		Manette Street - - -	159
Leather Lane - - -	15, 32	Mansfield, Lord, Houses of	76, 148
Leicester Fields - - -	158, 169	Mansion House - - -	52-4, 58
Place - - -	158, 169	Mantalini, Mrs., Houses	
Square - - -	158, 169	of - - -	91, 154
Lightwood, Mortimer,		Marlborough Street, Great	161, 169
Chambers of - - -	32	Marble Arch - - -	151-2
Limehouse 236, 245-8, 256		Mark Lane - - -	224-6, 234
Church - - -	246, 256	Marsh Gate, Lambeth	133, 145
Hole - - -	247-8	Marshalsea Place - -	118
Lincoln's Inn - - -	13, 34, 172	Prison	
Chapel 23, 34		7, 99, 103, 110-1,	
Fields 24, 34		116-19, 129, 134	
Garden - - -	34	Road 113, 128, 166	
Gateway 23, 34		Marylebone Church -	150, 156
Hall 23, 34, 177		Metropolitan Police Office	15
Lirriper, Mrs., House of	202, 204	Meagles, Mr., House of	193-4
Little Britain - - -	49, 57	Mecklenberg Square -	147
College Street -	103, 108	Merdle, Mr., House of	153
Little Dorrit's Playground	113	Mews Street - - -	166-7
Little Gosling Street -	250	Micawber, Mr., Residences	
Little Wooden Midship-		of - - -	14, 64, 105
man, The 222-4, 237, 255		Middle Temple - - -	14, 35
Lombard Street 220, 229-33, 235		Gate 25, 35, 208	
London Bridge		Lane - - -	30
119, 121-5, 129, 131, 181, 227		Mile End - - -	243, 256
London Bridge Steps	122, 129	Gate - - -	243, 255
Station - - -	129	Road - - -	240, 255
London Coffee House	211, 216	Millbank 180, 182, 185, 197	
Docks - - -	250-1, 256	Mill Lane - - -	125
Hospital 241-2, 255		Mill Pond - - -	125
Tavern - - -	220		
Wall - - -	60, 62, 71		
Long Acre - - -	87, 90, 96		

	Page		Page
Mill Pond Bank -	245-6	Observatory, The -	138
Mincing Lane -	224-6, 234	Old Bailey -	36, 47-8, 57
Minerva House -	191	Old Curiosity Shop, The	25, 34, 158
Minns, Mr., Residence of -	82	Old Gravel Lane Bridge	249, 256
Minories -	223, 237, 255	Old Green Copper Rope	
Mint, Old -	128	Walk -	245
„ The -	59, 235	Old Kent Road -	136, 145
Monmouth Street -	91, 97	Old Monthly Magazine	
Montague Place -	148, 156	Office -	196, 209
„ Square -	153, 157	Old Pancras Road -	103
Monument 60, 124-6, 130,		Old Ship Tavern -	23
226, 228, 230		Old Square -	23-4, 34
„ Yard -	127, 130	Old Street Road -	62-3, 71
Moorfields -	62, 63, 71, 224	Opera Colonnade -	184
Moorgate Street -	61	Opium Den -	249
Morfin, Mr., House of -	66	Ormond Street, Great -	91-2
“ Morning Chronicle ” Office	196	Osborne’s Hotel -	202, 214
Mornington Place -	100	Osnaburgh Terrace -	156
Mould, Mr., Premises of -	51	Oxford Street	
Mount Pleasant -	69, 72	147, 151-5, 157, 161, 167	
Murdstone & Grinby’s		Oxford Street, New -	91
Warehouse -	111	„ Market -	155, 157
Mutton Hill -	15, 33		
		P.J.T. House -	8, 21
Nanby, Mr., Office of -	62	Palace Yard, Old -	180, 185
Narrow Street -	256	Pall Mall -	173-4, 184, 240
New Cut -	133, 145	Panks, Mr., Residence of	73
„ Inn -	34	Pancras Road	101, 103, 108
„ Oxford Street -	91	Paper Buildings -	31, 35
„ River Head -	69, 72	Park Lane	152, 165, 167-8, 170
„ Road -	187	Parliament, Houses of	176-7, 185
„ Square -	24, 34	Parliament Street -	176, 185
Newgate 36, 44-9, 57, 66, 151, 177		Peacock, The -	67, 72
„ Market -	37, 57	Pear Tree Court -	16
„ Street -	48, 57, 229	Peckham -	140, 146
Newman Street -	159, 161, 169	„ Rye -	146
Nickleby, Mrs., Cottage of	244	Peggotty, Mr., Lodgings of	201
„ Ralph, House of	163	Penton Place -	73-4, 80
„ Wharf of	228-9	„ Street -	73-4, 80
Norfolk Street, Fitzroy		Pentonville	65-70, 73-4, 80
Square -	149-50, 156	„ Hill -	14
Norfolk Street, Strand	204, 215	Perker, Mr., Chambers of -	17
North End -	77-8	„ „ House of -	148
Northumberland House		Petersham -	186, 192-3, 195
175, 196, 200, 214		Phunky, Mr., Chambers of	19
Norwood -	143-4, 146	Piazza Hotel -	82-3, 96
		Piccadilly	151, 171, 181, 184
Oak Lodge -	140	„ Hotel -	172
Obelisk, The	115, 132-4, 145	Pickwick, Mr., Lodgings -	65
Obenreizer, House of -	159		

	Page		Page
Pickwick, Mr., House of	144	Regent Street	161, 169
Pinch, Tom, Lodgings of	66	Richmond	191-2, 195
Pip's Chambers	39	Riderhood, Rogue, House	247-8
Pleasant Place, Finsbury	71	of	-
Plornish, House of	43	Rokesmith's Cottage	139
Pocket, Mr., House of	190	Rolls Yard and Chapel	23, 34
Podsnap, Mr., House of	153	Roman Bath	77, 204, 215
Police Office, Hatton Garden	15	Rood Lane	226, 235
Police Court, Bow Street	85	Rose Villa	142
" " Great Marl-		Rosebery Avenue	68
borough Street	161	Rotherhithe	129, 250
Polygon, The	100, 108	Rowland Hill's Chapel	110-1, 128
Pool, The	245	Royal Academy of Music	166
Poor Jo's Churchyard	89-90	Royal Exchange, The	52-4, 58, 217, 222
Poplar	246, 256	Rules, The	114-5, 128
Poplar Walk	74, 221	Russell Court	89, 96
Portland Place	152, 157	" Square	93, 147, 156
Portland Street, Great	155, 157	" Street	83, 85, 87
Portman Square	153, 157	" " Great	37, 91, 97, 148, 156
Portsmouth Street	25, 34	Sackville Street	164, 169
Portugal Street	25, 34	Sadlers Wells Theatre	68, 70, 72
Poultry	52, 58	Saffron Hill	43-4, 56, 68, 72
Prince of Wales Hotel	158	St. Andrew's Church	42, 56, 89
Pubsey & Co., Offices of	224	" Bartholomew's Church	49
Pump Court	31, 35	" " Hospital	45, 49, 57
Putney	189-90, 195	" Botolph's Church	237-8
" Heath	189	" Clement Danes Church	204, 215
Quadrant, The	169	" Dunstan's Church	207, 209, 215
Quality Court	34	" George's Church, Bor-	ough - 8, 113-8, 128
Queen Charlotte's Hospital	156	" George's Church, Cam-	berwell - 141
Queen Square	147, 156	" George's Church, Han-	over Square - 165
" Street, Great	87, 90, 96	" George's Church, Hart	Street - 37, 91, 97
Queen's Theatre	87	" George's Circus	133, 135, 145
Quilp's House	227	" " Fields	132-3, 145, 183
Quilp Street	113	" " Street	249, 256
Quilp's Wharf	124, 129	" Ghastly Grim	226-7
Rainbow Tavern	215	" Giles's Church	90-1, 97
Ranelagh Gardens	188, 195	" James's Church	172, 184
Ratcliff	248-50, 256	" " Hall	172, 184
" Highway	249, 254, 256	" " Palace	37
Raymond Buildings	17, 33		
Red Lion, Bevis Marks	224		
" " Highgate	75		
" " Parliament St.	176, 185		
" " Square	39, 56		
Regent's Canal	156		
" Park	150, 156		

	Page		Page
St. James's Park	- 175, 185	Ship Hotel	- - - 137
" " Square	173-4, 184	Shoe Lane	- - - 44, 216
" " Street	- 173, 184	Shooter's Hill	- 138-9, 146
" John's Church	- - 185	Shoreditch	- - - 241, 255
" " Road (Street)	44, 65, 67-8, 72	Silver Street	- - - 162, 169
" Luke's Church	186, 189, 195	Six Jolly Fellowship Porters	- - - 246-7
" " Workhouse	63-4, 71	Skewton, Mrs., House of	166
" Magnus' Church	- - 129	Skimpole, Harold, House of	- - - 101
" Martin's Church	- 198, 214	Skittles, Sir Barnet, House of	- - - 189-90
" " Court	- - 214	Sloane Street	- - 187, 195
" " Hall	- 87, 97	Small Star in the East, The	248
" " Lane	- 198-9	Smallweed, Mr., House of	69
" " le-Grand	51, 57	Smith, Payne & Smith	61, 219, 231-2
" Mary Axe	- 224, 234	Smith Square	- 181-2, 185
" Mary-le-Strand Burial Ground	- - 89	Smithfield	44-6, 49, 56, 62, 68
" Mary-le-Strand Church	204, 215	Snagsby, Mr., House of	- 21-2
" Michael's Alley	- - 220	Snowley, Mr., House of	- 100
" Nicholas' Church	- - 76	Snow Hill	- 36, 46, 56, 101
" Olave's Church	226-7, 235	Snubbin, Serjeant, Chambers of	- - - 24
" Pancras' Church, New	93, 95, 97	Soho	- - 91, 158-61, 169
" " Old	103, 108	Soho Square	17, 147, 159, 169
" " Workhouse	103, 108	Sol's Arms, The	- 23, 34, 99
" Paul's Cathedral	45, 49, 50, 53, 105, 111, 211, 216, 229	Somers Place	- - - 151
" Paul's Churchyard	211-2, 216	Somers Town	100, 108, 147, 254
" Peter's Church	- 221, 234	Somerset House	- 204, 215
" Saviour's Church	- 122, 129	Southampton Row	91, 93, 148
" Sepulchre's Church	46-9, 57	" Street	37, 56, 82
Salem House	- - 138-9	South Grove, Highgate	75, 80
Saracen's Head, Snow Hill	36, 46, 57, 101	South Square	- - 19, 33
" " Aldgate	237, 255	Southwark	- - 123, 124, 129
Sardinia Street Chapel	- 34	" Bridge	8, 112, 117, 128
Sausage Factory, Celebrated	48-9	" " Road	112, 128
Savile Row	- - 164-5, 169	Southwick Place	- - 151
Sawyer, Bob, Lodgings of	110	Spaniards, The	- - 76-7, 80
Scotland Yard	- 175-6, 185	Spa Fields	- - 69, 72
Selwood Terrace	186, 189, 195	Spenslow & Jorkins, Office of	- - - 212
Serjeants' Inn	- - 209, 216	Spenslow, Mr., House of	143-4
Serpentine, The	- - 185	" Misses, House of	190
Seven Dials	- - 90-1, 97	Spigwiffin's Wharf	- 228-9
Severndroog Castle	- 139, 146	Staggs' Gardens	106-7, 109
Seymour Street Chapel	101, 108	Stamford Hill	- - 74, 80
Shadwell	- 236, 248-9, 256	Standard, The, Cornhill	- 220
Shaftesbury Avenue	- 91, 159	" Theatre	- 241, 255

	Page		Page
Staple Inn -	20-1, 34, 39, 41	Threadneedle Street -	222, 234
Star and Garter, Richmond -	- - - 192, 195	Three Cripples, The -	- - 44
Star Yard -	- - - 23	„ Magpies, The -	- - 191
Statue at Charing Cross	200, 237	Tibbs, Mrs., Boarding House	94
Steerforth, Mrs., House of	75	Tigg, Montague, Chambers	173
Stepney -	- - - 256	Tippins, Lady, Residence of -	- - - 187
„ Green -	- - 244, 256	Titbull's Almshouses	243, 256
Stock Exchange, The	61, 71, 237	Tite Barnacles, House of	166-7
Stoke Newington -	- - 80	Todgers's Boarding House	126-7
Strand 14, 25, 26, 77, 81,		Toll House, Blackfriars -	- - 111
87, 153, 175, 196-205, 214		Tom-all-alones -	- - 88-9
„ Bridge -	- - 204, 215	Took's Court -	- - 21-2, 34
„ Lane -	- - 204, 215	Tooting -	- - 143, 146
Strong, Dr., House of -	75	Tottenham Court Road	
Stryver, Mr., Chambers of	31		148-9, 156
Sun Court -	- - 219, 234	Tower, The 119, 227-8, 235, 253	
„ Street -	- - 62, 71	„ Hill -	124, 227, 235
Surgeons' Hall -	- - 34	„ Street -	225-7, 234
Surrey Street -	- 204, 215	„ Stairs -	- - 235
„ Theatre -	- 135, 145	Traddles, Thomas, Chambers of -	- 19
Swallow Street 153, 164, 169		„ „ Lodgings of 39, 105	
Sweedlepipe, Poll, House of -	- - - 38	Trafalgar Square -	- - 198
Swiveller, Dick, Lodgings of	88	Trinity House, The -	227, 235
„ „ Cottage -	77	Turnstile -	- - 39, 56
Symond's Inn -	- - 22, 34	Tulkinghorn, Mr., House of	24
Tabard Street -	- - 128	Tupman, Mr., Lodgings of	192
Tartar, Mr., Chambers of	21	Turnham Green -	- 191, 195
Tavistock Hotel -	82-3, 96	Turveydrop's Academy -	161
„ House -	- 94, 97	Twemlow's House -	- 173
„ Square 26, 94, 97		Twickenham -	186, 193-5
„ Street -	- 82, 96	Tyburn -	- - 151, 156
Tellsons Bank -	- 206, 215	Union Road -	- - 115, 128
Temple, The 8, 13, 25-32, 35, 123		„ Street -	- 111-2, 128
„ Bar 25, 197-8, 205-7, 215		Vale of Health -	- - 77
„ Church -	30, 32, 35	Varden, Gabriel, House of	16, 17
„ Gardens -	31, 35	Vauxhall -	- 121, 181, 185
„ Gates 25, 32, 35, 83, 208		„ Bridge -	- 181, 185
„ Stairs -	31, 35, 228	„ Gardens -	181, 185
Tenterden Street -	166, 170	Venus, Mr., Shop of -	- 17
Thames, The 30, 31, 121-5,		Verulam Buildings -	- 33
137, 175, 190		Veterinary Hospital	
„ Embankment			103, 105, 108
„ Street	13, 14, 110	Vholes, Mr., Chambers of	22-3
	60, 225, 228-30, 235	Victoria Theatre -	133, 145
Thavies Inn -	- - 42, 56	Vine Street -	- 16, 33
Theobald's Road 14, 17, 148		Vintners' Almshouses	243, 256

INDEX

269

	Page
Walcot Square - -	135, 145
Walmers, Mr., House of -	139
Walworth - -	141-2, 146
Wapping - -	249-52, 256
Wapping Old Stairs -	252, 256
Workhouse	252, 256
Warren's Blacking Ware-	
house	110, 147, 196, 200-2
Warwick Street -	162, 169
Waterbrook, Mr., House of	42
Waterloo Bridge	181, 203, 215
Place - -	174, 184
Road - -	133, 145
Station -	133, 145
Waxworks in Fleet Street	207, 215
Webb's County Terrace	135-6
Welbeck Street - -	153, 157
Well Street - -	253, 256
Wellclose Square -	253, 256
Weller, Tony, Public House	
of - - - -	139
Wellington House Academy	100, 108
Wellington Street	
81, 85, 197, 203, 215	
Wemmick, House of -	141-2
West India Docks	244-6, 256
Westlock, John, Chambers	
of - - - -	40
Westminster -	121, 163, 181
Abbey	177-9, 185

	Page
Westminster Bridge	
123, 131-2, 182-3, 185	
Bridge Road	132
Westminster Hall	
40, 176-7, 185, 197	
Whitechapel	123, 236-42, 255
Church	239, 255
Workhouse	240, 255
White Conduit House	73, 80
Whitecross Street - -	71
Whitefriars -	31, 210, 216
Gate	31, 35, 123
Whitehall - -	174-5, 185
Place -	175, 185
White Hart - -	121, 129
White Horse Cellars, The	171-2, 184
Swan, The - -	202
Whittington Stone -	8, 74-5
Wilding & Co., Warehouse	
of - - - -	225
Wilfer Family, House of -	102
Wimpole Street - -	157
Windsor Terrace -	63-5, 72
Wine Office Court -	209, 216
Woburn Place - -	93, 97
Wood Street - -	51, 58
Wood's Hotel - -	40
Wren, Jenny, House of -	181
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